

# LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

COMPLETE NOVELETTE

## A MANILA MADNESS

By FREDERIC REDDALE

STORIES BY STRONG AMERICAN WRITERS

THE BLOOD BREEDING

JEN OF CULVER'S JUMP

WEDD OF TENAGANI

THE BISHOP AND THE FRONT-DORR KEY

HIS OWN MEDICINE

BEYOND THE OUTFOSTS

VIRGINIA POTLUCK

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ANACRAF. II—ONE OF THE SEVEN JEWELS

HAUD HOWE

OCTOBER

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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LIPPINCOTT'S  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1905

## A MANILA MADNESS

BY FREDERIC REDDALE

*Author of "A Transaction in Rubies," "The Other Man," "A Crucible of Gold," etc.*

## I.

UPON the rickety, matting-shaded veranda of a native wineshop on the waterside of Manila two men were seated, smoking moodily, drinking thirstily.

The late afternoon was hot and humid. Above the white tin roofs of the city the still air danced and shimmered. Across the swift and turbid Pasig the westering sun shot sultry and nearly level beams, the slender masts of the native bankas moored to the muddy bank casting long and flickering shadows athwart the reddened, oily waters. The smell of the tropics was in the air—that mysterious, maddening virus which gets into the brains and the veins of men and transforms them, sometimes impelling them recklessly to consign honor and reputation to the four winds of heaven.

Americans both were they—a fact attested no less by their faces and costumes than by the empty beer-bottles which garnished the table between them, said bottles, when full, costing a round twenty-five cents apiece, United States currency.

Flotsam and jetsam in the wake of the American army of occupation were these two, human drift on the surface of momentous and world-stirring events. But apart from their racial resemblance, the men were strangely alike in the minuter details of form and feature. At a hasty glance they might have been taken for the traditional twin-brothers, certainly for an instance of that curious doubling in type which ethnologists tell us exists for every man, for every woman, somewhere on God's green footstool.

Both were big men in girth and height, scaling nigh to six feet

and easily tipping the scales at close to thirteen stone; under the tropic bronze was apparent in each the natural blood-fairness of skin characteristic of a northern race; both wore tawny mustaches, tanned, like the thinning hair on the temples, to a whitish tinge. Only when they spoke or stood side by side could the acute observer detect a difference in personality—that distinguishable something in speech and bearing which proclaimed that they must be scions from variant root-stocks. The eyes too were slightly unlike, yet more so in expression than in their grayish color—in the one case sanguine and fearless, in the other furtive, even ambagious.

Curiously enough, the least worthy of the twain was the smarter in dress and bearing—owing perhaps to his military training; he was an ex-lieutenant of Uncle Sam's volunteer forces, having been lately court-martialled and cashiered for sundry abhorrent practices not wholly unconnected with the so-called "water-cure" and with nameless indignities to the Filipinos. Hence, Mr. Cyrus Akerson was now "on the beach," in the vernacular of the Pacific.

He still clung to his military garb,—shorn, however, of shoulder-straps and regimental buttons,—campaign-stained khaki jacket and trousers, rough-rider hat, and leggings. He had been a good soldier, a plucky dare-devil, popular with his men, but some dormant yellow streak in his nature cropped out in unrestrained contact with an inferior and helpless race; hence his fall from soldierly rectitude. Fortunately, few such follow the flag.

His companion and chum—they were for the nonce close comrades by force of circumstances rather than through spontaneous liking—was of an altogether different calibre. Luck, the great leveller, had thrown them together in this far-away Orient for good or for evil.

Early in young manhood Maurice Bronson had become inoculated with the wanderlust, that unquenchable passion for adventure and seeing the great round world which impels many a good man to forsake the paths of pleasantness and peace and go forth with his trunk on his back and his headquarters in the saddle. Maurice might have been,—would have been,—had his highly respectable father's wishes borne fruit, a successful business man at home in New York and heir to a great trade fortune. But his soul abhorred the smell of the ledger, the humdrum confinement of a mercantile career. So, after many rebellions, the lad broke leash and took up the white man's burden, becoming by turns a sailor before the mast, gold-digger, correspondent,—for he could write a bit,—traveller, and happy-go-lucky free-lance in those few remaining new lands awaiting exploitation at the hands or by the bullets of the Anglo-Saxon. He had even tramped that highway of the underworld known as "the Road," accumulating by the way much occult knowledge of life's seamy side.

Naturally as a gosling seeks the pond, he drifted to Africa, Cuba, and the Philippines, where history was making every day in the year, and in the latter place he fell in with the soi-distant Lieutenant Akerson, who, Micawber-like, was just then "waiting for something to turn up."

It was a sudden friendship. War and the strenuous life, like politics, make strange bedfellows; the axiom goes far to explain the comradeship born between the frank, rather boyish Bronson, and the reticent, sophisticated Akerson.

Owing to the fact that the latter was in disgrace with his old comrades, and that Bronson knew very few people in Manila,—and perhaps because the twain were not often seen together in the American or European society of the city,—their marvellous resemblance to each other was not generally known or noted—a matter having its own malign influence on subsequent events.

Some letters and newspapers bearing New York postmarks lay on the table, Bronson's fingers tapping them restlessly, while Akerson eyed him covertly, expectantly.

"It's a queer complication," Maurice was saying with an uneasy laugh; "I'm as you say, between the devil and the deep sea."

"So?" inquired the other, with that assumed indifferent intonation which says, "Tell me or not, just as you everlastingly darn please."

"You see, my father is dead, and the lawyers say it's up to me to quit my wanderings, go home, settle down, and take care of all the money he's left."

"So bad as that?" queried Akerson mockingly. "Not such an impossible billet!"

"But there's a condition attached. By the terms of the old man's will I must marry a girl who's almost a stranger—at least, I've only met her a few times; practically we don't know each other at all, and that's what makes me mad!"

"Men do occasionally survive even matrimony, I've heard," said Akerson, still bantering.

"But it's being ticketed and disposed of to order like a bale of hides that I object to," grumbled Bronson. "I'm not ready to settle down yet awhile. And then there's the girl to be considered: we should probably hate the sight of each other!"

"Eccentric man, your father?" ventured Akerson with that blunt economy of speech which men of action acquire.

"I should say so!" exclaimed Bronson; "eccentric and obstinate. Funny, isn't it, that people whose hearts are set upon a certain thing often take the very means to defeat their own plans?"

Akerson nodded comprehendingly and lit a fresh native cigar, black, long, and slender.

"Now," the other went on dispassionately, "if he'd only been content to leave me a decent legacy and let it go at that, I'd have been satisfied. But no; it's to be all or nothing. Even from the grave he must work out his masterful ideas for other people's happiness. And yet he was a good man according to his lights—a dashed sight better man than his son'll ever be!"

"How much might the estate be worth?" inquired Akerson casually.

"Millions, I suppose," was the rueful answer.

Akerson gave a low whistle of astonishment.

"And you can't touch it unless——"

"In his will my father expresses the wish that we marry—Miss Mead and I. If we do, she gets one-third of the estate, while the remainder falls to my share with the exception of some trifling outside bequests. Should I fail to carry out his kind plans, the lady receives a small annuity, your humble servant is practically disinherited, and at the end of two years everything goes to some confounded charity. There you have the situation in a nutshell, so far as I can make it out."

"Well, you know, I shouldn't despair," commented Akerson. "The lady may exercise her feminine prerogative and say 'No.' That would let you out, wouldn't it?"

"No such luck," grumbled Bronson. "Jessica Mead, as I remember her, was devoted soul and body to my father; she bade fair to develop into one of those girls who would delight in self-immolation for an ideal or to keep a pledge."

"Then you do know something about her?" said Akerson, smoking meditatively.

"Just recollect her, that's about all. She was only seventeen or eighteen when I saw her last, but she was like a daughter to the pater; in fact, I rather suspect she took the place I might have filled had I been a better son." And he relapsed into moody silence, smoking furiously and chewing viciously on the end of his cigar.

At length he rose to his feet, walked to the flimsy railing, flung the weed into the river, and watched it go swirling seaward with the sullen tide.

After a few moments of unpleasant and unsatisfied self-communing he sat down again, discontent and chagrin showing in attitude and face.

"As to looks, now?" queried Akerson. "Is—er—Miss Mead——"

"Handsome?" Bronson broke in. "If she fulfilled the promise of her girlhood, she's probably a very beautiful woman by now."

Akerson grunted.

"Seems to me you're making a great deal of fuss about nothing,"



he said. "Why don't you do as the lawyers say—go home, marry the girl, and enjoy life? That's what I'd do!"

"Very likely," assented Maurice with a sarcastic laugh. "Perhaps you'd like to change places!" Then, more seriously: "But that's where we differ. I value my freedom more than anything else! What sort of a figure would either of us cut, making love to some nice girl, and settling down to business? A few years of this"—waving his hand at their surroundings—"unfits a man for civilization. I tried it again and again, honestly endeavoring to like city life, but it wouldn't work."

"Oh, if you come to that," assented Akerson, "a man wants something else besides rose-water and feather-beds; I'm just as fond of my freedom as you are, but I'd jump at the chance to be respectable—and rich into the bargain. You're making a big mistake if you take it too seriously."

"Maybe so," was the grudging reply, "but, anyway, I'm not going to decide offhand. We'll wait until we get back from Palemwan. I can always think out things much better when I'm on the tramp."

"That's all right, old man, we'll hike at daybreak," was the almost eager answer. "That mahogany concession ought to be worth several fortunes. Well, so-long!"

And all through the silent watches of the hot and humid night did those flippant words of Bronson beat a devil's tattoo in Akerson's subconscious mind,—

"Perhaps you'd like to change places!"

"Well, I just guess!" was his mental response.

## II.

THE sun was sunk behind the hills beyond the harbor, and quick tropic night swooped down upon the half-barbaric city.

Lights flashed out, defining the curved shores of Manila Bay, along the Luneta, and across to Cavité. A grateful southerly air sprang up, laden with strange odors, balmy and cooling.

Left alone, Maurice Bronson drew his chair to the veranda's edge and bared his head to the breeze. Overhead the heavens were gloriously luminous, thickly strewn with stars. Every jewel in the firmament, by virtue of that curious atmospheric effect peculiar to low latitudes, seemed vastly nearer than in northern skies, hanging pendent from the dark-blue vault above.

In the south, the Cross was coming up half-way on its side, to reach the zenith by midnight blazing nearly upright. In the opposite quarter there flashed, low down, wheeling into sight one after another, the Pole Star, Orion, Cassiopeia, and the Dipper, for one has to travel

much nearer the equator than Manila lies to lose these northern constellations.

From some near-by drinking-shop there came floating on the peaceful night a sturdy soldiers' chorus, and although he could not distinguish the words, he knew what they would be from the old tune of "Tramp, Tramp:"

"In the land of dopy dreams,  
Peaceful, happy Philippines,  
Where the boloman is busy night and day;  
Where Tagalogs steal and lie,  
Where Americanos die,  
And the soldiers sing this Filipino lay."

As he sat there, chewing the cud of his thoughts, the old melody, the sight of the familiar stars, friends of many a night spent in the open, carried Bronson's fancy homeward, across the intervening oceans and continents, to the deadly dull and oppressively respectable old house in Gramercy Park wherein David Bronson had lived and died. How well he knew the life and how he had detested it!

Maurice's thoughts took him back to one especially memorable afternoon in the spring of the year, six or seven years before; out-of-doors, in the prim little square, the sparrows chattered and fought over their annual matings, as they always did, while the grass and the flowering shrubs were mantling in vernal pinks and greens. The jealously fenced-in enclosure, barred to all but the elect few who carried the magic pass-key, typified the lives of the dwellers on all four sides whose windows overlooked the park—narrow, exclusive, and eminently proper. Respectability was in the secluded air, although the iron clang and riot of Third Avenue, and the business grind of the thoroughfare named Fourth, were only a block away, east or west.

In Gramercy Park had David Bronson lived for nearly half a century, and his father before him. To the old merchant, every day's routine was alike, winter and summer: going "downtown" regularly to the "Swamp" by the same Madison Avenue car at nine A.M., and returning per ditto as punctually at half after five P.M., dressing fastidiously for dinner at six-thirty, reading the evening papers, and dozing in the stuffy old library, with its obsolete black-walnut furniture, until ten; then family prayers and decorously to bed; only a prayer-meeting, a lecture, or a gathering of the Session in the Presbyterian church around the corner varied this narrow routine—and yet old Bronson continued hale and hearty until well past the allotted span of seventy, despite some bitter private griefs and disappointments.

First in order of these, as Maurice well knew, although he did not remember his mother, came the death of Mrs. Bronson, a mere girl

whom his father had married rather late in life, but upon whom, nevertheless, he lavished all the outward affection that such a reserved nature as his could properly manifest, together with a wealth of repressed adoration which, to a man of his narrow creed, sometimes seemed almost sinful. When she died, leaving an infant son, he retired into his shell and transferred his idolatry to the hide-and-leather business, leaving the boy to grow up tended by hired servants and teachers.

Hence arose David Bronson's second crucifixion; here Maurice's thoughts trod on more familiar ground, and with a curious tightening of the heart-strings even now he remembered that as he grew up it became painfully apparent that there was no bond of sympathy nor open cordiality between father and son. Just and generous the elder always was, but his efforts to make a "model man" of the boy failed utterly. Maurice, whether he knew it or not, inherited a passionate warmth and impulsive tenderness from his mother; but such exotics did not flourish in the repressive atmosphere of the Gramercy Park house. He felt himself misunderstood and misjudged; consequently he rebelled at each little restriction; yet the elder Bronson for his part yearned in secret over his son, even as his namesake of old did for Absalom.

They had never actually quarrelled, Maurice remembered gratefully now, nor had he ever been stinted for pocket-money; but settle into the business collar he could not or would not, and on the day he was twenty-one, too proud to eat the bread of idleness or to accept that which he had not earned, he shook the dust of the city from his feet, and for the next few years saw his father only at long intervals, when returning from some wild and woolly trip at home or abroad. On such occasions he would eat a dinner with old David, render a very brief and fragmentary account of himself, sleep under the parental roof for a night or two, and then away again.

It was upon one of these erratic and comet-like visitations to civilization, Maurice recalled, that he had first met Jessica Mead.

He had just returned to New York from the Rand, having borne a man's part in Jameson's foolish and, for the time, bootless raid. Early one afternoon he sprang up the brownstone steps, opened the hall-door with his latch-key,—which, by the way, never left him in all his wanderings,—dropped his battered old bag in the corner, and, so strong is habit in little things, hung up his soft hat on that particular peg of the antique oak rack which had always been recognized as peculiarly his own.

At the sound of his entry there appeared in the door of the library, at the end of the straight passage, a girlish figure, strange, but none the less grateful to his travel-tired eyes. She could not be more than seventeen, he thought, yet owned and radiated a gravity and self-

possession foreign to her years, and as she stood fronting the western light which streamed in through the ground-glass panels of the portal behind him he rapidly gathered that she was slender and pliant in form as a tall-stemmed lily, with an oval face classic in its purity of feature, a generous mouth, a firm chin, strongly marked eyebrows, and a broad, low forehead, crowned by a wealth of glossy dark hair. But her eyes, as Maurice came to know them, were the dominant note in the perfect harmony of her face. Large and limpid, humid and violet-gray were they—eyes that could look surprise and sympathy, purity and truth ineffable, with an infinite, almost stubborn, capacity for devotion.

As she stood regarding him steadfastly, even wistfully, a dash of color in her ivory-pale cheeks at the sight of a stranger, her full length framed in the square of the doorway, one hand and arm raised to hold back the heavy drapery, she was, in sooth, as the wanderer told himself, good to look upon.

Surprise at seeing a girlishly young woman there, apparently at home in his father's house, put leashings on his usually ready tongue for a few seconds. Then, rather lamely,—

"I—I—beg your pardon, but—er—my father is not home, I suppose?"

"No, not yet," she said, with a negative shake of the head, "but I expect him very soon." Then, coming towards him, with a pretty mingling of shyness and welcome in her manner, she exclaimed:

"You must be Maurice Bronson! Your father was speaking of you at breakfast this very morning!"

To the travel-worn Ishmael, fresh from the veldt, the sight of her altogether winsome girlhood, and the music of her voice awaking the echoes of the gloomy old house, were inexpressibly grateful. Her few words gave him time to pull himself together. Advancing to meet her as she came towards him, he took her half-proffered hand in the grasp of his sun-tanned and sinewy fist, saying rather bluntly, but with a smile twitching the corners of his lips,—

"And you are——"

"I am Jessica Mead, Mr. Bronson. I was left an orphan two or three years ago, soon after you went away the last time, and your father offered me a home here. He has been so kind to me."

"Yes, my father would be like that," said Maurice gravely, looking her full in the eyes.

He followed her into the library, a large, four-square room lined with book-cases, the centre-table loaded with precisely arranged pamphlets, reports of benevolent societies, religious monthlies and quarterlies—"an arid desert with never an oasis in the shape of a comfortable chair to be seen," as Maurice had once described it.



"Same dull old digs!" he exclaimed with a grim chuckle, going to the window, which overlooked a dreary vista of back yards and the usual flourishing Manhattan crop of *Ailantus* trees. Then, turning to the girl, he said:

"But you must find it horribly lonely and depressing here, Miss Mead? I've got nearly twenty years' recollections of this dusty and musty old dungeon, and they're not pleasant ones."

"On the contrary," she smiled back at him, "I am—I have been—very happy here. Your father says I must regard it as my home. He has been, oh, so generous and good!"

There was a note of insistence, of pleading, in her voice, as though she strove to fortify and rehabilitate the father to the son, while justifying her own presence in the house. Maurice divined her unspoken thoughts—her regret at his apparent estrangement from his father—and responded thereto, somewhat surprised at the filial warmth of his own words:

"I know, Miss Mead,—no one knows it better,—my dear old dad is at heart the kindest and whitest of men. He deserved to have a better son than I ever was or will be. But,—I'm not altogether a black sheep,—we simply couldn't hit it off together. I aggravated him and he stifled me,—wanted to make me a leather-merchant, you know,—me!" And he straightened up and out in the pride of his sturdy physical manhood. "As a boy I gave him all my duty,—he might have had my love with it,—but when I became my own master I just had to quit!"

"The pity of it!" the girl exclaimed; "oh, the pity of it all!" her eyes suffused with held-back tears.

Maurice gave an impatient shrug. He had been through the mill. "Of course it was a pity, but——"

"Your father needs you," she went on, laying a timid little hand on his arm. "Every day he gets older and grayer. You ought to stay at home and cheer his declining years! Won't you?"

In the earnestness of her sweet pleading she drew very near to Maurice, who from his six feet of stalwart height could look over the top of her glossy dark hair. But his mouth was set as he met her beseeching eyes, and in brotherly fashion, despite their brief acquaintance, he put his hand on her shoulder.

"I wish I could do it," he said, and she felt the truth of honest conviction in his voice. "But believe me, it's too late for that. I disappointed him in his dearest wish,—doubtless he has told you all about it,—and henceforth there is no health in me. We've never quarrelled, thank God, but if I were to take you at your word, we'd fight like *Kilkenny* cats! Trust me, Miss Mead, things are better as they are. I can go away now and feel that in you he has found a loving daughter."

"I do try to make him happy," she answered simply, "but I'm not like his own flesh and blood, you know."

"You're a good little girl," Maurice was beginning, when the rattle of a key in the latch of the front door apprised them both that David Bronson was come home, on time to the minute.

Perhaps it was the influence of Jessica Mead's pleading words which made Maurice almost run to meet him.

"How are you, father?" he exclaimed, in his breezy, out-door voice as the old merchant appeared on the library threshold. "Once more the prodigal has returned, you see!"

"Never that, my son, I trust," was the grave answer as he took Maurice by the hand, "but in any guise or at any time, remember that I am glad to see you, and that this house is your home."

The words were gently and courteously spoken, but no more savored of feeling than if one should repeat the multiplication-table. Who could guess that underneath the prim and precise phrases there was a passionate yearning in the heart of old David Bronson for this masterful son of his? Certainly not Maurice, who glanced at Jessica Mead with uplifted eyebrows, at the same moment dropping his hand with a gesture to indicate how hopeless it all was. And although the girl divined somewhat of the pent-up heart-tempests that were raging before her eyes, she was powerless to control or expose their existence. Perhaps it was to hide his own emotion that David Bronson affected to be hunting for something among the orderly piles on the leather-covered table.

"Can I help you?" the girl inquired solicitously.

"Thank you, my dear," was the answer, "it is of no importance." Then, straightening his tall form, and looking at Maurice from the pent-house of his heavy gray brows, he said,—

"So you have made each other's acquaintance already?"

"Yes," returned Maurice with a careless laugh, "but I believe there was no need to introduce myself—my reputation had preceded me."

From where she stood, just behind the old man's shoulder, Jessica shook her head warningly and reprovably at the speaker. On his part, David Bronson ignored his son's reckless remark and, turning towards the girl, said:

"Jessica is the orphan daughter of an old and faithful retainer of the house. Now that she is alone, her present and future are in my care. In my lonely old age she is like another child to me, and I am glad that you met her under this roof, Maurice."

"And as I was saying when you came in," responded Maurice, "it is a great comfort to me to know that you have one so gentle and so kind to look after you while I am away."

During this little colloquy Jessica remained by the side of David

Bronson, looking from father to son with a wistful longing in her eyes, which said as plainly as any words, "I wish I could bring you two together!"

"Our simple habits are unchanged," said old David, moving towards the door. "We dine at the usual hour, and your chamber is always kept in readiness for you, my son."

"Thank you, sir," replied Maurice; "I won't keep you waiting," and he held the curtain aside for them to pass.

During the ensuing meal, at which Miss Mead presided with deft little feminine touches which were a revelation to the younger man, Maurice gave them some account of his latest wanderings, to all of which his father listened with courtesy and Jessica Mead with avidity. But all through the table-session Maurice more than once caught his father's hawk-like gaze passing swiftly from the girl's face to his own, his grizzled eyebrows working spasmodically, as was their wont when their owner was mentally absorbed or excited.

"And how long shall you be with us, my son?" the elder inquired at length when Maurice declared he had talked quite enough about himself.

"Oh, I don't know," was the easy yet half-ashamed answer, for he divined what the girl opposite would be thinking. "There's going to be trouble in Cuba before many weeks go by, and you know that the vultures fly where the carrion lies."

To which David Bronson responded never a word, knowing, from past experience, the utter hopelessness of tying down this uneasy roamer.

As matters shaped themselves, however, Maurice's stay in New York was even shorter than he had anticipated. On the second day after his return our declaration of war with Spain sent him scurrying southward "looking for trouble."

And he saw his father no more.

### III.

THE "mahogany concession" to which Akerson referred was not strictly a concession; it would better have been termed an "option," dependent upon rather hazardous contingencies, for the Filipino temper and character remain rather uncertain quantities. Its situation was on the eastern side of Luzon, some little distance inland; the natives were reported friendly, and now that the back of the insurrection was broken, an influx of American capital might be looked for in the wake of pacification, and it behooved Akerson to hustle. It was to prospect the timber tract that he and Bronson were now betaking themselves, the latter, as might be inferred, being more interested in the adventurous side of the expedition than in its commercial possibilities.

But since Bronson's overnight confidences, the adventurer thought he would know where to get the capital to develop the enterprise.

Dawn the next morning found them at the Mole, where lay the coasting steamer that was to carry them around the island. The mooring-lines were cast off even while their few traps were being pitched on board, and before the rising sun had dispelled the night mists hanging over the Morong hills the gang-plank rattled ashore, the boat's head swung slowly into the Pasig, and headed down stream.

The city was not yet awake; even as they passed by old Fort Santiago the reveille shrilled its rollicking notes:

"We can't get 'em up, we can't get 'em up,  
We can't get 'em up in th' mornin'."

The Stars and Stripes floated slowly to the top of the flagstaff at the instant that the morning gun boomed out its iron-throated welcome to a new tropic day. On the river there was no sign of life, save here and there the banka of some lone fisherman going out with the tide to tend his nets and lines. Three hours later the steamer passed Corregidor with its signal-station, and shortly thereafter breasted the open sea, heading south.

The vessel carried a "coolie" crew; only the captain, the mate, and the engineers, first and second, were white—taciturn and clannish Scots. As there were no other passengers, Bronson and Akerson were perforce thrown on their own resources for companionship; there was little to do but smoke, eat, sleep, and talk. There was no lack of the latter; both men had a wealth of racy personal anecdote and adventure to draw upon; that bluff camaraderie which one free-lance feels for another all the world over sufficed, with the easy-going Bronson, at least, as excuse for a familiar friendship not based upon solid personal esteem; naturally frank and open-minded, he was easily drawn out; hence Akerson found no difficulty in pumping him dry, and became possessed of a great many minute details concerning the other's history and antecedents. A week's slow steaming among the islands brought them off Palawan; they went over the side, bag and baggage, into a native boat, for harbor there was none, and they literally landed on the beach, the only white men within probably a hundred miles, save perhaps a stray scouting or surveying party of American troops.

They found the Filipino chief, a gray old Datto, in his village a mile back from the shore. Aided by a disreputable native interpreter, Akerson made known the object of their visit. The mahogany forest, they were told, was a day's hike towards the interior of the island, and arrangements were made to start for the locality at daybreak with



a strong escort of bolomen furnished by the amiable village patriarch, who was all cordiality towards the two venturesome Americans—he having hopes of much gain.

It was an arduous march, under a pitiless sun and a blighting atmosphere, by devious jungle-paths and forest by-ways, Akerson's quick eye mapping the topography of the country and deciding upon the best mode of getting the felled timber to the coast, all of which he enthusiastically pointed out to Bronson.

"Yes, that's all very well," said Maurice, "if you ever get that far; but let me tell you it's my belief that the old robber down below is selling you something he can't deliver. You'll want a small army to protect your axemen, your teams, and your road-builders."

"Nonsense!" laughed Akerson. "It's as peaceful up here as Greenwood Cemetery!"

"That's where you're making a grand error," returned Bronson; "these woods are full of natives; I've seen a hundred signs of 'em. They've let us alone so far, because they can't quite make out what we're about, but you try to market a single stick of that timber, and you'll have all the trouble you want, with hard fighting thrown in."

"Oh, there'll be difficulties, of course," assented Akerson airily, "but the stuff's worth it, I guess. Why, there must be a thousand trees to the square mile—perfect giants!"

"And every blessed tree you cut will cost a man's life," said Bronson with quiet conviction, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and rolling over for the night.

Camp had been made right in the heart of the mahogany country. Far as the eye could reach, and how much farther none could tell, aisle beyond aisle, column after column, rose the magnificent trunks, each worth hundreds of dollars. Akerson had been right when he said that the concession meant a fortune. But it was a clear case of "first catch your hare."

Slowly the light of the coming day filtered down through the thick-laced canopied tree-tops upon the sleeping bivouac. Wisps and wreaths of night mist and tropic miasm hovered near the ground or wound ghostily around the tall grasses that covered the open glades. It was the favorite hour of the whole clock-round for Filipino ambush and attack.

So strange were the misty shapes, so sinuous the wavings of the grass under the first faint breathings of the morning breeze, that one might have been pardoned a waking nightmare vision of cruel faces and swarthy forms creeping nearer on every side, peering and peeping at the sleeping white men and their little escort of more peaceful coast natives.

Suddenly, when the enveloping circle of hostiles became complete,

there was a rush and a horrid, screeching chorus of yells; the air rained death-dealing missiles, and in an instant the camp was rushed by a host of little brown devils, hacking, stabbing, and clubbing with a frenzy born of savage hate and insensate rage. Akerson and Bronson, with their guides, were outnumbered a score to one.

The human scourge, its fiendish work accomplished, disappeared as quickly as it had come. On the ground, weltering in their blood, headless, armless, or legless, disfigured with hideous gashes and clubbings, lay a dozen of the villagers, and among them was Maurice Bronson. Some had escaped by running away, and these would carry the news to the old Datto at Palemwan, who might be trusted to take vengeance in his own sweet way.

But what had become of the other white man, the leader of the expedition, Cyrus Akerson? Had he likewise saved himself by flight? Not quite, for the ex-Lieutenant was no faint-heart, yet safe and unharmed he was, undoubtedly.

Scarce had the riot of the attack died away than there appeared from underneath the low, drooping branches of a luxuriant tropic shrub the cautiously raised head of the missing Akerson. At the moment of the surprise he had simply rolled out of sight, and now looked out upon the scene of carnage absolutely unhurt. One might call it luck or presence of mind: it certainly was not cowardice—we may give him that much credit of grace.

Cautiously he crawled to where Bronson lay; the dead natives he noticed no more than so much carrion. Maurice was lying on his side, his head pillowed in his arm, just as he had been sleeping when struck; save for the skin pallor, he might have been slumbering yet; but Akerson, who had seen and faced death in many a skirmish, knew and recognized the spectre which stalks over ambush and stricken field; almost tenderly he turned over the warm body of his companion, seeking for the wound which had given him mortal hurt.

Of gash or bolo-thrust there was none to be seen; there was not even a patch of broken skin, nor any sign of crimson staining the trodden grass. But a great and already discolored bruise over the left temple told where the crashing blow of a club had found its mark. He knew that Maurice Bronson had gone on his last journey!

Cyrus Akerson was neither so careless in spirit nor so hardened of heart as not to feel a momentary pang of pity for the exuberant young life thus crushed out. But he had seen many a good man, many a better man than himself, drop in his tracks, and soldiering hardens one to such sights.

"I might have been lying there instead!" he whispered. And then, as he knelt down in the silent forest, there leaped into his brain those chance words of Bronson uttered the night before they left Manila.

"Perhaps you'd like to change places!"

"Well, why not?" came the mental answer, quick as thought itself. In a series of vivid brain-pictures the survivor saw the possibilities and the dangers. The possibilities were many and alluring; the dangers—were they worth considering?

The struggle was very brief—it could scarcely be called a struggle. On the one hand were wealth, an honored name, the burying forever of a dishonored personality; on the other—a dead body, a lump of useless clay.

To resolve was to act, and at this early inception it needed but little to carry out the imposture. The first and luckiest thing of all, like the guiding finger of fate, was that wonderful physical resemblance between the two men. Even their clothing was similar. Then too Akerson was in possession of Bronson's biography down to the minutest detail; he knew the man's story by heart—his unhappy boyhood, the estrangement from his father, his Ulysses-like wanderings, the story of Jessica Mead, and the waiting fortune. A quick transfer of personal property, papers, and such trinkets as pipe and tobacco-pouch, knife and revolver, an exchange of hats and khaki coats, and behold, the Rubicon was crossed!

Then a hurried dash back to Palemwan on the heels of the surviving fugitives, with a report that Cyrus Akerson, late lieutenant United States Infantry, lay murdered back there in the forest.

But Maurice Bronson lived—escaped by the skin of his teeth! Verily, those millions need not go begging now!

The counterfeit Maurice caught the steamer on its return trip, carried the news of Akerson's death to Manila, packed up the real Maurice's belongings,—everywhere and by the few he met in Manila the story was accepted,—and took ship for the United States via Hong Kong, first wiring the lawyers in New York that old David's heir was on his way home.

And a similar message, not quite so curtly worded, was despatched to Jessica Mead. It was safer to use the telegraph than to write.

#### IV.

Two women sat in the front second-story room of the Gramercy Park house, looking out over the green and flowery square, which was once more cheerfully clad in its spring finery.

One of them was Jessica Mead, dressed in black; the other, herself little more than a girl, yet the wedding circlet on her finger proclaimed her married, no less than the lively three-year-old baby playing on the floor at her feet. This second woman signed herself "Mrs. Cyrus Akerson." But to Jessica she was just Mollie Akerson, a semi-professional nurse who had helped to care for old David through his fatal illness.

"So young Mr. Bronson is coming home?" said Mrs. Akerson in that querying statement of a tacit fact which invites confidence and feminine interchange of ideas.

"Yes," answered Jessica quietly; "he must have telegraphed me at the same time he notified the lawyers."

"How soon can he arrive?" inquired Mrs. Akerson.

"Oh, I—we—don't expect him for a month yet at least. He was in Manila then. That was six weeks ago."

"In Manila!" exclaimed her companion. "How strange that he should be there! You know that was where Lieutenant Akerson's regiment was stationed when last I heard from him."

"Why, surely," answered Jessica, "how stupid of me not to have remembered! Forgive me, dear, for being so selfish as to forget your trouble in my own affairs. And have you no word of your husband?"

"Not a line has come from him these six months," returned Mollie sadly. "I went down to the Army Building last week, and they hadn't any news,"—her comely face contorted in pained perplexity,— "but they thought it very likely that he was ill, and, of course, that would explain his silence, poor fellow."

It was a loving woman's apology for the absent one; even though he seem delinquent or neglectful, she will not, except in the last resort, expose him to others.

"Wouldn't it be strange if your husband and Maurice—Mr. Bronson—had met and known each other out there!" mused Jessica.

"It's possible, though not very probable," was Mollie's matter-of-fact answer. She seemed to be turning over some project in her mind as she absently gazed out of the window across the little park. Then, returning to the subject under dissection:

"But what a romance for you, my dear! A rich and handsome husband coming from over sea; for you'll surely marry him—no man could withstand such a lovely fiancée. And you'll be rich and live happily ever afterwards!"

A wave of rosy color swept over the olive-pale face and forehead of Jessica Mead at the other's light words.

"Don't be too sure," she laughed, showing some slight embarrassment. "Remember, we've only seen each other a couple of times. Maurice Bronson is very peculiar, you know; he values his freedom more than anything on earth. It was only to soothe his father's last days and hours upon earth that I consented to the absurd scheme—for it is absurd," she insisted almost petulantly, "to be flung at a man's head in that way! I shouldn't blame him if he fairly hated me, coming between him and his father's money. If he had only been here, I could have brought about a different ending, I'm sure. But what could a girl do against that iron-willed old man?"



"I guess it will come out right, dearie. Depend upon it, a man gets tired of wandering all over the earth sometime, and with two such powerful lodestones to draw him as a pretty wife and a handsome fortune, I should think he'd be in a hurry to get back to America and his home."

"If I find out that he wants me simply to secure the money, I'll——" Jessica was beginning when her friend broke in, nodding her head sapiently:

"Don't do anything foolish, my dear; you'll find Mr. Bronson will want both the pretty wife and the handsome fortune—the one as much as the other!"

"Well, he'll have to ask for one of them!" insisted Jessica, with more real feminine spirit than either David or Maurice would have believed possible.

"And I'll wager he does that too before he has been back a month," was Mollie's confident answer. Then, in an altered tone, the elder woman went on:

"Let me tell you what I've been thinking—what I am resolved to do, Jessie, dear. You don't need me any more; your man will soon be here to take care that you don't get into mischief, and you can see that I'm tortured with anxiety about my man. The suspense is simply unbearable. I never was one to sit and fold my hands, doing nothing. In short, I'm going out to Manila!"

"And take the baby!" was the astonished question.

"Yes. There's no one with whom I can leave her, even if I could bring myself to part from her, which I can't. And then perhaps I'll need her out there in a way that you wouldn't understand. If Cyrus is ill, maybe he'll be glad to welcome us both. He's never seen his child, you know."

"When do you start?" inquired Jessica, realizing it was useless to attempt to dissuade.

"The train leaving to-morrow night connects with a steamer for Manila, I'm told," answered Mollie, hugging the baby to her breast. "I've got my transportation."

"So soon!" exclaimed Jessica.

"The sooner the better, if my husband needs me," was the sententious answer. "Pray God it may be no worse!"

There was a note of menace, even of unnamed dread, in her voice which brought grave concern to the face and eyes of Jessica Mead. She would not question her friend too closely; yet she divined that there might be worse calamities between man and woman than sickness and sudden death. But she showed her sympathy by caressing the baby in turn, saying simply,—

"You must let me help you pack."

"That won't take long," answered the cheery Mollie. "You know I gave up my rooms over a week ago and sold all the furniture, so that there's nothing to keep me, now that I've made up my mind to go."

Jessica Mead took a tearful leave of Mollie Akerson and the baby at the Pennsylvania Station in Jersey City, the two girls exchanging the customary vows to write to each other.

A week and a day later two steamships passed and whistle-saluted each other off the Farallones, near the Golden Gate. One, bound inward from Hong Kong, bore among its passengers a man who looked remarkably like the ex-Lieutenant Cyrus Akerson, but whose name, according to the purser's list, was Maurice Bronson.

On the deck of the other boat, less than a mile away, stood a young woman bearing a child in her arms, her patient and longing gaze turned towards the Orient.

And three thousand miles across the continent, a prey to maidenly hopes and fears, waited Jessica Mead for the lover and husband bequeathed to her by an old man's dying whim.

## V.

WITH crass hardihood and a callous, unpitying indifference to the consequences for others, Cyrus Akerson was firmly resolved to bury his own identity in that of the defunct Maurice Bronson.

Back in the States, three years before, he had enlisted, leaving a newly wedded wife and his unborn child—carelessly enough, for the responsibilities of husband and father sat lightly enough upon his selfish nature. He had married for fancy, not for love; women cut a very small figure in his scheme of life, anyway.

When he determined upon his grand imposture, he salved his conscience by telling himself that once in possession of David Bronson's millions he could, anonymously, perhaps, send Mollie plenty of money, rendering her, in fact, much better off than if he had remained alive. To this extent, he argued, the end justified the means.

But apart from the prospect of thus acquiring vast wealth, the controlling motive in his villany lay in the fact that he could sink his military disgrace in the oblivion of his supposed death, since to say nothing but what is good of the dead is generally binding upon men of Saxon breed everywhere. Mollie would learn of his decease in due time, perhaps, and would mourn him as one sacrificed upon his country's altar. Self-pitying tears came into his eyes and a lump arose in his throat when he thought of this aspect of the case. The question whether to her and for her he would stay dead he left in abeyance.

Not least among the reasons which appealed to this Akerson of the torpid conscience was the to him abhorrent fact that Maurice Bronson's

death would in the logic of events leave old David's millions going a-begging when a real, live man could get out of them such tremendous dividends in the shape of "life" and "fun."

So, by processes of false and perverted reasoning, Akerson brought about a self-deluded conviction that he was really performing a very shrewd and worldly-wise action in personating his dead comrade and stepping into his shoes.

That there were many traps and pitfalls in the way he realized to the full, but they did not bulk large at this stage; he counted upon cool effrontery and brazen bluff to carry him through the ordeal. Sapienly, he had the perception to realize that more was to be dreaded from Jessica Mead than from the lawyers and executors. If he could successfully impose himself upon her,—if he could delude that wonderful feminine sixth sense which jumps at accurate conclusions in defiance of all apparent rhyme or reason,—he felt that he would be measurably safe.

But of compunction, regret, or shame he admitted not one iota. "Why should he?" was what he asked himself. "You can't rob a dead man!" he said.

Last of all, in enumerating the motor impulses of the fraud, must be set down the fact that Cyrus Akerson bore a standing grudge against the world. A failure in nearly everything he had ever undertaken, not from lack of ability, but for want of honest conviction and belief in whatever he had set his hand to do, he blamed the circumstances, his luck, or the jealousy and opposition of others. Hence, any crisis found him ready to make reprisals, and here was the golden opening!

He had not brought about the peculiar train of events which threw Maurice Bronson in his way and made him master of every petty detail in the other's life. And being a firm believer in fate, or chance, like many another man of warped mind and twisted conscience, he resolved to profit by the opportunity which fortune provided.

On returning to Manila he found everything so easy—his acceptance as the real Maurice Bronson so unquestioning and so implicit—that he was hardened and additionally confirmed in his fell purpose.

On the way across the Pacific from Hong Kong he had abundant leisure to perfect himself in the petty details of the plot, for he was astute enough to see that it was the pebbles in the path that would set him tripping, not the larger facts. Consequently, he rehearsed himself again and again in the minutiae of the part he was to play. He was like some great actor, scrupulous to a degree in the details of his make-up, conscious that a false though faint line in the dressing-room becomes a caricature in the glare of the footlights.

Again and again on the journey the stars in their courses seemed to be fighting for him. On board the steamer his factitious identity

became bruited about, and he was pointed out as "Young Bronson, the millionaire, going home to claim his estate."

When he arrived in San Francisco he found letters from the lawyers awaiting him, expressing gratification at his speedy return and, best of all, enclosing a handsome draft in case he should be in any need of funds. When he had cashed the draft, fingering more money than he had ever before at one time called his own, he almost believed that he was really the son of David Bronson.

But the letter that pleased him most was one—a mere note, black-bordered—from Jessica Mead, in which she addressed him as "Dear Maurice." Those two little words did more to confirm him in his usurpation than anything else. He chuckled to himself that "the girl would be easy."

Little did he or could he divine the heart-struggles those innocent words had cost poor Jessica. She must not be too formal, she told herself, and "Dear Mr. Bronson," or "Dear Friend," to one's prospective husband seemed dreadfully cold and stiff. On the other hand, she had only seen him twice or thrice. Still, they had been quite friendly, even intimate, during those brief hours in the quiet house in Gramercy Park. With old David it had always been "Maurice, my son," and by his Christian name she had thought of him while absent. So, when she ultimately decided to call him "Dear Maurice," she felt that the man she supposed she was writing to would understand.

It was just a little message of condolence, of assured welcome, and the girl signed herself simply, "Sincerely yours, Jessica Mead." More she could not, less she would not, say just then. Maurice must comprehend, she thought, with burning cheeks, as she addressed the letter and sent it on its fateful way.

But in justice to Cyrus Akerson it needs to be said that his plotting did not contemplate such a foul wrong both to his lawful wife and to Jessica Mead as a carrying out to the letter of David's will would have involved. He hoped to elude the marriage proviso and yet get control of the old man's millions, even if it were necessary to break the testament.

They had two years of probation in which to decide; meanwhile there must be some provision in the will for their present maintenance, and an estate of several millions should offer a good-sized incidental rake-off. He would wait until he saw the lawyers and found out where he stood.

But if the will could not be broken? Well, the contingency might have to be faced, and there would be time enough to consider the marriage question when the crisis arrived. Rather than let all the money go to some decayed and condemned old charity—these were not pre-

cisely the adjectives employed, but they look better in print—he would go to any lengths. It would be the old man's fault for framing such a fool will! And anyway, he told himself, he would be marrying Jessica Mead as Maurice Bronson, not as Cyrus Akerson, who was dead and buried long ago.

By such specious arguments did he fortify and justify himself in his fraud, hardening his heart and going rather jauntily on his way eastward.

## VI.

ALTHOUGH a Vermonter born and bred, Cyrus Akerson knew his "little old New York" like a well-thumbed book of tactics, and so, upon his advent in the city, was able to avoid any suspicious betrayal of himself through a bucolic lack of familiarity with its topography.

Reaching the Grand Central Station, he took an eminently shrewd and proper procedure, going "straight home" to Jessica Mead in Gramercy Park. He purposely sent no telegram announcing his arrival; the element of surprise, he told himself, would work in his favor, serving to divert attention from any little blunders he might at first commit.

Carrying his own satchel, he ascended the steps, as the real Maurice had done years before; but, unlike the other, he omitted to use the latch-key which he had found and appropriated among the dead man's belongings, not being quite sure of its use. So he pressed the electric button, and waited in some inward trepidation, but not for long.

Fortune favored him at the threshold, although he knew it not, for the white-capped maid who came to the door was a comparatively new recruit to the household staff. She had never seen Maurice Bronson in the flesh, but her face bore a tell-tale smile of surprised welcome as she threw the door wide open and stepped back for him to enter.

"Miss Mead—is she at home?" was Akerson's curt query, carrying out his prudent resolve to say and do as little as possible.

"She's at home, sir, I'm sure," said the maid. "Please to walk in, and I'll tell her you're here, Mr. Bronson," saying which she drew aside the heavy portière which screened the entrance to the parlor, and the adventurer was left alone, glancing quickly and furtively about him to take in the details of the room's furnishings. He noted with relief that the light was dim, owing to the heavy holland window-shades being drawn down, according to the New York habit.

The hangings had fallen together behind him, and in less than a minute he heard light footfalls on the stair, then a swish of skirts. He turned half-expectantly towards the doorway by which he had entered, but the person expected did not appear from thence. Instead,



there was a sound of someone's hurried entrance into an apartment farther to the rear, a startled feminine exclamation, and then the glass doors separating parlor and library slid apart, and Jessica Mead suddenly came towards him with outstretched hands, saying:

"Oh Maurice! I thought to find you in the library! When did you arrive?"

Although taken in flank and by surprise, he turned quickly to greet her and their hands met. He recognized her for herself at once, both by her manner of welcome and from Maurice's description.

"Less than half an hour ago," he answered, watching her face to note the effect of his voice; "I came straight here, of course."

"I hoped you would," Jessica replied, disengaging her hand and sinking into a seat. "If you had only let me know when you were coming, I would have been at the door myself."

"Never did such a thing before," chuckled the false Maurice—which was perhaps the cleverest thing he could have said, it was so like the real man—the careless, the irresponsible Maurice Bronson. He saw the responsive look in Jessica's face, and at once grew bolder, settling himself more at ease in his chair.

Jessica Mead, now that the first greetings were over, was obviously, and perhaps naturally, not quite mistress of herself. She sat facing him, half shyly, the color coming and going in her cheeks, the bosom of her gown rising and falling fitfully. But the feeling that she must play the part, for the present, at least, of welcoming hostess, that she represented to poor Maurice home and family and friends, compelled her to control her own embarrassment.

"Were you surprised to get our sad news?" she ventured.

"Surely," was the answer. "It was a great shock, you may be sure. You know the old man and I never hit it off together, and yet——"

He stopped short, observing on the girl's face a curiously intent expression, the head slightly averted, the eyes wide open, in almost a listening attitude, as if something in the tones of the speaker's voice surprised her.

With all his senses on the alert to perceive the drift of Jessica's swiftly working mind, he broke off suddenly, then said more quietly,—

"But tell me all about it—the letters gave only the barest outlines, you know."

It was good policy to let the girl talk, he thought. The more she divulged, the better informed he would be.

"You see, we did not know where to address you," said Jessica, answering the last part of his remark. "The main thing was to get you to come back as quickly as possible."

He nodded acquiescently, apparently waiting for her to continue.

"Poor fellow," she thought compassionately, "he feels the blow very deeply. How changed, how much older is he! I have always thought he loved his father very dearly." Then aloud:

"All last winter he appeared to be failing; he never complained, you know, and was not really ill: he went downtown as usual, except on stormy days; but when the warm weather set in he seemed to lose all interest; he would sit in his big chair by the window all day long, looking out over the park, seldom speaking, but he was always watching for the letter-carrier."

The listener shifted uneasily in his seat and emitted a throaty noise that might have passed for an expression of anguish. With the ready tears in her eyes the girl went on:

"I really think he longed for you more and more towards the last," she said gently and reverently. "And then, when—when the end came,—he died in his chair, you know,—we found him with a smile on his lips. Really, Maurice, I could not write all that. It seemed so sacred that I felt I ought to tell it to you. I'm sure you were the last one in his thoughts. You mustn't take it too much to heart—your not being here, you know!"

This simple and touching narrative, so artless, so genuine, was almost too much for the cool hardihood of the pretender. But he had gone too far to retreat now.

"You're a good little girl," he said, rising and taking her hand once more as she lifted her eyes to his in trust and sympathy. "I can never thank you enough for filling my place at such a time. But you know how things stood between us."

This was the second long speech he had made since entering the house, and again he noted the half-questioning, half-listening look on Jessica's face as his tones smote her ears.

"She can't quite make it out!" was his inward comment. "Looks and manners seem to be all right, but the talk gives me away. Guess she'll get used to the voice after a while. Queer folks, these women!"

He was right in his quick surmise. To the girl, Maurice Bronson and no other stood before her in all his stalwart manhood; yet there was something which eluded her, something intangible, which she could not quite grasp or reconcile with her recollections of the man as she remembered him. He seemed older, more calculating, more deliberate; all the ebullient boyishness was vanished. But in her undercurrent of thought she ascribed the variance to the sobering effect of his father's death, to the lapse of time, and to his changed relations towards herself by the terms of that foolish and hateful will. The very reflection caused her to droop her lashes and avert her face. She would do her duty, she would fulfil her deathbed promise to David Bronson, but Maurice must make the first advances.

"You would like to go to your room?" she asked; "it has been ready for you these many days."

He had foreseen this very question, or something like it, so was all ready with his answer.

"Why, I have been thinking it would be better for me to go to a hotel—for a while, at any rate. This is your home, you know."

He said this fearing to expose his ignorance of the lay of the house, not from any prudish notions of propriety.

"But it was yours before it was mine," she flashed back at him. Then suddenly his possible reason dawned upon her, bringing a wave of rosy color to her face and forehead, while she thanked him inwardly for his supposed delicacy and consideration.

"If you really think it best," she faltered.

He was looking down at her half quizzically, the nearest approach to a smile she had yet seen on his face lifting one corner of his tawny mustache.

"For the present, at least," he insisted. "There's a lot to be done—and said," he went on meaningly. "But I tell you what, Miss Mead: you can invite me to dinner if you like."

"How perfectly absurd!" she pouted, yet smiling at him in turn, "inviting you to dine in your own home!"

"That's all right," he answered airily. "I guess my birthright was forfeited long ago. What time shall we say?"

"Why, it will be only a plain family meal," she replied, "and we still keep the old hour, six-thirty, you know."

He nodded assent, picked up his grip and his hat, and held out his hand in temporary farewell, saying:

"I'll be back on time. If anyone wants me, I'm stopping at the Everett House."

He let himself out, the front door closed behind him, and Jessica found herself alone. Somehow, this home-coming was very different from that which she had so often pictured to herself, and yet, now that the meeting was over, she failed to see how it could have been otherwise under the new environment surrounding her and Maurice Bronson.

Truly, the girl's position was most embarrassing. It was even as Maurice had indicated in his talk with Akerson at the wineshop in Manila. Jessica's sense of duty was so strong, her sense of obligation to the old man so acute, that she would of a surety do nothing to thwart his dying wishes.

Tender-hearted and compassionate, like most of her sex, she hated to give pain. Yet, being all woman, she could not forget that the man should and must do the courting. If Maurice Bronson evinced nothing more ardent than a feeling of gracious toleration, she told

herself, she would marry him—always provided that he put her to the question. That she liked him for his misfortunes she did not attempt to disguise from herself. From their first meeting she had experienced an infinite compassion for the practically childish old man and the almost fatherless son, estranged from each other by forces which neither understood, divining that in Maurice there dwelt a great capacity for affection which had been simply starved out of sight.

Pity, we know, is near kin to love, and the lonely girl, penned up with old David Bronson, had thought of Maurice incessantly during his last absence, perhaps enduing him with more admirable qualities than he ever had possessed or ever would.

Consequently, when David Bronson had told her what was in his mind, and extorted a promise that she would not oppose his wilful fancy after he had gone hence, the idea was far less startling to her than it had been to Maurice, coming upon him suddenly seven thousand miles away.

They dined tête-à-tête, and the pseudo heir exerted himself to be agreeable and to ingratiate himself with the girl. But she missed the light-heartedness which had been so characteristic of the real Maurice, and again she ascribed the change to the sobering effect of the responsibilities thrust upon him. And more than all, she thought she detected a ceremoniousness towards herself born of the new relations in which they had been placed each towards the other.

But what Jessica Mead attributed to chivalrous consideration was really due to a cautious feeling of his way on the part of the pretender. True, he adopted, as the evening wore on, an almost brotherly friendliness and familiarity, and a taking-things-for-granted air that more than once brought a blush to her cheek, her vivid imagination and quicker feminine intuition attaching more meaning to his casual words than was intended.

The impostor certainly added to his stock of information many little details of which he had been necessarily ignorant, and when the time came to say good-night he felt abundantly fortified for his imperative interview with the lawyers on the morrow.

## VII.

So, the next morning, with jaunty self-confidence, Cyrus Akerson betook himself downtown to the offices of Carver & Cutting in the Broadway Chambers, a confidence born of the fact, ascertained from Jessica overnight, that the late David Bronson's legal advisers and executors had probably—so far as she knew—never set eyes on the real Maurice Bronson.

The masquerader elected to assume an air of quiet assurance, as befitted his father's heir, and he was received with due consideration

as the man he pretended to be. After the usual salutations he plunged at once into business.

"As you are perhaps aware, gentlemen," he said, "I know very little about my—er—father's affairs, and the outline of the will which you sent me is very brief and unsatisfactory. So, if you please, I'd like to know just where we stand."

"Naturally," answered Mr. Carver, the senior partner. "Would you wish to peruse the testament itself, or shall I summarize for you its provisions?"

"Oh, just give me the facts," said the visitor.

"Briefly, then, Mr. Bronson," said the lawyer, consulting some memoranda, "your father died possessed of property aggregating between four and five millions of dollars; there is cash in banks and trust-companies amounting to perhaps half a million; gilt-edged bonds and securities, about two millions; real-estate, including the Gramercy Park house and the building in Spruce Street, another million, the balance consisting of outstanding accounts, stock, and the good-will of the firm of David Bronson & Company."

Akerson nodded, nervously moistening his lips.

"What about the business?" he queried.

"It was your father's hope—I might say his wish—that you would step into his shoes and carry it on." This was said tentatively, but the rejoinder was quick, to the point, and in perfect character:

"I guess not; the fact is, I've no aptitude for that sort of thing; I'd be sure to make a mess of it!"

"That is about as we inferred," said Mr. Carver drily. "In that case we are empowered to dispose of the stock on hand and to wind up the concern—all of which will take some time, you understand."

Akerson waved that point aside as settled.

"There are certain small bequests to old employes of the house and to some minor charities which are independent of the other provisions of the will. These, I suppose, you will carry out as soon as we can probate?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "I should not think of interfering with the old man's plans in that respect."

Mr. Carver nodded in turn.

"Now, what about my—er—proposed marriage to Miss Mead?" said Akerson. "How do I stand in either event?" In his anxiety he drew his chair closer to the table.

"The main clause of the will relates to that—in fact, the disposition of the entire estate may be said to hinge thereupon," was the lawyer's reply.

"Briefly, and not to trouble you with the legal verbiage, your father expresses the wish that you and the young lady marry within two years.



In which case all the property, with the exception of the legacies alluded to, is to be divided between you on the basis of two-thirds to you, his son, and one-third to Miss Mead,—or, rather, Mrs. Bronson,—her share being absolutely secured to the lady in her own right. Failing this marriage, Miss Mead, as she will remain, is to receive a bequest of fifty thousand dollars outright, while for your account are to be set aside trust funds assuring you an income of five thousand dollars a year for life. Two years are allowed for both of you to make up your minds; at the expiration of that period, providing you have not married, the alternative clauses of which I have just spoken will become operative, by virtue of which the residue of the estate goes to three well-known charities. That's your father's will in a nutshell, Mr. Bronson."

"And a damned foolish will, I call it!" exclaimed the pseudo heir, pushing back his chair noisily.

The lawyers looked properly pained and shocked at this outburst, and instantly Akerson saw his mistake.

"Of course, my father had a perfect right to do with his money as he chose—I don't say that he hadn't. The foolish part, to my mind, consists in his trying to tie down two people who hardly know each other. Miss Mead is a very charming girl, and all that, and I suppose the right man would find in her a very clever and acceptable wife. But I'm not sure that I'm the right man for her, or that she's the right woman for me. Why, for aught my father knew, I might have been married long ago! That's all I meant, gentlemen, when I said it was a mighty foolish will."

This apologetic speech served to mollify the outraged dignity of the men of law,—highly respectable practitioners both,—and they nodded their heads gravely.

"Since you admit you do not know Miss Mead very well," suggested the junior partner, Mr. Cutting, "I would point out that there is plenty of time to remedy that—you have nearly two years to decide."

"And that brings up another point," said Akerson. "What are we to live on during that time?"

"That matter is left to the discretion of the executors, Mr. Bronson," said the senior partner. "We are empowered to make provision for your wants. You can draw upon us for anything in reason."

"Then there's no stipulated allowance?" inquired Akerson, a note of chagrin in his voice.

"No stipulated allowance," repeated Mr. Carver. "Your father gave us to understand that you had never been extravagant. But, of course, as prospective heir to such a handsome property we should not be niggardly. I think you may reckon upon a generous income, Mr. Bronson, pending the final settlement."

"For instance?" queried Akerson pertinaciously. He wanted to know just how much fruit could be shaken off the tree in those two years.

Mr. Carver hemmed and hawed and looked hesitatingly at his partner. Then:

"We might safely promise ten thousand a year, Mr. Bronson. You see, as trustees we are bound to properly conserve the estate for those who may possibly inherit should you refuse to carry out the plan, which we sincerely trust you will not do."

Akerson rose and went to the window, where he stood moodily looking down on the roaring tide of travel in the street below. He had hoped for a larger rake-off than a paltry ten or twenty thousand dollars!

His cordial and unsuspecting reception emboldened him. Suddenly facing inward again and addressing the lawyers, he said:

"Let me ask you one question, gentlemen: I don't like the will and its provisions. Suppose I decide to contest—to set it aside, in fact? What then?"

The answer came promptly but none the less deliberately:

"We should advise you not to try it, Mr. Bronson. Your father was of eminently sound mind, and as trustees and executors we should feel compelled to uphold the will. Dismiss the thought, my dear sir. The provisions may seem a little—er—galling to a young man of your—er—active nature and—er—energetic and hitherto untrammelled mode of life. But there is a better way, Mr. Bronson—leading eventually to a lovely wife and a handsome fortune, at the same time fulfilling the dearest wish of him who is dead and gone, who loved you most dearly."

After such a kindly and well-meant speech it was Akerson's cue to appear as though he were appeased, if not quite convinced. So he said,—

"Well, let it go at that, gentlemen, since you say there's no other way."

#### VIII.

WHEN Mollie Akerson reached Manila she forthwith presented herself at headquarters in order to ascertain the whereabouts of her recreant husband.

"Your arrival is most opportune, Mrs. Akerson!" exclaimed the Adjutant of Cyrus's old regiment. But the anxious wife noted an air of restraint as he spoke, and immediately she braced herself for bad news.

"My husband is dead!" she whispered.

"Not so bad as that," was the would-be cheery answer. "But he's a very sick man, and completely out of his head."

"Tell me—how did it happen—was he wounded in battle?"

"Hardly," was the answer; "he was attacked by the natives and left for dead—that much we know."

"Where is he?" was the next query. "I must go to him at once."

"In the hospital at Cavité. You can go over on the afternoon boat. But I'm afraid he won't know you—unless, perhaps, seeing his wife and child should clarify his mind."

Mollie sank back into the seat, from which she had started in her eagerness, clasping the baby in her arms.

"Tell me all about it, please," she implored. "Believe me, I can be brave, now that I know that he is still spared to me!"

Major Falconer took off his eyeglasses and polished them assiduously—a trait he indulged when annoyed or perplexed.

"The fact is, you see," he began haltingly, "Mr. Akerson is no longer in the service."

"But why?" queried Mollie. "Is he so desperately wounded as all that?"

"No, no, my dear Madam, that is not the reason; he was hurt after he left us."

Mollie set the baby on the floor and straightened up in her chair, facing the bluff soldier unflinchingly.

"I see there is something you are afraid to tell me," she said quietly. "But I can bear anything better than suspense. Let me know the worst!"

The Major—acting adjutant—looked at her admiringly. "By gad, sir," he said afterwards to the Colonel in relating the incident, "the little woman's a trump! She flinched never a bit!"

"I would rather hear the story—whatever it is—from one of his old comrades," she went on. "Please tell me!"

Thus adjured, Major Falconer cleared his throat and without further delay said:

"Well, I guess you're right, Mrs. Akerson. It's not so bad, after all. As I said, your husband is no longer one of us. He was tried by court-martial some months ago and dismissed the service. He will doubtless prefer to give you the story when he gets better. You did not know this?"

Mollie shook her head dumbly, with wide-open eyes. The Major went on:

"Let me say—and it gives me great pleasure to say it—that his courage as a soldier was never questioned. He remained in Manila, waiting for some other opening, I presume, and three or four months ago he seems to have left the city on a sort of prospecting expedition to the other side of the island. He had with him another American named Bronson. They were attacked by Filipinos and Mr. Akerson

was desperately wounded, being left for dead in the forest by his white companion and the native escort, who ran away."

An exclamation of surprise had escaped Mollie's lips at the mention of the name "Bronson," but she did not otherwise interrupt.

"This man Bronson brought the news back to Manila—that was the way we came to hear about the matter. Now comes the strange part of the tale: Your husband was not really dead—he had simply been struck on the head by a club or some other weapon and rendered insensible; some friendly coast people found him a few days later, took him to their village, and handed him over to a scouting party of our men, who brought him back to Manila. But the blow must have robbed him of his memory—he does not answer to his name; he seems to have forgotten all he ever knew about soldiering—in fact, we only discovered his identity by his uniform and the papers in his pockets. The exposure and injury brought on an attack of fever."

Mollie heard him patiently to the end.

"What was the other name of this man Bronson?" she inquired.

"That I cannot tell you," answered Major Falconer, "but I should think it could be easily ascertained. Why do you ask?"

"It is very strange," she said musingly. "I know—or rather I knew of—a Mr. Bronson in New York, and he was in this part of the world when he was last heard from. But I don't think he was the man to desert a friend or a comrade in the way you describe. Was his Christian name Maurice?"

"Really, I couldn't say," returned the Major; "it doesn't matter very much, I should judge?"

"No," admitted Mollie; "and yet——"

She stopped in perplexity, her thoughts carrying her back to Jessica Mead and the old house in Gramercy Park. Major Falconer broke in upon her reverie.

"The boat leaves at two o'clock, Mrs. Akerson. Better have luncheon here with my wife, and then I'll run down with you."

Mollie gratefully accepted, and found Mrs. Falconer all sympathy on hearing her story.

When the time came to start, Mollie insisted upon taking the child with her, for, as she said,—

"If he doesn't remember me, the sight of the little one may awaken some answering chord of affection."

Arriving at the cluster of white hospital buildings at Cavité, the Major left her in the orderly-room while he went to reconnoitre. In a few minutes he returned and beckoned her to follow him. Out into the hot sunshine they went, the woman's heart going pit-a-pat, the ready tears in her eyes, the while she hugged the child—his child—to her breast.

They turned a corner and came upon a cool, awning-shaded veranda facing the bay. About half-way down its length there was placed a canvas reclining-chair bearing the form of a man who in health had been bronzed and hearty, but upon whose frame wasting fever and suffering had set their enervating and emaciating seal. His face was averted, nor did he move at the sound of footsteps. A hospital attendant hovered by, but discreetly withdrew as Major Falconer and his charges drew near.

"Shall I prepare him?" whispered the Major.

Mollie nodded, all a-quiver with suppressed excitement. So the officer stepped forward, placing his hand on the shoulder of the sick man, and said quietly,—

"Akerson, here is someone to see you—someone from home!"

At the words the invalid moved his head languidly, but made no effort to sit up. Mollie waited a moment, and then flew forward and dropped on her knees at the man's side, ejaculating the words:

"Cyrus! It's me,—Mollie,—your wife! Don't you remember me, dear?"

The man raised his head a little and looked down at the kneeling woman, whose face was hidden on his knee.

"I—I—don't know you!" he said hesitatingly, yet deliberately.

At the sound of his voice Mollie lifted her eyes to his face, literally devouring his features for the space of perhaps five seconds, then rose to her feet with a hoarse cry, snatched up the baby, and retreated to the side of Major Falconer.

"What's the matter? Doesn't he recognize you?" inquired the soldier.

"Recognize me!" she exclaimed, her face aflame, "of course not! That man is not my husband!"

"Not your—not Cyrus Akerson!"

Mollie shook her head, her eyes big with excitement, looking fearfully athwart her shoulder at the recumbent and drooping figure in the chair.

"Then who the devil is he?" Major Falconer rapped out in perplexity.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mollie, equally puzzled. "Where is my husband? What has become of him?"

For answer the Major stepped briskly to the side of the sick man, took him by the shoulder, and shook him, but not unkindly, saying:

"Look here, my man, can't you give us some account of yourself? Who are you, anyway? If you're not Mr. Akerson, I'd like to know what you're doing with his clothes on your back!"

The invalid drew his thin and wasted hand across his eyes in a tired and hopeless way.



"I can't remember anything about it," he mumbled. "I'm very weak," looking at his attenuated fingers in a puzzled manner, "and something tells me that it was not always like this with me; perhaps when I get better and stronger I can help you out." Even this short speech exhausted him, and his head drooped helplessly.

Prompted by feminine curiosity, Mollie Akerson had drawn nearer during this little colloquy. To her Major Falconer turned and said:

"Well, it beats me! But I'm sure of one thing—he's no army man: he's a civilian. And if he's not your husband, then where is Akerson all this time?"

"That's what I'd like to know," said Mollie, sinking into a seat, anxiety and worry over the mystery showing in every feature.

### IX.

THE possibility of securing a goodly slice of David Bronson's millions had been the alluring bait for Cyrus Akerson in his impudent and daring imposture. Now, in rage and chagrin, he had discovered that unless he wished to court suspicion by an unwonted display of prodigality, all he could hope to realize, short of marrying Jessica Mead, and thus putting himself doubly within the clutches of the criminal law, was a paltry ten or twenty thousand dollars, and for that he would have to wait many months.

The only other alternative was to break the will; but that would require money for counsel fees, for it was plain that Carver & Cutting, as proponents, would defend the instrument to their utmost ability, even against old David's son and heir.

So he went about cursing his fate, chafing with impotent anger. At times he thought of giving up the whole conspiracy and dropping out of sight. But then came the vision of those millions going begging—or, what was equally aggravating, being squandered on some already fat charity. No,—he would not give up the dollars,—there must be some way to beat the game, he told himself.

Even Jessica Mead noted his abstraction and his moodiness, but attributed them to other causes—chief among which, she imagined, was a reluctance on his part to marry her.

Consequently, as the days wore on, and the pseudo Maurice made no allusion to the burning topic subsisting between them,—which to the girl outweighed all else,—but rather seemed to avoid it, she took refuge in womanly reserve and dignity, for her own protection adopting a purely sisterly attitude.

"If he doesn't want me, why won't he come out squarely and tell me so?" she asked herself a dozen times a day. "He surely does not expect me to make the first advances! If so, he is woefully mistaken."

Unfortunately, she stood absolutely alone in the world; there was

none to whom she could apply for counsel or confidence, now that Mollie Akerson was far away. Not even to the family lawyers might she go with that scorching question upon her lips. To her the situation was getting intolerable.

But one letter had come from Mollie,—posted on the instant of her reaching Manila,—telling simply of the fact, and that she and the child were well. Jessica's answer was almost equally brief, her one item of exchange news announcing the arrival in New York of Maurice Bronson.

Akerson was at first in and out of the Gramercy Park house nearly every day,—prudence dictated that he keep in touch with Jessica Mead,—and he added constantly to his store of information concerning the man and the life he was counterfeiting. But the innate purity and the pristine charm of the girl surrounded her with a magic ring, invulnerable as Brunhilde's circle of fire; he could not have made love to her had his life depended upon it, and as the days went by he realized that, rogue and rascal though he might be in other respects, not even to get his itching fingers on the Bronson millions could he bring himself to sully or ruin her fresh young life. He realized that she was sacrosanct for a better man than he.

What then was he to do? Much as he craved for money, he thought it best to make no immediate demands upon Carver & Cutting. He learned that they had apprised Jessica of his call at their office, also advising her that for the present she was to consider herself mistress of the old house. Again and again did he anathematize the ridiculous will and the foolish old man that made it.

One night he sat in his room at the hotel, smoking moodily, when there flashed into his mind the chance remark that he had made in the office of the lawyers,—

“Why, for aught my father knew, I might have been married long ago!”

In an instant he saw his way clear: If such were actually the case, it would be manifestly impossible to carry out the main clause of the will, and there was no provision made for any such contingency! Would not the will be worthless in such an event, and the money descend to the son, as though David Bronson had died intestate?

Akerson was no lawyer, but his common-sense told him that this was probably what would happen. Of course, he could truly say that he was married. As to proving it—well, he might see how the mere statement worked. But first he would consult a lawyer on his own hook, and it would not be Carver & Cutting.

As early as possible next morning, going downtown, he put the supposititious case to a rising young attorney. The answer was just what he expected:

"The will is just so much waste paper; its main provision cannot stand because its fulfilment demands a legal impossibility; therefore the estate remains as though the testator died intestate; it is not even incumbent upon the heir-at-law to carry out the minor bequests of the instrument."

"Would it make any difference if the said marriage had been solemnized in a foreign country?" was the next query, to which the answer came promptly enough,—

"None whatever, providing the ceremony was according to the law of that particular land."

Akerson emerged on Broadway again in a particularly jubilant mood. He could cry "checkmate!" to Carver & Cutting, he thought. But after a while he sobered down a bit, and began to wonder just how he might use this newly discovered weapon.

Carver & Cutting would probably want proofs, although they might accept his unsupported word. Ultimately he decided to "bluff it through," after settling in his mind the exact details of the story he was to tell. Yet after all it turned out to be quite easy—he need not have worried. The lawyers—steady, old-fashioned fellows, both of them—took him so unreservedly for what he professed to be that the idea of doubting his plausible though belated acknowledgment never entered their heads. The interview passed off very easily.

No sooner was the impostor ushered into the private office than he unmasked his batteries. His rather embarrassed and shamefaced manner helped to carry conviction.

"I've rather an awkward confession to make, gentlemen—one that will, I fear, materially affect the carrying out of my father's wishes."

"Indeed?" responded Mr. Carver, while the junior partner pushed his spectacles high up on his forehead.

"Yes," Akerson went on. "You may have noticed some slight annoyance on my part the other day. Well, the fact is, that foolish clause, stipulating that, in order to inherit, I must wed a certain lady, puts me in a hole. It's not a very easy thing to tell you, for certain reasons,—but the fact is, I'm married already—have been for some years!"

Had a pistol-shot been fired under their respectable noses the two old men could not have manifested more amazement.

"Save us and bless us!" exclaimed Mr. Cutting.

"It's—it's—preposterous!—no, I beg your pardon, Mr. Bronson; not that, of course; but—er—er—to say the least, your statement is most unexpected!"

"I imagined it would be," said Akerson coolly and hardily, now that the bolt was shot.

"But why did you not take us into your confidence at once, Mr.

Bronson?" inquired the senior partner. "Surely we are best fitted to advise your father's son."

"Well, you see," quoth the adventurer, "in the first place I wanted to see if there was any loophole by which that fool will could be set aside. In the second place, I'm not particularly proud of—well—of the fact that I made an idiot of myself in that respect some years ago. But you may recall that I did give you a hint. I said that for all my father knew I might have been married already. Well, you see, I am, for a cold fact!"

Mr. Carver scratched his nose in manifest annoyance. David Bronson's will was a model of its kind,—he had drawn it himself,—and here was chaos and disorder, at which his orderly legal mind rebelled.

"It's a great pity—a very great pity!" he sighed, "but I suppose it can't be helped."

"What effect does my being married have on the will?" inquired Akerson, as though he had come to them for information at first hand.

"It becomes mere waste paper, my dear sir—mere waste paper!" was the almost petulant answer, unconsciously repeating the words of Akerson's own expert.

"Don't any of its provisions hold good, not even the minor bequests?" queried Akerson, secretly enjoying the discomfiture of the partners.

The lawyer shook his head mournfully. "The whole instrument is void; we are in the same position as though your father died intestate."

"Well, that's about what I supposed," nodded Akerson; "and consequently there are no trustees, no administrators, no one in authority?"

"No. The whole estate goes into the hands of the Surrogate; he may in his discretion appoint someone to administer—yourself, for instance."

"And how long does that usually take?" inquired Akerson.

"Oh, not very long—a month, perhaps."

"That's all right!" exclaimed Akerson. "Now I'll tell you why I asked that. I'm not cut out for a business man, and I don't care to be tied down to live in any one place. I'd like the whole thing settled up in good shape so that I can get away. Of course, I want you to attend to the legal end, and it is my intention to pay every bequest made by my father!"

Both Carver and Cutting beamed upon the speaker at this, and were about to interrupt when he went on:

"And instead of a paltry fifty thousand for Miss Mead, make it a quarter of a million outright!"

"Nobly said, nobly done, Mr. Bronson!" said the senior partner. "We anticipate as much pleasure in serving you, sir, as we had in doing your father's business."

"That's all right!" exclaimed Akerson airily. "Just rush the thing through, please; I fear the air of New York will not agree with me much longer!"

There was, of course, far greater truth in this remark than appeared to the listeners.

"The necessary papers shall be filed at once, Mr. Bronson," said Mr. Carver. "And if you happen to be in need of cash, we shall be only too happy to act as your bankers."

"Thanks," said Akerson. "I don't know but a few thousands would come in handy. Suppose you open an account for me in some good bank or trust company."

"It shall be done at once, Mr. Bronson. Will five thousand dollars be enough?"

"Well, if it isn't, I'll come to you for more," returned the impostor jauntily.

"We shall have to trouble you for an affidavit embodying the facts of your marriage, Mr. Bronson; I will have it prepared in proper form by to-morrow. Is there anything else?"

"Yes, there is," was the ready answer. "It's a very delicate and embarrassing matter for a man to go to a girl who's been bequeathed to him for a wife and say to her that he's much obliged, but he can't take her because he's already married. See? So I want you gentlemen to write Miss Mead a nice letter, telling her what I've told you, explaining why the old man's wishes in that respect can't be carried out,—let her down easy, you know,—and I'll run over there in a day or two and smooth matters over. You might mention the—er—increased amount that's coming to her, so that she won't worry. Meantime, let her stay on in the old house—no, by James! Tell you what we'll do—we'll give her the place outright; I don't want it!"

So it came about that in the next morning's mail Jessica Mead received this astounding communication:

"DEAR MADAM: We are instructed by our client, Mr. Maurice Bronson, to inform you, in the most considerate manner possible, that there is an insuperable obstacle to the consummation of that clause in the will of the late David Bronson relating to the said Maurice Bronson and yourself. Mr. Bronson informs us that he is already married. He very naturally—and, we think, very creditably—shrinks from making this avowal in person, chivalrously wishing to save you all possible embarrassment. Hence, he has asked us to write you thus formally.

"Since this condition renders the will of the late David



Bronson null and void in all its particulars, we are instructed by our present client, Mr. Maurice Bronson, to inform you that as soon as the necessary legal formalities can be arranged there will be settled upon you absolutely the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; also the house known as No. — Gramercy Park.

"Mr. Maurice also requests us to say that he will have the pleasure of calling upon you in a day or so. Most truly yours,

"CARVER & CUTTING."

When Jessica had read this remarkable letter and mastered its staggering contents, the hand holding it dropped to her side, and she exclaimed aloud:

"Maurice married! That explains everything!"

But, rather to her own surprise, she experienced not the slightest feeling of regret or disappointment.

X.

"WHAT does it all mean, Mrs. Akerson?" queried Major Falconer on the way back to Manila.

Mollie shook her head despairingly.

"I am fairly distracted!" she exclaimed. "I do not know what to think! Where is my husband?—That's the chief thing troubling me. And then, who is this man masquerading in his clothes, and looking so much like him that his former comrades are deceived?"

"Egad! I never thought of it like that!" exclaimed the Major. "You see, we all took it for granted that he must be none other than Mr. Akerson."

"But he isn't!" Mollie insisted with some warmth. "I guess I can tell; no woman could be misled—not for long, anyway!"

"Yet you admit the resemblance is very strong?" ventured the Major.

"It is a most wonderful likeness!" assented Mollie in awed tones. "Even though the poor fellow is fever-stricken and wasted almost to a skeleton, I can see it. In full health and vigor I believe you could not tell them apart save for those little, half-hidden traits which only the instinct of a wife or mother would recognize. It is no wonder you were all led astray."

"Well, you see," responded Major Falconer, "we were self-deceived; the man yonder never said he was Mr. Akerson; we took it for granted."

"But who was the white man who returned to Manila and reported the fight?" persisted Mollie, a puzzled frown puckering her comely face.

"Ah, that's what we've got to find out, Mrs. Akerson," said the

Major gravely. "I fear there is something desperately dark and wicked in the background. You come up to my house for a few days and we'll try to unravel the mystery."

"When did my husband leave the service?" inquired Mollie.

"About nine months ago," was the answer. "You never heard of it?"

Mollie shook her head. "Unless a letter crossed me on the way out here, my husband has not written me for nearly a year."

"Well, I shouldn't worry about that as a fact by itself," said the Major reassuringly; "he naturally shrank from telling you of the matter; perhaps he wanted to be able to announce that he had made a fresh start, so that the bad news would carry its own antidote, you know."

She flashed him a grateful look through her tears, but shook her head in faint negation. She knew the man too well. Cyrus Akerson had not been an altogether blameless partner at the best, but she, his wife, would not traduce him.

As they stepped ashore a young officer saluted.

"You're just the man I want, Barry!" exclaimed the Major. "Mrs. Akerson, let me present Mr. Barry, who can probably tell us more about your husband than anyone else in Manila. His duties carry him into the city a great deal, and he knows all the civilian news and gossip."

"At your and the lady's service, sir," returned the young subaltern as they turned to walk towards the Major's quarters. "What's the difficulty?"

"You remember all about Akerson," said the Major, giving the other a cautionary dig with his elbow. "This is his wife—come out to join him. She had heard no news for some months,—letters probably miscarried,—and she imagined all sorts of dreadful things. Well, we tell her the Lieutenant is indeed very ill, the result of an independent little expedition of his own after he had left us, and we take her down to Cavité to see him. Lo and behold, she declares the man is not Mr. Akerson, although there is a very strong resemblance between them, and the man, on his part, does not recognize her! And all this while he is wearing the Lieutenant's clothes, and we are taking it for granted that he is our old comrade. What do you make of it, Mr. Barry?"

By this time they had reached the piazza of the Falconer bungalow, the Major dragging forward three chairs.

"There is, of course, no doubt in Mrs. Akerson's mind?" inquired Lieutenant Barry.

"Not the slightest!" exclaimed Mollie emphatically. "The man is no more my husband than—than——"

"Than either of us," interposed the Major, finishing the simile for her. "That's convincing enough for all practical purposes. Now, then—if the man in the hospital isn't Akerson, who is he?"

"His name is Maurice Bronson!" said Barry quietly.

Mollie gave a startled, hysterical shriek, which brought Mrs. Falconer on the scene in a hurry. She drew up a fourth chair by Mollie's side, and took her hand in motherly fashion.

"Maurice Bronson!" the girl muttered again and again. "Merciful God! what does it signify?"

"You seem to recognize the name?" ventured Major Falconer.

For answer she nodded swiftly, but kept her eyes fastened on Lieutenant Barry.

"Are you sure?" she whispered. "Tell me all you know—or suspect; pray keep nothing back. I can bear anything but this horrible uncertainty. I've travelled seven thousand miles to end it."

Without preamble or circumlocution Lieutenant Barry spoke:

"When your husband left the army he went into retirement over by the native quarter of the city. There he fell in with a wandering American—the two men, as I have heard, bearing a marked resemblance to each other. I never saw them together, you understand—that's hearsay. But I do know that the name of the other man was Maurice Bronson; he was reported to have plenty of money, and to be travelling for pleasure. I learned about their little trip to the other side of Luzon just after they left, and remember then thinking it rather a foolhardy venture. The next thing I heard of was the return of one of the partners, he giving out that the business had been a failure and that Lieutenant Akerson had been killed. The inference, of course, was that the survivor was Bronson. This survivor almost immediately sailed for Hong Kong. Then came the rescue of Akerson, as everybody supposes—not dead, but wounded, fever-stricken, and out of his head. Now you say"—turning directly to Mollie—"that he is not the Lieutenant; consequently he must be the other man—Maurice Bronson!"

Mollie Akerson followed his train of argument with strained attention, moaning dumbly now and again.

"But what's the game, Mr. Barry?" inquired the Major testily. "Don't you see, if the man yonder is Bronson, the fellow who went to Hong Kong must have been——"

He stopped in embarrassment, looking at Mollie. But she finished the sentence for him, saying under her breath,—

"Cyrus Akerson!"

She rose and stepped to the edge of the porch, her wet and dabbled handkerchief screwed and knotted in her hands. The three eyed her in silent sympathy and commiseration. But Mollie Akerson came of

tough New England stock; she might flinch, but she would not cower helplessly under the lash of danger or disgrace. There was some mischief afoot, some evil conspiracy, some villainous subterfuge, involving not only the life and the happiness of herself and her child, but also the weal of the girl waiting in that old house in Gramercy Park. And Cyrus Akerson was doubtless the arch conspirator. The drift of the plot she could not trace at that moment; nor would she expose herself or her husband more than was necessary. But she vowed that before she left Manila she would unravel the mystery at that end. To do this, one thing was indispensable—the man in the hospital must be enabled to tell his story.

So, mastering her emotion, she faced the expectant group once more—tearful yet, and tremulous, but the light of a settled purpose in her eyes and determination in her voice. She would for the present divulge only so much as was necessary for her plans.

"The world is a little place, I am beginning to find out," she said quietly, resuming her seat and taking the child on her knees. "This Mr. Maurice Bronson is known to me; he comes of a fine family; at home there are friends watching and praying for his safe return. I knew his father. He has been a wanderer from his boyhood, but I never heard a word to his discredit. He may be very dear to one whom I love as a sister, and now that I find him here, helpless and suffering, I must do what I can to make him well again. Major Falconer, I must ask another favor of your kindness."

"You have only to name it, Mrs. Akerson."

"Let me go nurse Mr. Bronson!" Then, seeing doubt and hesitation in the face of the soldier, she went on, "I am really competent, for that is my profession."

"Oh, it's not that," said the Major. "Cavité is no place for you and the baby. We'll do better than that for you. As a civilian, Mr. Bronson—as we must call him now—has no business there, anyway, so we'll bring him up here to this house—eh?" he inquired, turning to his wife.

"Certainly," was that lady's prompt reply, drawing Mollie to her and kissing her. "You can have your patient all to yourself, my dear, and I'll take care of the baby."

"When he gets well,—as please God he must and shall,—he will thank you himself far better than I can," said poor Mollie, almost afraid to trust herself to speak lest she break down in face of all this unexpected kindness.

So it was settled, and the next morning found Maurice Bronson installed in a cool and airy upper chamber, with Mollie Akerson hovering around him in a white apron and a nurse's cap.

From the first she addressed him as "Mr. Bronson," nor did he

say her nay, but seemed to perk up a bit at the sound of the rightful and familiar name.

In three weeks the sick fellow was mending; in a month he was able to tell his story and listen to Mollie's narrative in return; in another week, the trio—Maurice and Mollie and the child—took steamer for New York via Suez and Southampton.

"If there's any underhanded villany going on, we may be in time to spoil it," said Maurice.

As for Mollie, hoping for the best, yet fearing the worst, she wisely and staunchly kept all forebodings to herself. The facts, as she and her companion pieced them together, pointed to but one conclusion, for Jessica Mead's letter, telling of the arrival of Maurice Bronson in New York, reached Manila during the convalescence of the real Maurice.

It needed but that half-expected item to complete the damning chain of presumptive facts against Cyrus Akerson.

## XI.

THE weeks lengthened into months, and still the settlement of David Bronson's estate hung fire. Summer swooped down upon New York, the courts were closed, and legal business languished. There were seemingly endless forms and technicalities to be observed, and, like Hamlet, Akerson cursed the law's delay—not loudly, but none the less deeply.

Do what he would, he could not hurry matters for fear of showing unseemly haste and thus perhaps arousing suspicion. He longed to make his coup and shake the dust of the city from his feet, never to see it more. But until he had a goodly share of those millions in his grasp, he would not leave, even for a day. So he haunted the lawyers' offices, hastening them as much as he dared.

One fact gave him great disquiet. Throughout his imposture he had intended in some way to make his wife the sharer of his ill-gotten gains. Once his pockets were well lined, he finally determined he would take her abroad to some sequestered corner of the earth, where extradition treaties were unknown and innocuous. In this way, he promised himself, he would atone for years of neglect. Mollie need never know the source of his sudden wealth—he could concoct some plausible tale to account for that.

But, to his dismay, he found that Mollie had disappeared, nor could his most cautious inquiries discover aught of her whereabouts. He little dreamed that a chance word to Jessica Mead would have put him hot on the trail; but that word, for obvious reasons, was never spoken. Had not his intercourse with Jessica lapsed into a half-embarrassed, half-formal acquaintance, the fact that his own wife had



nursed David Bronson through his last illness might somehow have been alluded to; as it was, the enlightening words were never uttered, and Akerson, like the people of old, literally walked in darkness.

So the summer dragged along. But with the opening of the courts in September there began to be "something doing." Carver & Cutting were appointed executors, as under the old will, by Akerson's express wish, and it looked as if within a few days the treasure locked up in banks and trust-companies would be at the mercy of the daring conspirator. He would be satisfied with a single million, and figuratively patted himself on the back for his moderation.

But you cannot carry away a million dollars in negotiable shape without some forethought and manœuvring. He would take some gold, but not much; letters of credit were out of the question; he inclined rather to large notes of the Bank of England and the Banque Française, and at length had everything schemed.

As his plans ripened, his visits grew rarer to the house in Gramercy Park; hence, all unknown to him, a storm-centre was brewing over that usually peaceful region.

And then, suddenly, came the crash!

## XII.

ON a bright and bracing Manhattan September morning Jessica Mead, having just finished her solitary breakfast, received a note delivered by a uniformed messenger-boy. The writing looked strangely familiar, although the envelope bore the corner stamp of the Park Avenue Hotel.

Woman-like, she turned it over and upside down in perplexed wonderment before slitting the flap. Then, with a gasp of amazement, she read these lines and the following signature, with their underscorings:

"DEAR JESSICA: I am again in New York, as you see. Much as this will cause you to wonder, I have a greater surprise in store for you. Please come to this hotel *at once*; inquire for me, *but tell no one*. You will see the reason when we meet. *Hurry, and be sure that you are not followed.*  
As ever,

"MOLLIE AKERSON."

Her momentary astonishment over the news that Mollie was home again gave place to a lively curiosity anent the rather mysterious wording of the missive. The boy had not waited after the maid signed for the message, so Jessica made a hasty street toilet, boarded a Fourth-Avenue car, and in something less than half an hour was being borne skyward in the hotel elevator.

Mollie must have been on the watch for Jessica's tap, for the door

flew open instantly, and before it closed the two women were in each other's arms.

"Such a shock as you gave me!" exclaimed Jessica.

"Some surprises are good for the health," said Mollie gravely. "I've had nothing but surprises lately. It's your turn now, my dear."

"You didn't use to indulge in riddles," returned Jessica, looking at her quizzically, a spot of color in each cheek. "Why all this mystery? Why didn't you come direct to Gramercy Park? You see I'm still there."

"I hoped you would be," responded Mollie, "and I'm very glad for your sake."

"You have something to tell me?" inquired Jessica.

"A very great deal," was the meaning answer. "Let's sit down; it's a long story."

"Is it about——" Jessica was beginning, intending to add "your husband," fearing for a moment that Mollie had returned from Manila a widow. But there were none of the outward signs of bereavement about her.

Yankee-like, Mrs. Akerson answered one question by putting another.

"So your Mr. Bronson came back?"

"Yes," assented Jessica, with a slight heightening of color, "but he's not *my* Mr. Bronson!"

"Not your Mr. Bronson?" echoed Mollie, for the moment, out of her superior and hidden knowledge, reading another reference in the words.

"Oh, you know what I mean," laughed Jessica. "That stupid old will was worse than useless after all, for it turns out that Maurice—Mr. Bronson—was married already, and so, naturally, he did not want poor me. It was horribly embarrassing, of course, and I must say that he behaved very well about it, although I thought him rather queer at first. But when the lawyers explained matters, I saw how it had been with him."

"Yes, yes, dear—please go on," ejaculated Mollie breathlessly.

"Well, it followed that old Mr. Bronson's pet scheme fell through; the will was worthless, and Maurice gets all the property just as if there had been no will at all. But he insisted upon carrying out all his father's wishes,—except the marrying part, of course,—and instead of fifty thousand dollars, I am to have two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and the house! Wasn't that generous of him!"

"Perfectly reckless!" returned Mollie, thinking to herself, however, that it was easy to be generous with other people's money. "And where is the gentleman now?" she continued.

"Still in New York, I believe. I haven't seen much of him lately,

but he told me he was going away the instant he could get the estate settled."

"What made you think he acted queerly at first?"

"I guess it was only my fancy," Mollie answered. "You see, he knew we were both placed in a false position, and he hated to tell me the truth. But, between ourselves, I think he's ashamed of his wife."

"Oh, do you?" responded Mollie dryly. "Well, perhaps she has more reason to be ashamed of him!"

"What makes you think so?" inquired the innocent Jessica. "Have you met her?"

"I've heard of her," said Mollie, nodding her head emphatically. "I'd like to meet this Maurice Bronson."

"So you shall," exclaimed Jessica; "I expect him this afternoon at two o'clock to say good-by. Take luncheon with me, and I'll introduce you. But remember—he's married," she said laughingly. Then, suddenly bethinking herself, she exclaimed contritely:

"Forgive me, Mollie—I've never once inquired about your——"

"Don't," quickly responded Mollie, placing her hand over the other's lips; "I'll tell you all about that this afternoon."

"Everything, mind!" said Jessica meaningly.

"Everything!" echoed Mollie significantly as they parted.

No sooner had her visitor gone than Mollie flew down the corridor, tapped upon a certain door, which opened and allowed Maurice Bronson to emerge.

"Meet me in the ladies' parlor in five minutes!" whispered Mollie. "There's not a moment to be lost!"

"You've seen her and talked with her?" he inquired anxiously.

Mollie nodded. "She has just left me. There's been no real harm done, I guess, and—well, she's just as sweet as ever!"

"Thank Heaven for that!" ejaculated Maurice fervently. "When can I see her?"

"This very afternoon, if you do as I tell you," said Mollie, and she scurried away.

At exactly one-thirty—purposely late for luncheon—Mollie Aker-son ascended the well-remembered steps of the old house in Gramercy Park, and found Jessica Mead waiting for her anxiously.

"Don't scold me," said the elder woman; "there is something afoot more important than luncheon. May we sit in the library—and will you tell the maid to show the gentlemen in there? Thank you, dear."

"Did I understand you to say gentlemen?" inquired Jessica, emphasizing the plural termination.

"Yes," nodded Mollie. "If your Mr. Bronson keeps his appointment, there will be two of them!" Her eyes danced mischievously,

and even wickedly, as she went on, "Do you really think he will come?"

"He never disappointed me yet," was the girl's reply. "But who is the other one?"

For answer Mollie Akerson came close to Jessica Mead, putting a hand on each shoulder and looking deeply into her eyes, saying:

"You were going to inquire about my husband this morning. He is the other!" Then her mingled compassion and indignation could be contained no longer.

"My dear girl," she exclaimed, "you have had a narrow escape! You would never imagine the vile truth, so I must tell you as briefly as I may. The man who passed himself off on you as Maurice Bronson was none other than my husband, Cyrus Akerson—he whom I went out to Manila to find. They are so much alike that only you and I could tell them apart—and even you have been temporarily deceived! But that's all at an end now. Out there I helped to unearth as fiendish a plot as the brain of man ever conceived. I brought the genuine Maurice Bronson back with me, and he will be here in a few moments. You will know and recognize him—you will not fancy *him* queer!"

Jessica listened to this hurried statement with wide-open eyes and parted lips. A dozen "buts" and "ifs" were on the tip of her tongue, but even as she was about to speak there came the clear alarm of the door-bell; there was the beat of quick and decided footsteps in the hall, the door was opened with a firm hand, and the real Maurice Bronson stood before them!

Jessica viewed him uncertainly for a moment, then with a little cry sprang forward with outstretched, welcoming hands. He took them both, but forthwith gathered her into his sheltering arms, patting her shoulder and smiling down into her upturned eyes.

The sight of him showed her wherein her vision had been darkened by the wiles and machinations of his double, and rendered clear much that hitherto had seemed obscure. His protecting caress seemed as eminently proper as it was welcome.

"This is the real thing, Jessica! You are not deceived this time!" he said.

"No—indeed no! How could I have been so blind, so foolish!" she panted.

To them both it seemed the most natural thing in the world thus to meet each other. Whether the heart of Jessica Mead, unknown to herself and unasked, had been given to Maurice; whether he, on his part, during the voyage home, listening to Mollie's glowing word-portraits of the girl, had revised his opinions about settling down to domesticity, we leave the reader to decide. For our part, we have always thought that both views were responsible for the beneficent result.

Mollie Akerson stood contemplating the sight with shining eyes, forgetting, for the moment, her own bitter heart-pain.

But the drama was yet to be played out. Ere the tableau changed there was a second summons from the electric bell, some half-audible inquiries and answers at the outer door, another masculine footfall in the hallway, and once more the library door was opened—this time to admit Cyrus Akerson, the double, the would-be supplanter.

He stood in the portal as though rooted to the door-sill, speechless for the moment, his jaw nervelessly dropped. Then his lagging tongue found itself, and in hoarse tones he exclaimed,—

“Maurice Bronson, by God!”

Maurice laughed grimly.

“Come in, Akerson, and give an account of yourself,” he said. “I guess the game’s up!”

The group which met the arch-conspirator’s gaze was startling and unexpected enough to have daunted a man of even greater hardihood. Fronting him were the last two persons he expected to see there and together—Maurice Bronson, the man he had cheated and betrayed, and Mollie Akerson, the wife he had neglected and deserted.

Jessica Mead, looking from one man to the other, wondered not so much at the miraculous resemblance between them as at the fact that she should ever have been so blind as to accept the false for the real.

Akerson stood by the door, thunderstruck and speechless, after that first ejaculation, at this sudden deflation of his erstwhile soaring financial balloon. Mollie was the first to break silence:

“Oh, Cy,” she exclaimed with a pitiful little catch in her voice, “how could you? How could you do it?” This was the sole reproach that passed her lips.

Her pathetic appeal thawed Akerson’s sullen and stoical silence.

“Oh, I’m a bad lot, old girl!” he said recklessly. “You may believe me or not, but when I was disgraced and broke out there in Manila I did think of you and the kid! Guess I was crazy. Why the devil didn’t you stay dead?” he continued whimsically, rounding on Maurice, “or why didn’t those brown devils knock me on the head instead? It would have saved an awful lot of trouble!”

So saying, he collapsed into a chair, hiding his face in his hands. The shock of his exposure, coming on top of the long strain of the past few weeks, had shattered his iron nerve.

Mollie sprang to his side, gathering the still handsome head protectingly to her heaving breast.

“Don’t be too hard on him!” murmured Jessica to Maurice. He pressed her hand reassuringly in mute reply.

There was silence in the room, broken only by the sobbing of the



two girls. Maurice waited patiently. At length Cyrus stood up, pulling himself together, and turned towards the door, drawing Mollie with him.

Then Maurice, with a detaining gesture, broke forth:

"Listen to me, Akerson. You and I were chums out yonder; I don't forget that. What's happened belongs to the past, so far as I'm concerned. Luckily, there's no great mischief done. I won't say you don't deserve punishment, but it's not for me to preach; I've too many sins of my own to answer for. Your wife will tell you how she found me pretty well down and out at Cavit . But for her, I shouldn't be here alive and well to-day. I owe her more than I can ever pay, and for her sake I'll see that you get a chance to make a fresh start. Those mahogany trees are still waiting to be cut, I guess. Shake hands on it, man!"

"Do you mean it?" queried Akerson hoarsely.

"Of course he means it!" exclaimed Jessica, her hands locked about Maurice's arm, and smiling through her tears at Mollie. Her own happiness at this moment could best be voiced in giving pleasure to others.

"Every word!" was Maurice's hearty reply. "I guess we were all more or less demented out there! Let's call it our Manila madness and let it go at that!"



## THE WIND IN THE WOOD

BY PHOEBE LYDE

THE wind is walking in the wood,  
I hear him whisper to the trees;  
They stand as they have always stood,  
They cannot wander where they please.

He murmurs to them soft and low,  
His witchery is all in vain;  
They start and tremble to and fro,  
But firmly rooted they remain.

For on a midnight wild and black,  
When louder, fiercer came the call,  
A birch-tree in the tempest's track  
Once struggled to escape their thrall.

And lo! at daybreak she was found  
From her companions torn apart,  
Her leafy crest along the ground,  
Shattered and riven to the heart.

# ANACRAP'

## II.—ONE OF THE SEVEN JEWELS

*By Maud Howe*



THE opera singers had rehearsed "Bohême" till after midnight. I fancy we shall never listen again to that sublime translation of Bohemia into music without thinking of the garden of Paradise, of ourselves sitting among the orange-trees, just where we could not see into the rooms whose windows and blinds were open. There had been a hot musical discussion at dinner. As they all talked fortissimo, none of it had escaped us. It was the prima donna's birthday. They had, however, consumed less food, less wine, fewer cigarettes, than usual. They generally sang in the morning when we were out sketching; to-day there had been an excursion; the music that had been bottled up all day was bubbling in their throats. The soprano hummed snatches from her aria in the restaurant scene; her husband, a basso profundo, rumbled out shakes and flurries of Marcel's song-like deepest organ notes with the tremolo stop on. At last they got to work. Oh! I shall hear "Bohême" sung by greater artists, perhaps, but it will never be the same. For weeks we had lived under the same roof with the singers—had bowed to them gravely, morning and evening. We had seen their seamy side; they had been sometimes cross, sometimes boisterous, always a little grossolano—untranslatable phrase; our nearest equivalent would be Big Hominy. But familiarity had not bred contempt. We liked those singers, they were so serious at their work, so serious at their play—liked them, though we never spoke to them nor they to us.

I stole down to the garden to get an orange—it was too early to hope for coffee. Pearls of dew rolled from the glossy green leaves down my sleeves as I picked the golden fruit, cold with the chill of night. The new-opened blossoms, unearthly in their spotlessness, looked more artificial than real.

"Paradiso!"

I turned to see who could be about at that hour—the macaw, a faithful sentinel, never sounded a false alarm. Coming down the outer stair was the biggest man I have ever seen out of a show—a man of what sculptors call heroic size, dressed in long, sweeping garments of gray, his face lost in a tangle of gray hair and beard. The beard, long

and knotted, hung down on his breast; the hair, tousled from sleep, stood up over his forehead in two horns. The sun, just above the hill-top, struck full upon this astonishing person, who carried a large something (it might have been the Tables of the Law) under his left arm; his right hand held together his trailing robe. He was the Moses of Michael Angelo, made flesh and blood! I never lost that first impression, even when I realized that the gray robe was a large dressing-gown; the tables of the law, a gray crash towel and a mammoth sponge; that Moses was on his way to the bath, conveniently situated on the ground floor of the inn.

Later, when we saw him dressed and in his right mind, he was still a striking figure. With age's ready garrulity, he made friends with us over a sketch of J.'s, discussing it in odd, old-fashioned terms long since out of date. He had loved and known something about pictures back in the days of the 1830 school. Of later art and its blague he was refreshingly ignorant. Where could he have lived never to have heard of A or Z? In farthest Ind—an attic of New York—a lunatic asylum?

In the garden of Paradise time is not; days—weeks—slipped by uncounted; the summons to keep a rendezvous in Athens broke like a horrid rising-bell on a rosy dream.

"To-morrow we go," said J.

"Then I'm for St. Agnese, to sketch the pavement."

Sitting at work inside the church porch, I heard Olympia harrying her master's favorite donkey.

"Angk! devil of an ass, I say!"

Olympia had certainly overloaded the little donkey; his tiny hoofs slipped helplessly on the square blocks of lava stone with which the steep street was paved. Besides the huge panniers of grapes between which he disappeared, a heavy sack of flour was laid on his poor back. To make him go faster, Olympia twisted his tail. The creature gave a piteous scream. Before I could interfere came interference of a weightier kind.

"Olympia!" The voice was so terrific that the peasant, under all her tan, turned visibly pale. It was our host of the villa.

"Wretched woman! Out of the foolish kindness of my heart I purchased, because you are growing old, this faithful friend to carry the burdens that belong by rights on your miserable back. How do you reward the ass and me? By abusing, by torturing, this admirable, this long-suffering, this dear donkey!" He was paler than Olympia; the hand he laid upon the donkey shook.

"Pardon me, my lord; the creature has an evil, obstinate disposition. Besides, frankly, now, between ourselves, the animal is not a Christian."

"Perhaps not; I had, however, hoped that you were one."

Semiramide, large eyed and silent, stood by listening.

"There is no use trying to teach a stupid old woman like you anything; but for the girl's sake, come with me."

The door of the church of St. Agnese stood open; he strode in, followed by the two women. I went on with my sketch.

"Look at this beautiful picture," he began. "You know what it represents; the garden of Paradise, where, but for a woman not half so bad as you yourself, we should all be living now. Here in this beautiful church, built to do honor to the holy Virgin, they have painted on these tiles pictures of all the beasts. They did not put them on the walls or on the ceiling, as is usual, knowing well the character of the people. They put them here on the pavement where you could not avoid seeing them every time you kneel down to hear mass. There is the donkey, the animal you say is not a Christian; he wears a cross on his back in memory of Mary, who once rode with her holy Child upon an ass. Behold, here is Giuglietta; Odin, the mongoose; all the beasts of the field painted by a devout artist hundreds of years ago to teach you hard-hearted men and women of Anacrap' to be kind to the animals!"

He eagerly pointed out the different animals. Olympia, watching the anger fade from his face as he talked, feigned deep interest in the strange old pavement of painted majolica tiles which covers the whole floor of the church. It represents an enormous tree of life, the roots of which reach the door, the tips of the branches growing up to the altar. The larger animals,—the cow, elephant, giraffe, and crocodile,—are placed in the lower part near the door; the birds and monkeys in the upper branches near the altar.

"The name, sir, of this strange beast, the like of which I do not see in Anacrap'?" asked Semiramide, pointing to the figure of an unicorn. The question, evidently to her a burning one, was the only word I ever heard her voluntarily speak.

"That animal, my child, I have never seen. It does not live in my country or in yours. The English make many pictures of it"—he caught sight of me—"ask that lady, she has been in England, she may herself have ridden a horned horse."

Fortunately, Semiramide's courage gave out; I was spared the question.

"You now may go," said the host. Girl, woman, and donkey vanished. "They are more savage than some naked heathen blacks I have known. Poor people! it is not their fault, they are so ignorant!"

"They are very interesting."

"Of course they are. Aristocrats, scholars, bourgeoisie—they are the same the world over. To get the real salt and savor of a race, go to

the peasant. I live among them because on the whole their company is less irritating than any other. To-day"—he tugged at his blond beard, for a moment visibly embarrassed; the only time I ever saw him when he did not control the situation, was not lord of the island, master of all the company—"to-day is the national holiday of my country; on this one day of all the year I go out to the highways and byways to find guests, persons with whom I can sit at meat—persons of breeding." He hesitated; then, with a return of arrogance, "Come, with the gentleman, your companion, and bring your friend, he who looks like the Moses of Michael Angelo. I do not say to dine; that implies things you will not find. If, however, you will be at the villa at dinner-time, you will find food, wine, tobacco, and welcome."

"We shall not fail you; as to him you call our friend——"

"I don't care to know his name or nation. Am I curious? Have I ever asked yours? You may be Brown, you may be Smith, you may be Robinson, you may be from—Alaska—Australia——"

"Bah!" I interrupted, "you know us for what we are, as we know you. Names, nationalities, which it is your whimsey to ignore, are not the essentials" (it was the only way to take him). "This man, Moses, you may also understand. We do not. He spoke to us, as you did, at the Paradiso. He shall have your invitation; he will doubtless accept it."

He did accept—strange old man; he stood with us when for the last time we rang the bell-pull, a rose-vine of cunningly wrought iron that hangs outside the villa gate. There were changes in the garden. The grapes had all been gathered; they stood in great, wooden tubs bound with iron hoops, waiting for the white feet of the girls who tread the vintage. It was mid October, mid vintage; the island was steeped in the blood of the grape, from mountain top to shore; the smell and color of it was everywhere, more intoxicating than the wine itself.

After dinner we adjourned to the garden, as before. The host poured out a saucer of weak coffee, half cream with three lumps of sugar, and put it at the foot of the ilex-tree, saying half apologetically, "Giuglietta has what she calls her coffee with us."

Moses was as much impressed with the villa as we had been on our first visit.

"This is the ideal place for a man to lie perdu—for one who wishes to forget the world and be forgotten of it."

"I find it so," said the American. "This island is one of the gems of the earth. It is as beautiful in its way as this jewel, which in honor of your feast," he bowed to the host, "I take pleasure in showing you." He drew out of his pocket a piece of yellow silk from which he took a prism and held it in the light. The rainbow colors fell across his hand as he turned the crystal from side to side. We gazed with fasci-



nated eyes at the morsel that splintered the sunlight into the primal colors.

"One of the seven perfect jewels; it has been under my roof all these weeks without my knowing it!" said the host.

"That is the finest stone you ever saw, Madam," said the American, "an old Asiatic gem, none of your passionless, clear as window-glass, drop of water stones; the fires of the earth smoulder in its heart; its cutting is a lost art." He put it in my palm, where, for all its fire, it lay cool.

"I did not know a diamond could be so wonderful," I said.

"Our host has told you no other diamond is. I have seen larger stones. This is the perfect diamond, the treasure it took the earth centuries to produce."

At first Moses said nothing. He seemed magnetized by the stone; his eyes never left it. When he finally spoke it was in an indifferent tone.

"Oh, yes, a fine stone; but what diamond compares with a ruby?"

A single drop of pigeon blood burned on the finger of his right hand, a long, thin hand, prehensile, subtle—a hand to fear.

"What," said the American, "will become of this gem when I have finished with it? Unfortunately, I cannot take it with me."

"You have probably already learnt all that it can teach you," said Moses.

"Unfortunately?" queried the host; "fortunately, I should say, for your heirs."

"Heirs? The little I have will go to Olympia and Semiramide. The girl has, the old woman had, the supreme gifts, beauty and silence, beyond all persons I have known. It will not be enough to spoil their lives. To leave them this diamond would be a crime. Fancy the number of lives it has blighted since it was dug from the mine!"

"The crimes committed in its name since it was freed from the matrix," said the host.

"Appalling! it is a very old stone; seas of blood must have been shed for it."

"Take it!" I said, putting the diamond into the host's hand.

"What would you do with it if it were yours?" asked the American, looking at me.

"Wear it!"

"And be murdered for it!" he scoffed. "What would you do with it?" He looked at the host.

"Sell it to a museum where all you collectors could enjoy it; sink the money in artesian wells; make this isle of the sea a gem of as pure a water as your diamond itself."

"And you?" The American turned to Moses.

"I should analyze it in the hope of perfecting my discovery of making diamonds. It can be done, but at great, at prohibitory expense; the stones produced so far have been small and valueless. Perhaps the missing knowledge is buried in the heart of that incomparable gem!"

The silence that followed, weighted by inexpressible longing in his voice, grew intolerable. It was broken by the American's crying gayly,—

"A song, my host, a song of your people!"

The host went to the piano—it stood in a cool marble music-room opening on the pergola—and sang, to a fantastic accompaniment,—

"Radabim bamboola, radabim bagatago, radabim bamboola,  
Baltherasco Schnego. Schnego! Schnego! Schnego!"

He shook his great head, his mane of hair bristled, his body swayed as he dashed out the chords of the accompaniment, with a power, a witchery, impossible to withstand. The song had several verses. At the second we were all on our feet, gathered around him, repeating with him the refrain—half way between a roar and a sneeze—"Schnego! Schnego! Schnego!"

"That was a great song," I said.

"The greatest in the world; let's have it again." He sat down at the piano a second time.

Now if you can discover the language of that song, you will know, perhaps, from what country our host hailed, more than we ever knew.

"Who has the diamond?" It seemed to me that the words only were mine, not the impulse to pronounce them.

There was a moment of silence; nobody spoke.

"Did I not give it to you?" I said to the host.

"You did; but what I have done with it is more than I can tell."

"It will turn up all right," said the American.

"We must find it now," the host insisted.

"It has slipped into the folds of your dress, perhaps, or it may have worked its way into the garments of one of us men. We must search each other," said Moses.

I had quite forgotten his existence. At the words, we all turned and looked at him as if he had only at that moment joined us. I was frantically feeling in my pocket, my dress. The host, grown pale, was for turning everything in the room upside down.

"We have heard quite enough about the diamond," said the American. "I insist that nothing more be said or done about it just now. We shall probably find it; if not, my difficulty about disposing of it after my death is solved."

It was growing late. I never passed a more uncomfortable quarter of an hour. It was out of the question to go until the diamond was found. J. and our host were undeniably restless. I was dumb with

nervousness; only Moses and Incognito seemed perfectly unmoved. They talked and they talked, about everything on earth, in the sea, and under the earth. What had been to me a fountain of living inspiration became mere words, words, words! Incognito saw my trouble.

"If you friends are still bent on leaving by the early boat to-morrow, we must not keep you too late. A parting glass to our next meeting, eh, Prince of Hosts?"

The host clapped his hands. Olympia brought in a tray with delicate Venetian glasses and a big fiascone of island wine. The host lifted the fiascone; the American gently pushed him aside:

"Let me fill the glasses," he said. He was rather slow about it, I thought. Finally he exclaimed:

"To your health, friends. Ah! it is a great wine! Clarence was right. He is not the first or last of the race drowned in wine."

He offered the tray first to Moses, laying a hand upon his shoulder to call his attention.

"This is your glass."

"No more wine; I have already exceeded——"

The hand laid so lightly on the shoulder grew heavy.

"You cannot refuse to drink to our departing guests."

For a quarter of a second Moses looked him in the eye; then he glanced at the host, stroking the big wolfhound Olaff; at J., alert and tense; at Olympia, sitting in the shadow half way between the pergola and the gate, feeding Odin. Then he gave a little shrug of the shoulders, made a polite bow, looked at me, "A votre santé, Madame," raised the glass, and drank the wine at a draught.

I have never been able to recall the anecdote with which the host next entertained us. It was very long; doubtless it was interesting. I could only think about that diamond and watch the others. At a point in the story Incognito disagreed with the narrator. J. took a hand, and the scrimmage of talk grew hot. Moses and I seemed to be left out of it. The old man looked pale and weary, worse than weary, positively ill. The shadows began to deepen under his cavernous eyes, the sweat suddenly stood out upon his great forehead in drops; from pale, he turned green.

"The gentleman is suffering," I whispered. He rose from his chair and staggered to a sofa.

"Go now," said the American, "and go quickly."

I took my salts to Moses, made his pillow comfortable, and said, "What can I do for you?"

"Go!"

"Olympia will take you to the Paradiso," said J. "I must remain with our friend——" The American whispered something in his ear. Then I was bundled out of the room; at the gate J. joined me.

"What did the American say to you?" I asked.

"If he had wished you to know, would he have whispered it?" said J.

"Oh, the diamond, the diamond!" I cried. "How can you leave till it is found?"

"I think he will recover the jewel," said J. coolly. That was all I could get out of him.

When we reached the Marina Grande the next morning we found Moses on the quay before us, waiting for the steamer. The old man looked pale. I asked how he had got over the sudden attack which had forced him to spend the night at the villa.

"It was nothing," he said; "a mere touch of the sun."

A hail sounded from behind; the host and the American were coming down the way of the seven hundred steps to see us off; Olympia and Semiramide followed, bearing flagons.

While the host talked with us, my dreadful ears, which have heard so much that was not meant for them, caught a word here and there of what Moses and Incognito were saying.

"Why did you suspect me?"

"You were the only person present I could suspect."

"Bear no malice," said Moses.

"None in the world, my dear fellow. If you will forgive that Borgia trick of the ipecac we will call it quits."

"How did you ever think of it?"

"Man! How do you suppose I ever got that diamond myself?"

"The old story, eh?"

"Well, you know how it is yourself."

I wondered what they meant. The steamer whistled—once, twice—authoritatively. Olympia took the guitar, Semiramide followed with Pan; we hurried down to the small boat of our friend the gaffer.

"You carry the essence of music with you in that wicker bird-cage, as I carry the rainbow in my pocket," said the American.

"You have the diamond safe?"

"As safe as such a thing ever is. The night brought counsel. I would not soil the hand of any living woman by laying in it the finest diamond in the world. In a church of Rome is a beautiful marble woman. When you hear of a peerless gem set on the peerless brow of our Lady of San Agostino, you will know that I have looked my last upon the sun."

"A bordo, a bordo, Signori!" cried the old gaffer. We packed ourselves into his boat; Moses got into another.

"A fiascone of wine and some figs from the villa for your breakfast," said the host. A big, straw-covered flask and a flat woven basket were

put in each boat. The gaffer cast off, the boy bent to the oars, the boat shot out from the shore. We got ourselves and our many packages (there were some new ones, a pile of sketches, and some antiquarian finds) on board the steamer first; then Moses came heavily up the gangway.

"Signore," said the petty officer who helped the old man on deck, "have you not forgotten something? I see a basket, a fiascone."

"Let them go," said Moses; "I have had enough of the island wine!"

We watched the white walls of the villa till they blurred into the white clouds of the bluest sky in the world. At the angle of the walls where the sandstone sphinx from Egypt looks seaward, a flag was suddenly run up. The host was giving us a parting salute. Our glasses were packed; at that distance we could not see to what nation the flag belonged.



## THE KILLER

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

A THOUSAND miles, from east to west,  
I journeyed, on relentless quest.

I met him in the solitude  
As he his shaggy way pursued.

He swung his head in dazed surprise;  
My bullet crashed betwixt his eyes.

I took from him his great domain,  
Connecting turquoise sky with plain.

Aye, cañon, crest, and piñon shade;  
The bouldered pass, the valleyed glade;—

All this from his possession tore,  
And set my heel, a conqueror!

I stripped his skin for my renown,  
Before my fireplace laid it down.

Within four narrow walls 'tis spread,  
That eye may gloat, and foot may tread.

A hero I, in wide belief;  
I know that I am but a thief.



# THE BLOOD SEEDLING\*

*By John Hay*



IN a bit of green pasture that rose, gradually narrowing, to the tableland that ended in prairie, and widened out descending to the wet and willowy sands that border the Great River, a broad-shouldered young man was planting an apple-tree one sunny spring morning when Tyler was President. The little valley was shut in on the south and east by rocky hills, patched with the immortal green of cedars and gay with clambering columbines. In front was the Mississippi, reposing from its plunge over the rapids, and idling down among the golden sandbars and the low, moist islands, which were looking their loveliest in their new spring dresses of delicate green.

The young man was digging with a certain vicious energy, forcing the spade into the black, crumbling loam with a movement full of vigor and malice. His straight, black brows were knitted till they formed one dark line over his deep-set eyes. His beard was not yet old enough to hide the massive outline of his firm, square jaw. In the set teeth, in the clouded face, in the half-articulate exclamations that shot from time to time from the compressed lips, it was easy to see that the thoughts of the young horticulturist were far from his work.

A bright young girl came down the path through the hazel-thicket that skirted the hillside, and putting a plump brown hand on the topmost rail of the fence vaulted lightly over, and lit on the soft, springy turf with a thud that announced a wholesome and liberal architecture. It is usually expected of poets and lovers that they shall describe the ladies of their love as so airy and delicate in structure that the flowers they tread on are greatly improved in health and spirits by the visitation. But not being a poet or in love, we must admit that there was no resurrection for the larkspurs and pansies upon which the little boots of Miss Susie Barringer landed.

Yet she was not of the coarse peasant type, though her cheeks were so rosy as to cause her great heaviness of heart on Sunday mornings, and her blue lawn dress was as full as it could afford from shoulders to waist. She was a neat, hearty, and very pretty country girl, with a

\* One of the manifold expressions called forth by the death of that great and good American, John Hay, is the repeated request that LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE print anew "The Blood Seedling," previously published in this periodical. With this request we gladly comply.—EDITOR.

## The Blood Seedling

slightly freckled face, and rippled brown hair, and astonished blue eyes, but perfectly self-possessed and graceful as a young quail.

A young man's ears are quick to catch the rustling of a woman's dress. The flight of this plump bird in its fluttering blue plumage over the fence-rail caused our young man to look up from his spading: the scowl was routed from his brow by a sudden incursion of blushes, and his mouth was attacked by an awkward smile.

The young lady nodded and was hurrying past. The scowl came back in force, and the smile was repulsed from the bearded mouth with great loss: "Miss Tудie, are you in a hurry?"

The lady thus addressed turned and said, in a voice that was half pert and half coaxing: "No particular hurry. Al, I've told you a dozen times not to call me that redicklis name."

"Why, Tудie, I hain't never called you nothing else sence you was a little one so high. You ort to know yer own name, and you give yerself that name when you was a yearling. Howsomever, ef you don't like it now, sence you've been to Jacksonville, I reckon I can call you Miss Susie—when I don't disremember."

The frank amende seemed to satisfy Miss Susie, for she at once interrupted in the kindest manner: "Never mind, Al Golyer: you can call me what you are a-mind to." Then, as if conscious of the feminine inconsistency, she changed the subject by asking, "What are you going to do with that great hole?—big enough to bury a fellow."

"I'm going to plant this here seedlin' that growed up in Colonel Blood's pastur', nobody knows how: belike somebody was eatin' an apple and throwed the core down-like. I'm going to plant a little orchard here next spring, but the Colonel and me, we reckoned this one 'ud be too old by that time for moving, so I thought I'd stick it in now, and see what come out'n it. It's a powerful thrifty chunk of a saplin'."

"Yes. I speak for the first peck of apples off'n it. Don't forget. Good-morning."

"Hold on a minute, Miss Susan, twell I git my coat. I'll walk down a piece with you. I have got something to say to you."

Miss Susie turned a little red and a little pale. These occasions were not entirely unknown in her short experience of life. When young men in the country in that primitive period had something to say, it was something very serious and earnest. Allen Golyer was a good-looking, stalwart young farmer, well-to-do, honest, able to provide for a family. There was nothing presumptuous in his aspiring to the hand of the prettiest girl in Chaney Creek. In childhood he had trotted her to Banbury Cross and back a hundred times, beguiling the tedium of the journey with kisses and the music of bells. When

the little girl was old enough to go to school, the big boy carried her books and gave her the rosiest apple out of his dinner-basket. He fought all her battles and wrote all her compositions; which latter, by the way, never gained her any great credit. When she was fifteen and he twenty he had his great reward in taking her twice a week during one happy winter to singing-school. This was the bloom of life—nothing before or after could compare with it. The blacking of shoes and brushing of stiff, electric, bristling hair, all on end with frost and hope, the struggling into the plate-armor of his starched shirt, the tying of the portentous and uncontrollable cravat before the glass, which was hopelessly dimmed every moment by his eager breath—these trivial and vulgar details were made beautiful and unreal by the magic of youth and love. Then came the walk through the crisp, dry snow to the Widow Barringer's, the sheepish talk with the old lady while Susie "got on her things," and the long, enchanting tramp to the "deestrick school-house."

There is not a country-bred man or woman now living but will tell you that life can offer nothing comparable with the innocent zest of that old style of courting that was done at singing-school in the starlight and candlelight of the first half of our century. There are few hearts so withered and old but they beat quicker sometimes when they hear, in old-fashioned churches, the wailing, sobbing, or exulting strains of "Bradstreet" or "China" or "Coronation," and the mind floats down on the current of these old melodies to that fresh young day of hopes and illusions—of voices that were sweet, no matter how false they sang—of nights that were rosy with dreams, no matter what Fahrenheit said—of girls that blushed without cause, and of lovers who talked for hours about everything but love.

I know I shall excite the scorn of all the ingenuous youth of my time when I say that there was nothing that our superior civilization would call love-making in those long walks through the winter nights. The heart of Allen Golyer swelled under his satin waistcoat with love and joy and devotion as he walked over the crunching roads with his pretty enslaver. But he talked of apples and pigs and the heathen and the teacher's wig, and sometimes ventured an allusion to other people's flirtations in a jocose and distant way; but as to the state of his own heart his lips were sealed. It would move a blasé smile on the downy lips of juvenile Lovelaces, who count their conquests by their cotillons, and think nothing of making a declaration in an *avant-deux*, to be told of young people spending several evenings of each week in the year together, and speaking no word of love until they were ready to name their wedding-day. Yet such was the sober habit of the place and time.

So there was no troth plighted between Allen and Susie, though the youth loved the maiden with all the energy of his fresh, unused nature,

## The Blood Seedling

and she knew it very well. He never dreamed of marrying any other woman than Susie Barringer, and she sometimes tried a new pen by writing and carefully erasing the initials S. M. G., which, as she was christened Susan Minerva, may be taken as showing the direction of her thoughts.

If Allen Golyer had been less bashful or more enterprising, this history would never have been written; for Susie would probably have said Yes for want of anything better to say, and when she went to visit her Aunt Abigail in Jacksonville she would have gone *engaged*, her finger bound with gold and her maiden meditations fettered by promises. But she went, as it was, fancy free, and there is no tinder so inflammable as the imagination of a pretty country girl of sixteen.

One day she went out with her easy-going Aunt Abigail to buy ribbons, the Chaney Creek invoices not supplying the requirements of Jacksonville society. As they traversed the court-house square on their way to Deacon Pettybone's place, and Miss Susie's vagrant glances rested on an iris of ribbons displayed in an opposition window, "Let's go in here," she said with the impetuous decision of her age and sex.

"We will go where you like, dear," said easy-going Aunt Abigail. "It makes no difference."

Aunt Abigail was wrong. It made the greatest difference to several persons whether Susie Barringer bought her ribbons at Simmons's or Pettybone's that day. If she had but known.

But, all unconscious of the Fate that beckoned invisibly on the threshold, Miss Susie tripped into "Simmons's Emporium" and asked for ribbons. Two young men stood at the long counter. One was Mr. Simmons, proprietor of the emporium, who advanced with his most conscientious smile: "Ribbons, Ma'am? Yes, Ma'am—all sorts, Ma'am. Cherry, Ma'am? Certingly, Ma'am. Jest got a splendid lot in from St. Louis this morning, Ma'am. This way, Ma'am."

The ladies were soon lost in the delight of the eyes. The voice of Mr. Simmons accompanied the feast of color, insinuating but unheeded.

The other young man approached: "Here is what you want, Miss —rich and elegant. Just suits your style. Sets off your hair and eyes beautiful."

The ladies looked up. A more decided voice than Mr. Simmons's; whiter hands than Mr. Simmons's handled the silken bands; bolder eyes than the weak, pink-bordered orbs of Mr. Simmons looked unabashed admiration into the pretty face of Susie Barringer.

"Look here, Simmons, old boy, introduce a fellow."

Mr. Simmons meekly obeyed: "Mrs. Barringer, let me interduce you to Mr. Leon of St. Louis, of the house of Draper & Mercer."

"Bertie Leon, at your service," said the brisk young fellow, seizing

Miss Susie's hand with energy. His hand was so much softer and whiter than hers that she felt quite hot and angry about it.

When they had made their purchases, Mr. Leon insisted on walking home with them, and was very witty and agreeable all the way. He had all the wit of the newspapers, of the concert-rooms, of the steam-boat bars, at his fingers' ends. In his wandering life he had met all kinds of people: he had sold ribbons through a dozen States. He never had a moment's doubt of himself. He never hesitated to allow himself any indulgence which would not interfere with business. He had one ambition in life—to marry Miss Mercer and get a share in the house. Miss Mercer was as ugly as a millionaire's tombstone. Mr. Bertie Leon—who, when his mustache was not dyed nor his hair greased, was really quite a handsome fellow—considered that the sacrifice he proposed to make in the interests of trade must be made good to him in some way. So, “by way of getting even,” he made violent love to all the pretty eyes he met in his commercial travels—“to have something to think about after he should have found favor in the strabismic optics of Miss Mercer,” he observed disrespectfully.

Simple Susie, who had seen nothing of young men besides the awkward and blushing clodhoppers of Chaney Creek, was somewhat dazzled by the free-and-easy speech and manner of the hard-cheeked bagman. Yet there was something in his airy talk and point-blank compliments that aroused a faint feeling of resentment which she could scarcely account for. Aunt Abigail was delighted with him, and when he bowed his adieux at the gate in the most recent Planters'-House style she cordially invited him to call—“to drop in any time: he must be lonesome so fur from home.”

He said he wouldn't neglect such a chance, with another Planters'-House bow.

“What a nice young man!” said Aunt Abigail.

“Awful conceited and not overly polite,” said Susie as she took off her bonnet and went into a revel of bows and trimmings.

The oftener Albert Leon came to Mrs. Barringer's bowery cottage, the more the old lady was pleased with him and the more the young one criticised him, until it was plain to be seen that Aunt Abigail was growing tired of him and pretty Susan dangerously interested. But just at this point his inexorable carpet-bag dragged him off to a neighboring town, and Susie soon afterwards went back to Chaney Creek.

Her Jacksonville hat and ribbons made her what her pretty eyes never could have done—the belle of the neighborhood. *Non cuivis contingit adire Lutetiam*, but to a village where no one has been at Paris the country-town is a shrine of fashion. Allen Golyer felt a vague sense of distrust chilling his heart as he saw Mr. Simmons's ribbons decking the pretty head in the village choir the Sunday after her re-



turn, and, spurred on by a nascent jealousy of the unknown, resolved to learn his fate without loss of time. But the little lady received him with such cool and unconcerned friendliness, talked so much and so fast about her visit, that the honest fellow was quite bewildered, and had to go home to think the matter over and cudgel his dull wits to divine whether she was pleasanter than ever, or had drifted altogether out of his reach.

Allen Golyer was, after all, a man of nerve and decision. He wasted only a day or two in doubts and fears, and one Sunday afternoon, with a beating but resolute heart, he left his Sunday-school class to walk down to Crystal Glen and solve his questions and learn his doom. When he came in sight of the widow's modest house he saw a buggy hitched by the gate.

"Dow Padgett's chestnut sorrel, by jing! What is Dow after out here?"

It is natural, if not logical, that young men should regard the visits of all other persons of their age and sex in certain quarters as a serious impropriety.

But it was not his friend and crony, Dow Padgett, the liveryman, who came out of the widow's door, leading by the hand the blushing and bridling Susie. It was a startling apparition of the Southwestern dandy of the period—light hair drenched with bear's oil, blue eyes and jet-black mustache, an enormous paste brooch in his bosom, a waist-coat and trowsers that shrieked in discordant tones, and very small and elegant varnished boots. The gamblers and bagmen of the Mississippi River are the best-shod men in the world.

Golyer's heart sank within him as this splendid being shone upon him. But with his rustic directness he walked to meet the laughing couple at the gate, and said, "Tudie, I come to see you. Shall I go in and talk to your mother twell you come back?"

"No, that won't pay," promptly replied the brisk stranger. "We will be gone the heft of the afternoon, I reckon. This hoss is awful slow," he added with a wink of preternatural mystery to Miss Susie.

"Mr. Golyer," said the young lady, "let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. Leon."

Golyer put out his hand mechanically after the cordial fashion of the West. But Leon nodded and said, "I hope to see you again." He lifted Miss Susie into the buggy, sprang lightly in, and went off with laughter and the cracking of his whip after Dow Padgett's chestnut sorrel.

The young farmer walked home desolate, comparing in his simple mind his own plain exterior with his rival's gorgeous toilet, his awkward address with the other's easy audacity, till his heart was full to

the brim with that infernal compound of love and hate which is called jealousy, from which pray Heaven to guard you.

It was the next morning that Miss Susie vaulted over the fence where Allen Golyer was digging the hole for Colonel Blood's apple-tree.

"Something middlin' particular," continued Golyer resolutely.

"There is no use leaving your work," said Miss Barringer pluckily. "I will stay and listen."

Poor Allen began as badly as possible, "Who was that feller with you yesterday?"

"Thank you, Mr. Golyer—my friends ain't fellers! What's that to you who he was?"

"Susie Barringer, we have been keeping company now a matter of a year. I have loved you well and true: I would have give my life to save you any little care or trouble. I never dreamed of nobody but you—not that I was half good enough for you, but because I did not know any better man around here. Ef it ain't too late, Susie, I ask you to be my wife. I will love you and care for you, good and true."

Before this solemn little speech was finished Susie was crying and biting her bonnet-strings in a most undignified manner. "Hush, Al Golyer!" she burst out. "You mustn't talk so. You are too good for me. I am kind of promised to that fellow. I 'most wish I had never seen him."

Allen sprang to her and took her in his strong arms: she struggled free from him. In a moment the vibration which his passionate speech had produced in her passed away. She dried her eyes and said firmly enough: "It's no use, Al: we wouldn't be happy together. Good-by! I shouldn't wonder if I went away from Chaney Creek before long."

She walked rapidly down to the river-road. Allen stood fixed and motionless, gazing at the plump, graceful form until the blue dress vanished behind the hill, and leaned long on his spade, unconscious of the lapse of time.

When Susan reached her home she found Leon at the gate.

"Ah, my little rosebud! I came near missing you. I am going to Keokuk this morning, to be gone a few days. I stopped here a minute to give you something to keep for me till I come back."

"What is it?"

He took her chubby cheeks between his hands and laid on her cherry-ripe lips a keepsake which he never reclaimed.

She stood watching him from the gate until, as a clump of willows snatched him from her, she thought: "He will go right by where Al is at work. It would be jest like him to jump over the fence and have a talk with him. I'd like to hear it."

## The Blood Seedling

An hour or so later, as she sat and sewed in the airy little entry, a shadow fell upon her work, and as she looked up her startled eyes met the piercing glance of her discarded lover. A momentary ripple of remorse passed over her cheerful heart as she saw Allen's pale and agitated face. He was paler than she had ever seen him, with that ghastly pallor of weather-beaten faces. His black hair, wet with perspiration, clung clammily to his temples. He looked beaten, discouraged, utterly fatigued with the conflict of emotion. But one who looked closely in his eyes would have seen a curious stealthy, half-shaded light in them, as of one who, though working against hope, was still not without resolute will.

Dame Barringer, who had seen him coming up the walk, bustled in: "Good-morning, Allen. How beat out you do look! Now, I like a stiddy young man, but don't you think you run this thing of workin' into the ground?"

"Wall, maybe so," said Golyer with a weary smile—"leastways I've been a-runnin' this spade into the ground all the morning, and——"

"You want buttermilk—that's your idee: ain't it, now?"

"Well, Mizzes Barringer, I reckon you know my failin's."

The good woman trotted off to the dairy, and Susie served demurely, waiting with some trepidation for what was to come next.

"Susie Barringer," said a low, husky voice which she could scarcely recognize as Golyer's, "I've come to ask pardon—not for nothing I've done, for I never did and never could do you wrong—but for what I thought for a while arter you left me this morning. It's all over now, but I tell *you* the Bad Man had his claws into my heart for a spell. Now it's all over, and I wish you well. I wish your husband well. If ever you git into any trouble where I can help, send for me: it's my right. It's the last favor I ask of you."

Susceptible Susie cried a little again. Allen, watching her with his ambushed eyes, said: "Don't take it to heart, Tудie. Perhaps there is better days in store for me yet."

This did not appear to comfort Miss Barringer in the least. She was greatly grieved when she thought she had broken a young man's heart: she was still more dismal at the slightest intimation that she had not. If any explanation of this paradox is required, I would observe, quoting a phrase much in vogue among the witty writers of the present age, that Miss Susie Barringer was "a very female woman."

So pretty Susan's rising sob subsided into a coquettish pout by the time her mother came in with the foaming pitcher of subacidulous nectar, and plied young Golyer with brimming beakers of it with all the beneficent delight of a Lady Bountiful.

"There, Mizzes Barringer! there's about as much as I can tote. Temperance in all things."

"Very well, then, you work less and play more. We never get a sight of you lately. Come in neighborly and play checkers with Tудie."

It was the darling wish of Mother Barringer's heart to see her daughter married and settled with "a stiddy young man that you knowed all about, and his folks before him." She had observed with great disquietude the brilliant avatar of Mr. Bertie Leon and the evident pride of her daughter in the bright-plumaged captive she had brought to Chaney Creek, the spoil of her maiden snare. "I don't more'n half like that little feller." (It is a Western habit to call a well-dressed man a "little feller." The epithet would light on Hercules Farnese if he should go to Illinois dressed as a Cocodes.) "No honest folks wears beard onto their upper lips. I wouldn't be surprised if he wasn't a gamboller."

Allen Golyer, apparently unconscious in his fatigue of the cap which Dame Barringer was vicariously setting for him, walked away with his spade on his shoulder, and the good woman went systematically to work in making Susie miserable by sharp little country criticisms of her heart's idol.

Day after day wore on, and, to Dame Barringer's delight and Susie's dismay, Mr. Leon did not come.

"He is such a business-man," thought trusting Susan, "he can't get away from Keokuk. But he'll be sure to write." So Susie put on her sunbonnet and hurried up to the post-office: "Any letters for me, Mr. Whaler?" The artful and indefinite plural was not disguise enough for Miss Susie, so she added, "I was expecting a letter from my aunt."

"No letters here from your aunt, nor your uncle, nor none of the tribe," said old Whaler, who had gone over with Tyler to keep his place, and so had no further use for good-manners.

"I think old Tommy Whaler is an impident old wretch," said Susie that evening, "and I won't go near his old post-office again." But Susie forgot her threat of vengeance the next day, and she went again, lured by family affection, to inquire for that letter which Aunt Abbie must have written. The third time she went, rummy old Whaler roared very improperly: "Bother your aunt. You've got a beau somewheres—that's what's the matter."

Poor Susan was so dazzled by this flash of clairvoyance that she hurried from that dreadful post-office, scarcely hearing the terrible words that the old ginpig hurled after her: "*And he's forgotten you! —that's what's the matter.*"

Susie Barringer walked home along the river road, revolving many things in her mind. She went to her room and locked her door by sticking a penknife over the latch, and sat down to have a good cry.

Her faculties being thus cleared for action, she thought seriously for an hour. If you can remember when you were a school-girl, you know a great deal of solid thinking can be done in an hour. But we can tell you in a moment what it footed up. You can walk through the Louvre in a minute, but you cannot see it in a week.

*Susan Barringer (sola, loquitur)*: "Three weeks yesterday. Yes, I s'pose it's so. What a little fool I was! He goes everywhere—says the same things to everybody, like he was selling ribbons. Mean little scamp! Mother seen through him in a minute. I'm mighty glad I didn't tell her nothing about it." [Fie, Susan! your principles are worse than your grammar.] "He'll marry some rich girl—I don't envy her, but I hate her—and I am as good as she is. Maybe he will come back—no, and I hope he won't—and I wish I was dead!" (*Pocket-handkerchief.*)

Yet in the midst of her grief there was one comforting thought—nobody knew of it. She had no confidante—she had not even opened her heart to her mother: these Western maidens have a fine gift of reticence. A few of her countryside friends and rivals had seen with envy and admiration the pretty couple on the day of Leon's arrival. But all their poisonous little compliments and questions had never elicited from the prudent Susie more than the safe statement that the handsome stranger was a friend of Aunt Abbie's, whom she had met at Jacksonville. They could not laugh at her: they could not sneer at gay deceivers and lovelorn damsels when she went to the sewing-circle. The bitterness of her tears was greatly sweetened by the consideration that in any case no one could pity her. She took such consolation from this thought that she faced her mother unflinchingly at tea, and baffled the maternal inquest on her "redness of eyes" by the school-girl's invaluable and ever-ready headache.

It was positively not until a week later, when she met Allen Golyer at choir-meeting, that she remembered that this man knew the secret of her baffled hopes. She blushed scarlet as he approached her: "Have you got company home, Miss Susie?"

"Yes—that is, Sally Withers and me came together, and——"

"No, that's hardly fair to Tom Fleming: three ain't the pleasantest company. I will go home with you."

Susie took the strong arm that was held out to her, and leaned upon it with a mingled feeling of confidence and dread as they walked home through the balmy night under the clear, starry heaven of the early spring. The air was full of the quickening breath of May.

Susie Barringer waited in vain for some signal of battle from Allen Golyer. He talked more than usual, but in a grave, quiet, protecting style, very different from his former manner of worshipping bashfulness. His tone had in it an air of fatherly caressing which was inex-



pressibly soothing to his pretty companion, tired and lonely with her silent struggle of the past month. When they came to her gate and he said good-night, she held his hand a moment with a tremulous grasp, and spoke impulsively: "Al, I once told you something I never told anybody else. I'll tell you something else now, because I believe I can trust you."

"Be sure of that, Susie Barringer."

"Well, Al, my engagement is broken off."

"I am sorry for you, Susie, if you set much store by him."

Miss Susie answered with great and unnecessary impetuosity, "I don't, and I am glad of it," and then ran into the house and to bed, her cheeks all aflame at the thought of her indiscretion, and yet with a certain comfort in having a friend from whom she had no secrets.

I protest there was no thought of coquetry in the declaration which Susan Barringer blurted out to her old lover under the sympathetic starlight of the May heaven. But Allen Golyer would have been a dull boy not to have taken heart and hope from it. He became, as of old, a frequent and welcome visitor at Crystal Glen. Before long the game of chequers with Susie became so enthralling a passion that it was only adjourned from one evening to another. Allen's white shirts grew fringy at the edges with fatigue-duty, and his large hands were furry at the fingers with much soap. Susie's affectionate heart, which had been swayed a moment from its orbit by the irresistible attraction of Bertie Leon's diamond breastpin and city swagger, swung back to its ancient course under the mild influence of time and the weather and opportunity. So that Dame Barringer was not in the least surprised, on entering her little parlor one soft afternoon in that very May, to see the two young people economically occupying one chair, and Susie shouting the useless appeal, "Mother, make him behave!"

"I never interfere in young folks' matters, especially when they're going all right," said the motherly old soul, kissing "her son Allen" and trotting away to dry her happy tears.

I am almost ashamed to say how soon they were married—so soon that when Miss Susan went with her mother to Keokuk to buy a wedding-garment she half expected to find, in every shop she entered, the elegant figure of Mr. Leon leaning over the counter. But the dress was bought and made, and worn at wedding and *in-fair* and in a round of family visits among the Barringer and Golyer kin, and carefully laid away in lavender when the pair came back from their modest holiday and settled down to real life on Allen's prosperous farm; and no word of Bertie Leon ever came to Mrs. Golyer to trouble her joy. In her calm and busy life the very name faded from her tranquil mind. These wholesome country hearts do not bleed long. In that wide-awake country eyes are too useful to be wasted in weeping. My dear

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Lothario Urbanus, those peaches are very sound and delicious, but they will not keep for ever. If you do not secure them to-day, they will go to someone else, and in no case, as the Autocrat hath said with authority, can you stand there "mellering 'em with your thumb."

There was no happier home in the county and few finer farms. The good sense and industry of Golyer and the practical helpfulness of his wife found their full exercise in the care of his spreading fields and growing orchards. The Warsaw merchants fought for his wheat, and his apples were known in St. Louis. Mrs. Golyer, with that spice of romance which is hidden away in every woman's heart, had taken a special fancy to the seedling apple-tree at whose planting she had so intimately assisted. Allen shared in this, as in all her whims, and tended and nursed it like a child. In time he gave up the care of his orchard to other hands, but he reserved this seedling for his own especial coddling. He spaded and mulched and pruned it, and guarded it in the winter from rodent rabbits, and in summer from terebrant grubs. It was not ungrateful. It grew a noble tree, producing a rich and luscious fruit, with a deep scarlet satin coat, and a flesh tinged as delicately as a pink sea-shell. The first peck of apples was given to Susie with great ceremony, and the next year the first bushel was carried to Colonel Blood, the Congressman. He was loud in his admiration, as the autumn elections were coming on: "Great Scott, Golyer! I'd rather give my name to a horticultooral triumph like that there than be Senator."

"You've got your wish, then, Colonel," said Golyer. "Me and my wife have called that tree The Blood Seedling sence the day it was transplanted from your pastur'."

It was the pride and envy of the neighborhood. Several neighbors asked for scions and grafts, but could do nothing with them.

"Fact is," said old Silas Withers, "those folks that expects to raise good fruit by begging graffs, and then layin' abed and readin' newspapers, will have a good time waitin'. Elbow-grease is the secret of the Blood Seedlin', ain't it, Al?"

"Well, I reckon, Squire Withers, a man never gits anything wuth havin' without a tussle for it; and as to secrets, I don't believe in them, nohow."

A square-browed, resolute, silent, middle-aged man, who loved his home better than any amusement, regular at church, at the polls, something richer every Christmas than he had been on the New Year's preceding—a man whom everybody liked and few loved much—such had Allen Golyer grown to be.

If I have lingered too long over this colorless and commonplace picture of rural Western life, it is because I have felt an instinctive

reluctance to recount the startling and most improbable incident which fell one night upon this quiet neighborhood, like a thunderbolt out of blue sky. The story I must tell will be flatly denied and easily refuted. It is absurd and fantastic, but, unless human evidence is to go for nothing when it testifies of things unusual, the story is true.

At the head of the rocky hollow through which Chaney Creek ran to the river lived the family who gave the stream its name. They were among the early pioneers of the county. In the squatty yellow stone house the present Chaney occupied, his grandfather had stood a siege from Blackhawk all one summer day and night, until relieved by the garrison of Fort Edward. The family had not grown with the growth of the land. Like many others of the pioneers, they had shown no talent for keeping abreast of the civilization whose guides and skirmishers they had been. In the progress of a half century they had sold, bit by bit, their section of land, which kept intact would have proved a fortune. They lived very quietly, working enough to secure their own pork and hominy, and regarding with a sort of impatient scorn every scheme of public or private enterprise that passed under their eyes.

The elder Chaney had married, some years before, at the Mormon town of Nauvoo, the fair-haired daughter of a Swedish mystic, who had come across the sea beguiled by dreams of a perfect theocracy, and who on arriving at the city of the Latter-Day Saints had died, broken-hearted from his lost illusions.

The only dowry that Seraphita Neilsen brought her husband, besides her delicate beauty and her wide blue eyes, was a full set of Swedenborg's later writings in English. These became the daily food of the solitary household. Saul Chaney would read the exalted rhapsodies of the Northern seer for hours together, without the first glimmer of their meaning crossing his brain. But there was something in the majesty of their language and the solemn roll of their poetical development that irresistibly impressed and attracted him. Little Gershom, his only child, sitting at his feet, would listen in childish wonder to the strange things his silent, morose, and gloomy father found in the well-worn volumes, until his tired eyelids would fall at last over his pale, bulging eyes.

As he grew up his eyes bulged more and more: his head seemed too large for his rickety body. He pored over the marvellous volumes until he knew long passages by heart, and understood less of them than his father—which was unnecessary. He looked a little like his mother, but while she in her youth had something of the faint and flickering beauty of the Boreal Lights, poor Gershom never could have suggested anything more heavenly than a foggy moonlight. When he was fifteen he went to the neighboring town of Warsaw to school. He

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had rather heavy weather among the well-knit, grubby-knuckled urchins of the town, and would have been thoroughly disheartened but for one happy chance. At the house where he boarded an amusement called the "Sperrit Rappin's" was much in vogue. A group of young folks, surcharged with all sorts of animal magnetism, with some capacity for belief and much more for fun, used to gather about a light pine table every evening, and put it through a complicated course of mystical gymnastics. It was a very good-tempered table: it would dance, hop, or slam at the word of command, or, if the exercises took a more intellectual turn, it would answer any questions addressed to it in a manner not much below the average capacity of its tormentors.

Gershom Chaney took all this in solemn earnest. He was from the first moment deeply impressed. He lay awake whole nights, with his eyes fast closed, in the wildest dreams. His school-hours were passed in trancelike contemplation. He cared no more for punishment than the fakier for his self-inflicted tortures. He longed for the coming of the day when he could commune in solitude with the unfleshed and immortal. This was the full flowering of those seeds of fantasy that had fallen into his infant mind as he lay baking his brains by the wide fire in the old stone house at the head of the hollow, while his father read haltingly of the wonders of the invisible world.

But, to his great mortification, he saw nothing, heard nothing, experienced nothing but in the company of others. He must brave the ridicule of the profane to taste the raptures which his soul loved. His simple, trusting faith made him inevitably the butt of the mischievous circle. They were not slow in discovering his extreme sensibility to external influences. One muscular, black-haired, heavy-browed youth took especial delight in practising upon him. The table, under Gershom's tremulous hands, would skip like a lamb at the command of this Thomas Fay.

One evening Tom Fay had a great triumph. They had been trying to get the "medium"—for Gershom had reached that dignity—to answer sealed questions, and had met with indifferent success. Fay suddenly approached the table, scribbled a phrase, folded it, and tossed it, doubled up, before Gershom; then leaned over the table, staring at his pale, unwholesome face with all the might of his black eyes.

Chaney seized the pencil convulsively and wrote, "Balaam!"

Fay burst into a loud laugh and said, "Read the question?"

It was, "Who rode on your grandfather's back?"

This is a specimen of the cheap wit and harmless malice by which poor Gershom suffered as long as he stayed at school. He was never offended, but was often sorely perplexed, at the apparent treachery of his unseen counsellors. He was dismissed at last from the academy for

utter and incorrigible indolence. He accepted his disgrace as a crown of martyrdom, and went proudly home to his sympathizing parents.

Here, with less criticism and more perfect faith, he renewed the exercise of what he considered his mysterious powers. His fastings and vigils, and want of bodily movement and fresh air, had so injured his health as to make him tenfold more nervous and sensitive than ever. But his faintings and hysterics and epileptic paroxysms were taken more and more as evidences of his lofty mission. His father and mother regarded him as an oracle, for the simple reason that he always answered just as they expected. A curious or superstitious neighbor was added from time to time to the circle, and their reports heightened the half-uncanny interest with which the Chaney house was regarded.

It was on a moist and steamy evening of spring that Allen Golyer, standing by his gate, saw Saul Chaney slouching along in the twilight and hailed him, "What news from the sperrits, Saul?"

"Nothing for you, Al Golyer," said Saul gloomily. "The god of this world takes care of the like o' you."

Golyer smiled, as a prosperous man always does when his poorer neighbors abuse him for his luck, and rejoined: "I ain't so fortunate as you think for, Saul Chaney. I lost a Barksher pig yesterday: I reckon I must come up and ask Gershom what's come of it."

"Come along, if you like. It's been a long while sence you've crossed my sill. But I'm gitting to be quite the style. Young Lawyer Marshall is a-coming up this evening to see my Gershom."

Before Mr. Golyer started he filled a basket, "to make himself welcome and pay for the show," with the reddest and finest fruit of his favorite apple-tree. His wife followed him to the gate and kissed him—a rather unusual attention among Western farmer-people. Her face, still rosy and comely, was flushed and smiling: "Al, do you know what day o' the year it is?"

"Nineteenth of Aprile?"

"Yes; and twenty years ago to-day you planted the Blood Seedlin' and I give you the mitten!" She turned and went into the house, laughing comfortably.

Allen walked slowly up the hollow to the Chaney house, and gave the apples to Seraphita and told her their story. A little company was assembled—two or three Chaney Creek people, small market-gardeners, with eyes the color of their gooseberries and hands the color of their currants; Mr. Marshall, a briefless young barrister from Warsaw, with a tawny friend, who spoke like a Spaniard.

"Take seats, friends, and form a circle o' harmony," said Saul Chaney. "The me'jum is in fine condition: he had two fits this arternoon."



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Gershom looked shockingly ill and weak. He reclined in a great hickory armchair, with his eyes half open, his lips moving noiselessly. All the persons present formed a circle and joined hands.

The moment the circle was completed by Saul and Seraphita, who were on either side of their son, touching his hands, an expression of pain and perplexity passed over his pale face, and he began to writhe and mutter.

"He's seein' visions," said Saul.

"Yes, too many of 'em," said Gershom querulously. "A boy in a boat, a man on a shelf, and a man with a spade—all at once: too many. Get me a pencil. One at a time, I tell you—one at a time!"

The circle broke up, and a table was brought, with writing materials. Gershom grasped a pencil and said, with imperious and feverish impatience, "Come on, now, and don't waste the time of the shining ones."

An old woman took his right hand. He wrote with his left very rapidly an instant and threw her the paper, always with his eyes shut close.

Old Mrs. Scritcher read with difficulty, "A boy in a boat—over he goes;" and burst out into a piteous wail: "Oh, my poor little Ephraim! I always knewed it."

"Silence, woman!" said the relentless medium.

"Mr. Marshall," said Saul, "would you like a test?"

"No, thank you," said the young gentleman. "I brought my friend, Mr. Baldassano, who, as a traveller, is interested in these things."

"Will you take the medium's hand, Mr. What's-your-name?"

The young foreigner took the lean and feverish hand of Gershom, and again the pencil flew rapidly over the paper. He pushed the manuscript from him and snatched his hand away from Baldassano. As the latter looked at what was written his tawny cheek grew deadly pale. "Dios mio!" he exclaimed to Marshall, "this is written in Castilian!"

The two young men retired to the other end of the room and read by the tallow candle the notes scrawled on the paper. Baldassano translated: "A man on a shelf—table covered with bottles beside him: man's face yellow as gold: bottles tumble over without being touched."

"What nonsense is that?" said Marshall.

"My brother died of yellow fever at sea last year."

Both the young men became suddenly very thoughtful and observed with great interest the result of Golyer's "test." He sat by Gershom, holding his hand tightly, but gazing absently into the dying blaze of the wide chimney. He seemed to have forgotten where he was: a

train of serious thought appeared to hold him completely under its control. His brows were knit with an expression of severe, almost fierce, determination. At one moment his breathing was hard and thick—a moment after hurried and broken.

All this while the fingers of Gershom were flying rapidly over the paper, independently of his eyes, which were sometimes closed and sometimes rolling as if in trouble.

A wind which had been gathering all the evening now came moaning up the hollow, rattling the window-blinds and twisting into dull complaint the boughs of the leafless trees. Its voice came chill and cheerless into the dusky room, where the fire was now glimmering near its death, and the only sounds were those of Gershom's rushing pencil, the whispering of Marshall and his friend, and old Mother Scritcher feebly whimpering in her corner. The scene was sinister. Suddenly, a rushing gust blew the door wide open.

Golyer started to his feet, trembling in every limb and looking furtively over his shoulder out into the night. Quickly recovering himself, he turned to resume his place. But the moment he dropped Gershom's hand the medium had dropped his pencil, and had sunk back in his chair in a deep and deathlike slumber. Golyer seized the sheet of paper, and with the first line that he read a strange and horrible transformation was wrought in the man. His eyes protruded, his teeth chattered; he passed his hand over his head mechanically, and his hair stood up like the bristles on the back of a swine in rage. His face was blotched white and purple. He looked piteously about him for a moment, then, crumpling the paper in his hand, cried out in a hoarse, choking voice: "Yes, it's a fact: I done it. It's no use denying on't. Here it is, in black and white. Everybody knows it: ghosts come spooking around to tattle about it. What's the use of lying? I done it."

He paused, as if struck by a sudden recollection, then burst into tears and shook like a tree in a high wind. In a moment he dropped on his knees and in that posture crawled over to Marshall: "Here, Mr. Marshall—here's the whole story. For God's sake, spare my wife and children all you can. Fix my little property all right for 'em, and God bless you for it!" Even while he was speaking, with a quick revulsion of feeling he rose to his feet, with a certain return of his natural dignity, and said: "But they sha'n't take me! None of my kin ever died that way: I've got too much sand in my gizzard to be took that way. Good-by, friends all!"

He walked deliberately out into the wild, windy night.

Marshall glanced hurriedly at the fatal paper in his hand. It was full of that capricious detail with which in reverie we review scenes that are past. But a line here and there clearly enough told the story

—how he went out to plant the apple-tree; how Susie came by and rejected him; how he passed into the power of the devil for the time; how Bertie Leon came by and spoke to him, and patted him on the shoulder, and talked about city life; how he hated him and his pretty face and his good clothes; how they came to words and blows, and he struck him with his spade, and he fell into the trench, and he buried him there at the roots of the tree.

Marshall, following his first impulse, thrust the paper into the dull-red coals. It flamed for an instant, and flew with a sound like a sob up the chimney.

They hunted for Golyer all night, but in the morning found him lying as if asleep, with the peace of expiation on his pale face, his pruning-knife in his heart, and the red current of his life tingeing the turf with crimson around the roots of the Blood Seedling.



## THE LOST ONE

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

THERE are so many kinds of me,  
Indeed, I cannot say  
Just which of many I shall be  
On any given day.

Whence are they—princess, witch, or nun?  
I know not; this I know:  
The gravest, gentlest, simplest one  
Was buried long ago.

There, by his hand all covered o'er,  
It slumbers, as is fit;  
And nothing tells the name it bore  
Or marks the place of it.

But all the other kinds of me,  
They know, and turn aside,  
And check their laughter soberly  
Above the one that died.

# JEN OF CULVER'S JUMP

*By Robert Gilbert Welsh*

S MOKY SANT had been drinking that afternoon, and was, consequently, in an unusually jovial mood. Just beyond Culver's Jump, as his big Mogul engine came puffing up the steep grade towards the mountain summit, the loaded cars of coke clanking behind it, he leaned out of the cab and waved a salute to the sunbonneted figure beside the track. She might have been old and ugly—it was nothing more than the glow imparted by the whiskey which prompted the greeting; but when the sunbonnet fell back and a pair of brown eyes laughed up at him, while two pretty hands held out a can of buttermilk, inviting him in coquettish pantomime to drink, a deeper emotion impelled him to stop his engine. He leaped down and stepped back to the girl, half expecting to see her run. She stood her ground.

"Thirsty?" she asked. "This here's nothin' but buttermilk."

He took a long gulp from the dripping dipper she held out to him.

"It's mighty good," he said as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, "but I didn't stop my train for buttermilk. I expected I'd git a passenger. Ever been up to the mine?"

She shook her head.

"Come ahead, it's a bully ride!"

She hung back.

"I got a lot o' things to do up home," she said.

"Got to cook yer old man's supper, eh?"

"Ain't got no old man—yet." And she laughed.

"Got somebody in mind?"

"Not you, anyway!"

"Oh, I ain't a candidate."

"Lost the nomination too often, I guess."

He laughed ruefully and was about to confess that he already had an "old woman" in New York when she broke in,—

"Say, will you let me work the handles an' things? I want to make it go!"

"Sure! - Come ahead!"

A moment later, having run the gauntlet of curious brakemen and Pete, the grinning fireman, she clambered into the cab of the Streak, and stood quivering with child-like excitement before the confusing multiplicity of valves and levers.

## Jen of Culver's Jump

"How do you make it go?" she demanded.

"Yank that rope over your head twice."

The engine-bell pealed out when this order was executed.

"Now take hold of this handle."

She did as she was bidden, and the next instant his big hand covered hers and directed her movement. A tremor passed over the engine, there was a snort or two, and presently they were moving. But to his dying day Smoky Sant will never forget the moment when his grimy hand first closed over her soft little fingers on the throttle that afternoon.

Two hours later the Streak stopped to let her off at Culver's Jump on its down-trip. She climbed up the embankment and turned to wave good-by.

"If your dad gits mad, just tell him he's got to settle with Smoky Sant," he called up to her. The shriek of his whistle echoed through the hills and the empty freight-cars went thundering past her towards the coke-ovens in the valley.

That was the first of many delightful rides for little Jen Barnes. Four times a day for six days in the week Smoky Sant passed Culver's Jump on his way to and from the mines, and two train-loads of coke were brought by him to the greedy mouths up there at the summit. Then followed the risky descent over a track which wound in and out, down the mountain side, and in the course of its twelve miles dropped two thousand feet—a trip never dull, and now made even more exciting for Smoky Sant by the possibility that at one point of the road he would find Jen waiting for him. She insisted upon learning to board the train when it merely slowed up, instead of waiting until it stopped entirely, as on that memorable first day. She learned to blow the whistle, to open the sand-box when the rails were slippery, and she could upon occasion oil the cylinders. In mastering these details she came to know the perils of the descent, and how the train slowed up on the curves by reason of the friction and the easing of the grades, only to gain in speed again on the long, straight places. She came to know too how Sant dreaded the long tangent below Culver's Jump where his predecessors had met their doom. Sometimes she rode up to the mountain summit with him, where the glory of the world was revealed to her; but more frequently, with a woman's inborn desire, she rode down to the Hollow that she might go "shopping" in its one store, if only for a spool of thread. And the two in the cab of the engine teased each other in a good-natured way. The brakemen, among themselves, called her Smoky Sant's Steady.

Meanwhile, the silence of Sant's "old woman" in New York continued unbroken—a silence that had been responsible for Smoky Sant's taciturnity. She had been proud of her husband when she gave up



teaching in the city school and started out in life with Sant, then a promising young engineer entrusted with the Big Flyer. They were happy and prosperous when the baby came, and the proud father fairly worshipped the little chap who sat crowing on his shoulders.

In the course of an unusually rigorous winter Sant succumbed to the grip, and recovered from it a weakened man. It was then that he began to indulge in an occasional drink to brace his nerves. The habit had grown, and presently he was found unreliable; then the company dismissed him from his post on the Big Flyer.

Slow to relinquish a man once so trustworthy, they tried him in less responsible positions. But Sant was now too discouraged to pull up, and gradually fell lower in the company's forces until he was finally dismissed. He fell into debt, the little house in the suburbs slipped away from him, and at last, to escape vagrancy, his wife went back to her mother, taking the boy with her. Their door was closed against Sant. He would have gone utterly to the dogs had not the Brotherhood of Engineers secured for him this position on the little mountain railway, which required a certain desperation for its successful engineering. Sant had kept it several months without mishap, and the mining company was beginning to feel easier.

Meanwhile, no word of forgiveness came from his wife, although he had written to her several times. As he thought of what he had lost, the "blues" gripped him body and soul and sent him to the drink again. It was at this point that he met Jen, and the association with her helped him to drive away his loneliness. The knowledge that a demure little girl would occasionally find time to slip away from the many chores of the ranch to share his ride, and tease him about certain ladies with whom he was supposed to be deeply entangled, gave him a stimulant more subtle, more lasting, and apparently much less dangerous, than whiskey. More than once he tried to tell her that he was a married man, but the fear that she might cease to care for the rides with him, or might despise him because he had failed to retain his wife's affection, silenced him. Their friendship lasted through the summer, while the growing things in this new country ripened about them. The harvests were gathered and autumn came upon them, but there was apparently no change in their easy comradeship, with its subtle undercurrent of reserve, which Jen was too simple to analyze, no matter how distinctly she might feel it.

One morning, early in November, he found her waiting for him on his down-trip, looking like a picture in the clear, frosty air, and with a belated spray of golden-rod fastened at her belt. With a swift turn of her arm she tossed her little basket up to him and then swung herself into the cab beside him on the shelf-like seat.

"How's your new girl?" she began.

## Jen of Culver's Jump

"Which one?" he asked, falling into her bantering way.

"Well, there ain't much choice down at Pauper's Hollow. I mean the new schoolmarm."

"Her? Why, she's got red hair, an' there ain't a white horse in town."

"Well, I guess you'll do for that, all right—when you get yer face washed."

"Then my face don't get washed, that's all."

"I s'pose that's 'cause you don't want her to spoil yer mash on Mrs. McGinnis."

It was one of her pet fictions that he was deeply in love with the portly Mrs. McGinnis, who kept the store and post-office. Her husband had been killed on this same road four years back, and his widow with her little till had been tormented by offers of matrimony ever since.

"Mrs. McGinnis won't have me," he said.

"Then it's Pete's wife. I got my opinion of any man who carries on with another man's wife!"

"What do you think of a woman who takes on with another woman's husband?"

"Same thing, I guess, only wuss. Why, who's doin' that?"

"Oh, nobody!"

The guidance of the Streak seemed suddenly to engross him, and he said little more during the remainder of the trip. They were quiet too on the up-road.

"I seen the schoolmarm," she said presently. "Her hair ain't red."

"Well, her temper is. I kin hear her yellin' at the kids half way up the mountain."

"You must be thinkin' about her an' listenin' for it, then."

"Tain't her I'm thinkin' about an' listenin' for—it's you!"

She laughed in a half-frightened way, dreading his tremendous seriousness and eager to bring back the bantering manner.

"Well, you won't hear me bawlin' up the mountain. I ain't got a Grand Op'ra voice."

"It suits me down to the ground," he said slowly. Then his passion rose and claimed utterance. "Jen! Jen!" he cried. "Let's quit. Won't you clear out o' this with me!"

"Why—why—I——"

"Don't be afraid, little woman. You'll never be sorry—I'll see to that. I'll stick by you an' work for you like a nigger. Is it all right?"

There was no doubt in her mind that he meant honorable marriage, and she looked up with shy but unmistakable acquiescence, and then put her head on his oily shoulder. He returned her caress in a shame-faced way and turned again to the levers, which engaged his attention

until Culver's Jump was reached. With scarcely a word he helped her down. Her eyes sought his and seemed to ask for some expression of tenderness, but he did not meet her glance, and with only a half-audible word of parting started up his engine. She looked after him, too happy to criticise his crude love-making and his silence, which she attributed to a man's mere awkwardness, and not to the sense of deception which sat heavy upon him.

By degrees, however, it dawned upon her that all was not well with her mating. She disliked Sant's insistence upon the secrecy of their attachment. But this grew insignificant in the presence of a graver trouble. An elopement was what Sant began to plan. On her part, she longed for a local wedding with all the neighbors present and the circuit-rider on hand to perform the ceremony, which was to be followed by supper and a dance. For weeks she pleaded for this, the realization of many day-dreams, but Sant was firm in his refusal. By clumsy innuendoes he tried to point her to the true state of affairs; but his was an awkward mind with a limited range of expression, and hers was an honest little soul unschooled and unsuspecting. Under the gaze of her honest eyes he could not speak the truth, nor could he make her understand. Slowly a compromise shaped itself in his mind. They were far away from New York—his wife there would never learn the truth. He would consent to the ceremony, and give himself, body and soul, to Jen. His faithlessness to the wife in New York should be atoned by his constancy to the Western girl.

It was a dreary November day when he picked Jen up on his way to the mines and gave his consent to the plans for the wedding. Her joy at this welcome news brightened the dull day for him, and as they waited for the loading at the summit they sat by the siding and discussed the arrangements for the festivities with a light-heartedness that had not been theirs of late. She watched him as he oiled the Streak.

"I got my dress ordered," she said suddenly.

"From Denver?"

"Nope. From York City. The Skimsocket Silk Mills advertises in the *Farmer's Visitor* an' I ordered it from them. It's robin's egg blue—the new shade."

"Gee, you'll be swell, won't yer?"

"Yes, siree! The ad. says that Mrs. John Jacob Astor ordered a gown that shade for a' op'ra dress. I'm goin' to be careful o' mine, an' if we ever go to York City, I'll wear it to the the-ay-ter. Mebbe she'll be there with hers on."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Sant, instantly resolving that Jen and her robin's egg blue gown should never see York City. He plied his oil-can with renewed zest.

## Jen of Culver's Jump

Pete, the fireman, came up at that minute.

"Say, Sant," he said, "I wouldn't ile 'em if I was you. Looks 's if 'twould rain, an' you know what a divil's slidin' pond them rails is when they git wet."

"Does look bad—that's so!" said Jen. Then she added shyly, "Tell him, Sant!"

"Huh! I kin guess eggs when I see shells," laughed Pete. "Say, when's it comin' off!"

"Oh, pretty soon," answered Sant; "'long 'bout the time that silk dress gits here from—you said Paris, didn't you, Jen?"

"Just you keep quiet 'bout state secrets or I'll"—she saw the first snowflakes of winter dropping through the air—"I'll snowball you!"

Presently they started down with the twelve empty freight-cars. The flurry of snow had increased and now fell in big, damp flakes, which melted as they reached the ground. Wet and shiny in the late afternoon light, the winding rails stretched before them. The train slipped along with a speed that made Sant uneasy. He glanced back and noticed with some relief that the men were busy tightening their brakes.

"Pete," he called above the thunder of the train, "go back an' help 'em. Put the brakes down hard!"

There was a note in the command which caused Jen to glance up quickly. Something she read in his set face confirmed her fear. She saw the darkness and the storm swallow the fireman as he clambered back over the low coal-cars.

"What's the matter?" she cried.

"It's all right, little woman," answered Sant, his hand on the levers, his eye scanning the track ahead. "We'll let you off at Culver's Jump, an' you'll git home 'fore it's pitch dark. Don't git scared!"

"Who's scared?" she demanded indignantly. "I guess I'll ride down to the Hollow, just to show you I ain't."

He was too deeply engrossed in the problem before him to answer her. They were flying out over the tangent at a breathless speed.

Presently they rounded the curve near Culver's Jump and the train slowed up slightly. He stooped and kissed her.

"Here's where we say good-night," he said. "Meet me on the up-trip in the mornin' if it's clear, won't yer, little woman?"

"Yes, if it's clear," she answered.

He turned to the engine again and, cutting off the steam, applied the air-brakes. For a moment they could not realize the truth. Then it broke upon them. The wheels were sliding on the slippery rails. He could not stop the train!

Jen's voice reached him.

"Ain't there no way to slack up?"

"Yes, if we had Pete. But I can't make him hear."

"What d'ye want him for?"

"To poke the sand-box out there. It must be clogged up!"

"Will that save us?"

"Mebbe."

"Who cares?" she cried. "Let's go smashin' down to Kingdom Come together. I ain't been sure o' you somehow. But this way I am sure!"

She clung to him where he stood peering out through the window at the quivering disk which the headlight threw before them. Blurred, indistinct things came flying up towards them. Their brains danced with the mad swing of the engine.

Pictures flashed through Sant's mind. He saw the long tangent beyond Culver's Jump, the twisted wood and iron of the last wreck near the track. He saw himself crushed beneath it. And off in New York he saw the wife, who once loved him, rocking their boy to sleep in her arms.

"Molly!" he groaned.

Jen faced him.

"Who's Molly?" she demanded.

The words choked him. Then he whispered hoarsely, "My wife."

"Where is she?"

"In New York."

For a moment a fury seized her. She caught the ferrule from the pocket of his jumper and raised it to strike him while they stood there swaying.

"It'll be hard on the poor kid," he said absently. "He was fond o' me."

The uplifted hand fell and the anger died out of Jen's face. A struggle, brief as it was poignant, swept over her.

"I'll save yer for him!" she cried, and before he realized her intention she climbed out through the little window on her perilous way to the sand-box. The fury of the snow choked and blinded her. The downward plunge of the train brought her to her knees on the running-board and would have flung her off. Madly she clung with bleeding hands to the icy rail that ran along the boiler, and, praying and sobbing, she worked her way on, inch by inch. An eternity seemed to pass before she reached the sand-box. There, still clinging to the rail with one hand, she flung back the lid with the other. Her groping fingers told her that the box was nearly filled with the clogged sand. She loosened it with convulsive movements. She waited a moment. Yes, there was a slackening of speed. They were already on the much dreaded tangent, but the sand was sifting down on the wheels and track—the train was under control!



Presently she found herself back in the cab, with Sant bending over her.

"You're a brave little woman," he said.

"I did it for the kid," she answered. "I did it for him!"

Fifteen minutes later the freight sped into the Hollow and stopped at the shabby little station. Sant leaped out and helped a white, nerveless figure down.

"I'll stop with Mrs. McGinnis," she said shortly.

He laid one hand on her arm timidly.

"Jen, won't ye never forgive me?" he asked.

A sob broke from her.

"I don't know," she answered. "Oh, I don't know!"

And she went off through the storm.

## TO THE SOUTH WIND

BY THOMAS LOMAX HUNTER

O warm, wet wind from the south,  
Come, talk to me, list to my prayer;

You have touched Her soft hair,  
Maybe moved a dear curl,  
Or, perchance, happy wind, kissed her mouth.

O breath of the spring from the south,

What else have you seen,  
And what else do you bring  
Half so dear as this kiss that She sent me by you?

Not the faint, budding green,  
Or the odors that cling  
To the violet blue,  
Are so near, or so dear, or so true!  
Say, soft, scented wind of the south,  
Was my Love's not the name that you heard

From the throat of the earliest bird?  
Is it not of my Love that the breeze  
Sings soft to the murmuring trees?  
Don't you think that it seems—  
Truly, don't you infer,  
From the low, liquid whisper of half-  
awake streams,  
They are dreaming and talking of  
Her?

But, wind, of the south, you are blind,  
you are blind!

To be leaving behind  
Those eyes, and those curls, and that mouth!

If I were you, wind, I am sure I would blow

From the north, though the snow  
And the hail and the ice followed fast,  
And the sting of my blast laid the flowers all low;

Though I blackened the buds on the trees in my flight,

And turned the green white;

Though I laid, in a trice,  
On the half-awake streams in the midst of their dreams

Cruel fetters of ice;

From the north I would blow, I would blow!

I would tear through the rigging of wallowing ships,

Through the forests I'd rush,  
And the strong trees I'd crush,  
And I'd bend down the weak,  
Till I reached the glad end of my hurrying trip—

There I'd sink to a zephyr and touch  
Her dear cheek,  
And die to a calm on Her lip.

# WEIGA OF TEMAGAMI

*By Cy Warman*

*Author of "Frontier Stories," "The Story of the Railroad," etc.*



SEVENTY miles or more north of Nippising, beyond the "Highlands of Ontario," where the moose and the reindeer roam, where the summers are short and the twilights long, Lake Temagami lies limpid beneath the northern sky. Upon the silent shore of this translucent lake, where the mirrored pictures of the forest-folk, walking upside down, can be seen from your canoe, dwelt Meniseno and his wife, Weiga, their daughter, and an only son.

In the unwritten law of the forest the Northern Indians have and hold certain dimly defined rights to hunt and fish in favored sections and "silent places," and these rights they guard jealously.

Perhaps the Amerinds received this idea from the Old Hudson's Bay Factors, who have lorded it over the land for centuries, and whose post at Bear Lake has been the trading-ground for all the scattered Temagami tribes for more than two hundred years. Through generations of men the governorship of these reigning monarchs of the North had been at this particular post especially merciful and fair.

Peace, unbroken, had been so long enthroned that the announcement of the first tragedy might be expected to come like the news of an elopement from a nunnery.

One matchless morning in the berry-moon, in a sheltered nook where the summer sun slipped in under the shore-trees and gilded the ripples of a rivulet that romped in from the wilderness, spilling its laughter on the limpid lake, Weiga, daughter of Meniseno, was drying her hair. The crack of a twig caused her to turn her shapely head and glance over her shoulder along the lake. She was surprised to see a great moose coming towards her, walking slowly near the water-edge; and still more surprised to observe, two oar-lengths from the shore, a bark canoe occupied by a solitary Indian, also moving in her direction. Upon the back of the moose there was a small pack, which told her that he had been tamed. It was equally evident from his slow movements and backward glances that he was convoying the canoe.

When the little barque touched land near where Weiga sat she saw that its occupant was ill. In answer to his signal she stepped quickly down and drew the nose of the little craft upon the shore. The big moose stood by stamping his foot threateningly, but the man in the

canoe called to him, and then he seemed assured that the woman would do his master no harm.

For a time they talked, the man in the canoe and the maiden on the mossy bank where the brook came down. He asked whose hunting-ground lay along this entrancing shore, and she said it was claimed by her father, Meniseno, an Ojibway.

"I am an Algonquin," said he. "Let us be friends. I want to make my lodge here by this beautiful stream, that I may drink and drink and drink, for my spirit is on fire and my throat aflame."

"Alas," sighed Weiga, "my father is very old and very jealous of his claim; I fear he will not let you live here."

"I do not ask to be allowed to live here," said he. "I only desire to die here, hearing the song of that cool stream—and," he added, devouring the maiden with his hungry eyes, "the music of your voice."

The Algonquin, without awaiting an invitation, signalled to Weiga. She drew near and held out a hand, which he grasped as he stepped ashore. Again the great moose showed his disapproval by stamping his foot, but when his master touched him, and Weiga, not a little nervously, patted his big face, he understood.

When the Algonquin had torn off the pack, the moose hurried up the bank to escape the swarm of flies that had attacked him. The Indian pointed to the brook. Weiga took the horn from the canoe and gave the stranger water.

With simple confidence he asked her to take him up on the bank and help him to find a camping-place near the stream. Again she held out her hand, and again he grasped it. But when he had gotten to his feet he did not release her hand, as he had done before, but held it and looked earnestly into the face of the Ojibway, owning a vague feeling of peace and happiness altogether new to him.

Why should he at the half-open door of Death be interested in this Ojibway—the touch of her hand, the music of her voice? He did not know. An hour ago he asked only to be allowed to quench his burning thirst, to lie down and die. Yes, he told himself, as he released her hand—he must die! His sun was setting. This was but the parting smile Life owes to all. The rainbow through the rift at the end of a dreary day only gladdens the gloaming—the night comes just the same.

And yet as they walked slowly up the shore it was borne in upon him that the world had never before seemed so fair. "A delightful spot in which to die," said he, half musingly.

"But you must not die," said Weiga, touched by the pathos in the Algonquin's voice.

"Oh, yes," said he. "I am come to die—I'm dying now," he added, gazing into her beautiful eyes. "If I had come sooner!" he went on

wearily—and then as he looked upon this new-found friend his tired heart began to throb again under the spell that was upon him, causing him to murmur, almost to cry aloud: "O Gitchie, God of the Algonquins! I thank thee for this rainbow thou hast sent to gladden the twilight of my life!"

Whereupon Weiga, moved by the same impulse, let her brown hand slip into his. After all, Weiga was only a woman.

On the following day when Meniseno stumbled unexpectedly upon the Algonquin's lodge he was obviously offended. Knowing this would be so, Weiga had not apprised her father of the coming of the stranger, for, if he was jealous of his hunting-ground, he was over-jealous of his handsome, industrious, and well-behaved daughter.

Meniseno coldly asked the Algonquin why he had come to disturb the peace of an old man, and told him plainly he would not be allowed to live where he had made his camp.

The Algonquin's answer was the same as he had given Weiga—he had come not to live, but to die. He had pitched his poor tent there so that when Death, who was now very near, should come to him, he might not die utterly alone.

At first the old Indian seemed to accept this simple statement, but when, a few days later, he found his daughter caring for the young man, he flew into a great passion and ordered the Algonquin out of the country. By this time, however, the Indian was too ill to travel, and so he heeded not the angry old man, but lay back upon his bed of boughs listening to the lispings waves as they lipped the mossy rocks that rimmed the lake.

Unto the sick man the maiden ministered mercifully, and as they grew to love each other her father's hatred grew. Meniseno began to sulk in his tent and brood over his grievance; he threatened his household—even Weiga, whom he loved more than he loved life—with dire vengeance if they offered succor to the Algonquin. But love only laughed at him—and found a way.

When the lone lodger had held out longer than a man may last, lying helpless without food or drink, the old Indian, whose malady was madness, now, lay in wait until he saw Weiga enter the lodge, bearing food and water for the sick man.

From that day the Ojibway spoke not a word to Weiga—he was now gone mad with a sullen, murderous madness, born of jealousy. At the beginning he had regarded the Algonquin only as a trespasser, but now he had stolen the heart of Weiga and alienated the love of all his people. For this the Algonquin must die—not the slow, easy death that fever would bring, but, according to the Ojibway's idea of right and wrong, the swift, violent death that he deserved.

One moonless night when his son was away, when his watchful wife

and Weiga were sound asleep, the old Indian stole out to where the Algonquin had pitched his tent. Meniseno's awful malady had robbed him of none of the inherent caution for which the bush-tribes are famous. Without the crack of a twig, scarcely with the rustle of a leaf, he had approached to within ten yards of the tent, when suddenly from the rear a great moose appeared and stood at the door. The old Indian, mad as he was, was terror-stricken at this unexpected apparition. The thing served in a way to sober him, and he demanded of the moose what God it stood for,—Gitche, the good, or Mitche, the bad,—but there was no answer. Then it occurred to him that it was only a moose which could be easily frightened away. Unfastening his blanket, the Indian opened it and shook it in the face of the mute monarch of the woods. The moose's answer was the stamp of one great foot and a loud "whoof," that froze the Indian's blood, causing him to hurry back to his hogan.

The following night Meniseno went out again, but the bull moose was on guard. On the third night, lusting for the life of the lone Indian, he defied the Algonquin's god and endeavored to drive the sentinel moose from the door. Again the great animal blew defiance from his lifted muzzle, his eyes burning like living coals.

But the Ojibway was not to be denied. Lifting the heavy hatchet he carried in his hand, he let drive at the forest of horns that frowned at the front of the moose. The wily bull lowered his head and the hatchet crashed upon his horns. The sound of the blow and the mad charges of the moose, whose advances the old Indian was now dodging with a strength and agility peculiar to madness, brought the Algonquin to the door of his hut.

At sight of the sick man the Ojibway threw caution to the wind and ran towards the door; but the monarch nosed him vigorously, sending him to his back ten feet away.

The sound of the battle that had called the sick man from his couch had also awakened Weiga, who was now running through the forest with the speed of the wind.

By the time the Ojibway, still clinging to his hatchet, had gotten to his feet and faced the four-footed god on guard over the Algonquin, Weiga was immediately behind her enraged father. The young Indian, watching from his threshold, saw Weiga fling herself upon Meniseno, and saw the latter throw her off as easily as the great moose might toss a dog.

She staggered to her feet and started for the insane old man, who, with lifted hatchet, made another desperate effort to reach the object of his wrath.

Forgetting his illness, and all unmindful of the menacing weapon that was glistening in the starlight, the Algonquin darted beneath the



nose of the moose, caught Weiga, and dragged her into his tent before the mad man could realize it. The effort proved too much for the Indian, who was still very ill. They had scarcely reached the shelter of the frail lodge when he sank to the ground, apparently unconscious.

Outside the battle went on. Weiga, watching from the tent, but not daring to venture out, saw her aged father swinging his hatchet, and heard the heavy blows he rained upon the head of the infuriated animal. As often as the moose charged, the Indian would spring to one side and smash his hatchet into the moose's face. Weiga heard the Algonquin calling feebly, and, stooping, lifted him to his feet. Together they stood in the doorway and watched the battle. The merciless hail of iron upon the antlers of the moose maddened him until he was fairly blind with rage. With a quick turn of his great head the moose caught the aged Indian, lifted him, and tossed him high up in the trees.

When the body crashed back to earth the old moose snorted new defiance, but the old Indian lay quite still. The splendid animal shook his aching head, stamped a front foot furiously, but his adversary had quit.

Softly the Algonquin called his champion, and the big beast turned slowly and approached the door, as a faithful dog might come to be petted and patted for good work.

They made a light—the man and the woman—and went out to gather up the broken thing she had called father. To their surprise he was still alive, and they bore him in and laid him upon the bed wherein he would have murdered the Algonquin. Soon he slumbered heavily.

When day arrived, and the old man awoke, his reason had returned. He had been mad, he said. He had attempted to take the life of a stranger, but Gitchie Manitou had come in the form of a moose and fought with him. Not only had he tried to do murder, but he had offended Gitchie, even striking him with his hatchet again and again. The good spirit had not killed him, as he might have done, but had only broken his bones and suffered him to survive that he might see the wickedness of his own heart, make peace with his god, and die.

He tried to move his limbs, but they were broken. All the bitterness was gone; all the hatred of the Algonquin had passed away.

In vain did his friends endeavor to encourage him to make effort to live, but he only shook his head wearily, saying, "I am at peace; let me die."

As the aged Indian grew weaker, the Algonquin grew strong.

Finally, one twilight, when the September sun was sinking, when the summer bloom was blighted, and the autumn leaves were drifting

over the placid bosom of the limpid lake, the light of the aged Indian's life went out, leaving a lone woman rocking to and fro, his head in her lap.

By the banks of Lake Temagami, where the winds whisper in the moss-hung trees and the waters lisp on the silent shore, they laid the old man to rest.

For him the aged woman did not weep openly, nor cry aloud, but to his silent sleeping-place she stole when the moon was low, and o'er his cold clay she shed bitter tears. And there she may be seen to this day, watching by the little rock-walled resting-place of the old Ojib-way, and, browsing about, is a big bull moose, and across the Temagami comes a little bark canoe, barely big enough for two, and it touches the shore where a crystal rill, romping out of the wilderness, spills its laughter on the limpid lake.

## TRISTESSE

BY THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

**I**F you were not away,  
 These trees, this south wind, and this dreary day  
 Would all be mad with joyous ecstasy;  
 But you are gone, so, mourning, they with me  
 Find bitter-sweet in idle fantasy.  
 How glad, how mad, how gay,  
 If you were not away!

## THE WILD DOVE

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

**H**ARK! hear him calling on the hill  
 When all sweet things beside are still;  
 Cease he never will,  
 The pale wild dove.

So lone, the wild dove smooth and gray,  
 Over and over all the day,  
 What does he say?—  
 "I love! I love!"

# HIS OWN MEDICINE

*By Caroline Lockhart*



"DON'T kill yourself to-night; wait until to-morrow," said Turner, the barkeep, in a soothing but unemotional voice. "Never mix business with pleasure."

"But, Turner, you don' unnerstan', you don' unnerstan' a-tall. She don' love me—nobody loves me." Helm, of the Wind River Lumber Company, laid his proud head on the bar and burst into tears.

"That's because you don't know how to make her love you. You don't show no more sabe than a rabbit," replied the barkeep coldly.

"Tell me whater say; tell me whater do, and I'll do it!" Helm clasped his hands and lifted his streaming eyes pleadingly to the barkeep's stern face.

Turner's voice took on an authoritative tone.

"When she goes into one of them tantrums, then's when you want to stand up on your hind legs and let her know you are boss. Keep a stiff upper lip and be cool and kam. Nothing scares a woman like dignity. You might say: 'Woman, this rumpus must cease. I cannot permit my peace of mind to be disturbed by the ranicaboos of a hysterical female. The strain of my business life is such that I must have perfect rest in my home. If you cannot control yourself, you had better pack up and make your mother a long visit.'"

"Thash great!" said Helm, his eyes shining with admiration through his tears. "But," his face fell, "shay, she might go. You don' know my wife—perfec' bronch', reg'lar mustang when she's mad."

"Women are all alike. You've got to make 'em feel the iron hand in the glove."

"Iron hand in the glove—thash good!" Helm gurgled with pleasure. "Go out now, thish minute, 'n get pair gloves f'r m' iron hand."

Turner watched him with contemptuous eyes until the swinging doors fanned the air behind him.

"Buffaloed!" he muttered, "plumb buffaloed!"

Turner, broad-shouldered, iron-jawed, with a heavy black mustache drooping over a cynical mouth, towered above the polished bar in the only hotel in Wind River City, Wyoming. Without doing anything in particular to earn it, he had acquired the reputation of being a

"bad man." He had dropped into Wind River City one evening at sunset and stayed, and no person had the temerity to inquire into that past in regard to which he showed such singular reticence.

Turner occupied a peculiar position in the community. He was the recipient of the heart confidences of every man who patronized his bar. After twelve o'clock at night the married men practically stood in line waiting to tell him why they could not get along with their wives. His advice was valued by the younger men, who consulted him at critical points in their love affairs. In some indefinable way, like the acquisition of his reputation for ferocity, Turner was believed to know the heart of woman—like a book. He interpreted their moods and actions to anxious cowpunchers and range riders. He was, also, the dernier resort for embarrassing domestic situations. If the result of following his advice was not always satisfactory, he laid it to the bungling awkwardness of the over-zealous lovers or the cringing timidity of the married men. The measures he suggested for the subduing of too high-spirited women were generally heroic, but this only increased the feeling of awe for him, it being firmly believed that Turner would not hesitate to follow the advice he doled out so generously to others.

A range rider from the corps of the Forest Reserve, whose hopeless countenance indicated the load of sorrow he carried underneath his khaki-colored uniform, put his foot on the brass rail.

"Gimme something stimulating," he said in a dull voice. "I'm way down—dragging in the mud."

A brandy and soda shot over the bar. Turner waited expectantly.

"Wish I could go up top of Rattlesnake and live in a cave, and eat roots and let my hair grow."

"Bounced?" inquired Turner.

"Quit me cold." A quivering sigh came from the depths of the ranger's bosom. "All an accident, entirely an accident," continued the range rider bitterly. "She asked me to ride out to the springs with her and get a glass of that cursed water before breakfast. Now I'm not at all used to travelling on an empty stomach and I took three, straight, before we started. I thought I was putting up a good talk, silver-tongued, entertaining, and all that, when right in the middle she pulled up her horse and said: 'If you tell me again about those three elk you found dead of the mange, I am going back. It's interesting once and I can stand it twice, but I balk on the third time.' Just seeing me around three days out of the month, you don't realize what a sensitive nature I have. That squelched me like a cold shower; but I couldn't help thinking about those elk dying up there all alone, no friends, nobody to do anything for them. First thing I knew I was hanging over the pommel, crying.

"'Dearest,' she says, 'what is it?'"

"'If I was an elk,' I says, 'sick, alone, dying up in the timber with the mange, would you come and take care of me?' Turner, if you had got the look she gave me you wouldn't sleep for a week. She whirled her horse, and I couldn't hardly see her for the gravel. I'm a proud man and I wouldn't go after her, but I sat watching her dust till she was out of sight. Then I went on to the springs and drank that cursed water till I felt like a syphon of soda. What had I better do? What had I better say? Go around and apologize and grovel?"

"Grovel nothin'," replied Turner with decision as he rinsed the tall glass and replaced it in the row on the shelf. "What you want to do is to get right out of town. She knows you can't get leave of absence for another month and she'll have a lot of time to get sore on herself for being so quick on the trigger."

"That scheme would be all right if I didn't have any feeling in the matter," replied the ranger miserably. "But I want to see her. Hang it, I can't go up there and stay in the woods a month without saying good-by!"

"Oh, if you haven't any nerve," replied Turner loftily.

His lip curled as he stood on tiptoe and looked over the frosted half of the front window at the ranger walking rapidly down the street.

Cummings, the proprietor of the Iowa Notion Store, a tall, hollow-eyed person, who had been watching the barkeep furtively, slipped away from the game of freeze-out for the drinks which engaged the attention of the prominent citizens of Wind River City from ten in the forenoon until four the next morning, and sauntered to the bar.

"One of your celebrated gin fizzes, Professor," he said.

"Sure," replied Turner heartily, and Cummings followed his deft movements with admiring eyes.

"Do little things get on your nerves, Turner?" inquired Cummings thoughtfully as he sipped his drink.

"Sure they do," answered Turner. "Ed Burr came in last night and knocked a whole row of them glasses off'n the shelf with his billiard cue. I knowed he was only playin', but it riled me."

"I don't mean things like that exactly. I mean people's peculiarities."

"Do they! Say, you know that spavined Englishman that acts as if he was goin' to kiss you every time he tells you it's a beautiful day? I have to give my gun to the barber when I see his mug coming through the door, so I won't shoot him."

"Now, my wife has a habit which irritates me," continued Cummings, arriving finally at the point towards which he had been working. "She'll sit at the table and polish a chicken bone till it looks



as if somebody had gone over it with a piece of sand-paper. It makes me so mad I can't eat. Good wife, good mother, fine housekeeper, but the way she worries a bone would make a man commit suicide. I've reasoned with her, and explained how it affected me, but she only gives me the loud ha! ha! and tells me to take my plate out in the woodshed if I don't like the way she eats. It's a little thing, Turner, and it doesn't sound much when you tell it, but, sooner or later, I believe it's going to break up my home."

"Know just how you feel about it exactly," said Turner sympathetically. "Seen a man butter his bread with his thumb nail onct—'fected me the same way. Did you ever try ridicule?"

"Ridicule?" repeated Cummings doubtfully.

"Most effective weapon." The triteness of Turner's statements never in the least affected the impressiveness with which he delivered them. "Growl like a dog," urged Turner.

"Now?" Cummings's sunken eyes widened.

"When she begins to gnaw."

"By gum!—I never thought of that—I'll do it! Turner, how can I thank you?" His hand went out impulsively.

"S all right, old man," replied the barkeep kindly.

In the corner of the bar a youthful cowpuncher sat with the high heels of his elaborately stitched boots hooked over the top rung of his chair. His cheeks were round and rosy, his bushy blond curls looked like a bunch of excelsior, and a sweet smile of contentment played about his girlish mouth. Fixing his absent gaze upon the barkeep, he suddenly realized that person was disengaged and he unwound some six feet of height and stood erect.

"Le's have somethin' smooth and agreeable," he said in a soft drawl.

Turner looked at him critically.

"Apricot brandy'll about fit your case."

"Ain't that some pleasant?" observed the cowpuncher as the soothing potion gurgled down his throat.

"Things coming all right at the half-way house?" inquired Turner carelessly as he mopped the bar with his towel.

"Was comin' some this afternoon."

"So?"

"Had quite a little session with the old man. Took my gun and went over to ask him for Jessie. Put it to him straight out behind the house, where he was mendin' a harness. Old man flew in one door for his gun and I flew in the other. We met in the middle; but there was a sewin'-machine agent there and he thought we was after him for talking to the old man's wife. Agent got the drop on both of us. Set the old man down in a chair and backed me clean out to

my horse. Amusin' old cuss, Jessie's pap; hollered after me that he'd shoot me on sight."

"What you aim to do?"

"Do? Jessie's movin' her clothes out into the sage-brush and we are goin' to run off to-morrow night."

He looked expectantly for an answering smile on the barkeep's face.

"Sweetness," said Turner impressively, addressing him by the sobriquet which his innocent face had earned for him, "you're making a big mistake, you're beginning wrong."

"What's the matter?" inquired Sweetness, startled.

"You've been insulted in the house of your future wife. You owe it to your self-respect to demand an apology. The foundation of love is respect, and how can any woman respect a man who lets his father-in-law insult him?"

Sweetness's jaw dropped.

"He wasn't reely insultin'," he explained. "He was just goin' to shoot me up. Old man's harbored a gretch against me ever since I sold him an outlaw horse for his wife to drive. But I can't make him eat dirt; he's handier with a gun than I be."

"Tain't your business to do it, it's the girl's. You ought to insist that she make the old man apologize for the effect it will have upon her afterwards."

"Insist? Say, you never saw that Jessie girl, I guess."

"Women are women," replied the barkeep cynically.

"Some women is," responded Sweetness.

"I hate to see you make a bad get-a-way," continued the barkeep.

"If you sure think I ought to——" said Sweetness dubiously.

"Sure, I do," declared Turner. "I'm looking ahead for you—peering into the future."

"I wish you'd peer a little more and see if she's goin' to fire me for tryin' to make her respect me," said Sweetness grimly.

"You're taking no risks whatsoever." Turner's tone was positive. "You can't lose a woman onct she's good and stuck on you."

A hubbub of feminine voices arose in the hotel office. The closeness of matrimony had in nowise numbed Sweetness's interest in such sounds, and Turner said in response to his look of inquiry, "A bunch of she tourists from New York on their way to the Yellowstone."

"Do you think we would really dare?" The question in a pleasing contralto was wafted into the bar.

"Yes, Ma'am," came the clerk's business-like voice. "Plenty of ladies go in to look at the elk heads and the pictures."

"I've always been perfectly wild to go into a bar," said an ecstatic staccato voice. "I'd like to put my foot on the brass rail and say, 'Two, please—no water.'"

This audacious ambition was greeted by a shocked chorus of "Oh Marguerite!"

"I'll tell you what we will do," said a more deliberate voice. "We'll send for Turner. She looks so respectable."

"They're goin' to send for you," Sweetness whispered excitedly.

"They said 'she.'" There was a strange look in Turner's eyes and a singular hoarseness in his voice.

A renewal of the hubbub in the office heralded the coming of the other Turner.

"Turner, we want you to go into the bar with us while we look at the pictures."

"Yes, Miss, but I loathe grogshops."

The barkeep gripped the edge of the bar and a hunted look leaped into his face as he heard the smug voice.

"Rodgers!" he called to the barber whose alleged mind was concentrated upon the game of pool he was playing with the pastry-cook, "come and take my place for a few minutes."

"Cert," said the flip barber as he chalked his cue with maddening deliberation.

The shrill chorus in the office was coming nearer.

"Hurry up!" The sharpness in the barkeep's voice made the freeze-out players lift their eyes—there was a note of frenzy in it.

Turner had reached the end of the bar when the swinging doors parted. A small woman in a walking-skirt and an alpine hat in which a quill bristled aggressively led a procession of excited young women. The barkeep's quivering gasp was audible some distance away as he dropped on his hands and knees and started to crawl to the door which led to the washroom.

The cold eyes of the person in the alpine hat fell upon the singular object on the floor.

"Gustave!"

The muscles of the barkeep's face twitched nervously, and he stopped in his flight like a well-trained horse at the voice of its master.

"So-o-o!" The long-drawn word reeked with satisfaction. "This is where you are, is it!" The wiry figure stiffened for battle. "Liar! to deceive me! Coward! to run from me! Scoundrel! to desert me!"

Cummings waited breathlessly for Turner's scathing reply. Helm had returned with a pair of sheepskin gloves for his iron hand. Sweetness stood rigid in the intensity of his interest. The freeze-out game was suspended.

"Amelia,"—no one recognized the plaintive voice,——"don't be hard on me, Amelia!"

Turner, the barkeep, resembled nothing so much as a greyhound

which has just been kicked. It seemed not to occur to him that he could rise from his knees.

"Excuse me, Miss,"—the woman turned to one of the astonished group behind her,—“but he's me husband what I've caught at last. The trouble and money I've spent on him you wouldn't believe, and me furniture in storage.”

“Get up!” she cried, advancing upon the cringing form. “Get up! I'll see you upstairs!” She stamped her foot.

Turner scrambled to his feet, and the swinging doors hid the wilted sage from the eyes of the petrified barroom.

## THE GLEANERS

BY RICHARD KIRK

OUT of far fields, through inallumin'd ways,  
With weariness the gleaners bare their sheaves,  
With painful ardor gathered straw by straw,  
To their great Master, he whose just reward  
Fails not, who knows himself their weariness,  
And gives to each his due. They came and stood  
Before him, and received, and gave him thanks.

And one who wore the gleaner's coat bare not  
A sheaf. He also stood; and for a time he spake  
No word. No word was spoke by any one of them—  
He nor his Master, nor his brethren there. At last  
He dared to look, and dared (at last) to speak,  
And said, “Master, I have no sheaf,” and dropped his eyes.

And silence deepened, for the Master spake  
No word, nor did his brethren utter words.

Then he who wore the gleaner's coat again  
Lifted his heavy eyes up to the face  
Which smiled upon him as upon a child,  
And to the faces of his brethren then,  
Which smiled as on the weakness of a child.  
Ah! terrible to merit such a smile!  
And then he fell before them on his face,  
And cried, “O Master! O my brethren, pour  
Upon me thy unquenched, consuming hate,  
But torment me no more in thy fierce love.”

# THE BISHOP AND THE FRONT-DOOR KEY

*By Helen Sherman Griffith*

*Author of "Incognito"*



THERE was a knock on the study-door—a knock so soft that it failed to gain the attention of the young clergyman bent over his desk.

Mrs. Percival knocked again and then, opening the door softly, peeped into the room.

"Oh Robert," she said gently, "please pay attention to me."

The clergyman looked up, smiled radiantly, and stretched out one arm to her. The other hand still held his pen. His wife crossed the room with a little rush and sat down on the broad arm of his chair.

"It has come," she said briefly, with ill-controlled excitement.

"What has?" The clergyman looked a trifle startled, for—he it confessed—he had been dreaming, in the intervals of composing next Sunday's sermon, of promotion and increased salary.

"The Bishop's letter. And he has accepted, Robert."

The clergyman was puzzled. He could not at the moment recall what the Bishop had been offered for acceptance or rejection.

"Don't you remember, dear?" said Mrs. Percival patiently, accustomed to her husband's tricks of memory. "He has been asked to deliver the address at the church convention exercises and we invited him to stay with us during his visit."

"Oh, of course I remember, Connie," exclaimed the clergyman, and they exchanged knowing glances.

"It is a very desirable position—that of assistant to the Bishop," said Mrs. Percival wistfully. "And it pays six hundred dollars more a year than you are getting now, Robert. We could do a great deal with fifty dollars more every month."

She slipped her arm around his neck as she perched on the arm of his chair, and leaned her cheek against the soft brown of his hair. They were lost in a silent reverie for a few moments. Then a cloud crossed the clergyman's face.

"How are you going to entertain the Bishop, dear?" he asked anxiously. "He is used to things so different. Can you manage with our



little establishment?—a maid-of-all-work, simple cooking, plated silver——”

“And ugly china and moulded glass——”

“Yes, all those little hurts that we have borne. I don’t want you to suffer any humiliation by exposing our poverty, Connie. If I thought that——”

“Edith Bright suggested that I hire another servant for just those few days. She has offered to lend me silver and—and things.”

The clergyman’s lower jaw squared itself.

“The monogram would not be the same,” was the only comment he offered, however.

“The Bishop might think them heirlooms if he noticed,” replied Mrs. Percival sweetly. “And Mrs. Jones, at the poor-farm, will let her Jennie come at four dollars a week.”

“A week! The Bishop isn’t going to stay a week, is he?”

“No, but Jennie could come a day or two before, to get the house ready, and stay a day or two after to straighten up—and wash the borrowed linen.”

“That is another suggestion of Mrs. Bright’s, I daresay?”

“Yes,” admitted Mrs. Percival slowly, as if unwilling to yield the originality of so thrifty a scheme. “And she says I can rent very good-looking Haviland china in course sets at Campbell’s.”

“Rented china in course sets. That means course luncheons, course dinners—perhaps even course breakfasts—of dishes we rarely afford as a luxury. Connie, dear, have you counted the cost?”

“It was only Edith’s suggestion, dear.”

The clergyman restrained his immediate reply, which, though human, might have been judged unclerical, and said after a moment:

“Mrs. Bright has never had to count the cost of things. She was only considering the feasibility of our raising our mode of life to meet that of the Bishop’s.”

Mrs. Percival’s pressed her cheek a little closer to her husband’s brow and did not answer.

“I would rather you never had the Bishop, dear—would rather give up all hope of promotion,” went on the clergyman earnestly, almost passionately, “than to have you suffer any mortification, or even embarrassment, in your extending of hospitalities. This plan of—of your friend’s sounds very simple and feasible, but it means infinite ‘living up to.’ Connie, dear, have you counted the cost?”

He clasped his wife’s hands and turned in his chair to face her. To his bewilderment, she was laughing.

“Yes, dear, I have counted the cost,” she said gayly, “and I find it too high. The venture would not be worth the price.”

She released her hands and, still balanced on the chair-arm, she

caught his face between her palms and kissed his mouth. Her sweet, womanly face grew serious.

"There will be no borrowed silver, no rented china, no hired-for-the-occasion maid, dearest. As you say, that was Mrs. Bright's suggestion. We shall receive the Bishop as we are. We shall give him the best of what we have and let the spirit of our hospitality be the presiding genius. We both wish for great things to come of this visit, we have hung heavy hopes upon it, but let us win whatever we get naturally, Robert. Let us—let us stand in our own shoes," she ended abruptly.

The clergyman smiled and kissed her once again.

"The ending was rather a come-down from your flow of eloquence, my dear, but it hit the nail on the head. You are a sensible, level-headed little woman. In my private opinion the Bishop, who, of course, knows our means, will, in spite of his sweetbreads-and-mushrooms appetite, respect us all the more for living within them. If he doesn't, he's not the kind of Bishop whose coadjutor I aspire to be."

The clergyman returned to his interrupted sermon and Mrs. Percival to the impractical suggestions of her friend, Mrs. Bright. She did not tell that kindly but ambitious adviser that she had no intention of following her advice—and thus kept her friend's good-will and had her own way at the same time.

The Bishop arrived and was received by two cordial young people, who greeted him affectionately and made him completely at home. Within five minutes he was seated in a leather-cushioned Morris chair, before a glowing coal-fire, watching Mrs. Percival prepare a cup of tea with a brass kettle and a sputtering alcohol lamp. The tea certainly never cost a dollar a pound and the cup that held it was of ordinary china, but the china was thin and decorated with pink rose-buds, and the aroma of the fresh-brewed tea was refreshing. Moreover, there was a plate of tiny sponge-cakes that fairly melted in the mouth. Mrs. Percival acknowledged that she had made them herself an hour before.

The Bishop settled himself in his comfortable chair and glanced about the little room. The furnishings were of the simplest and most inexpensive, but there was an air of comfort, of homeiness, about everything that warmed the heart. The Bishop, who was a portly old gentleman with a great mind and greater heart, had accepted the manners and habits of his exalted station, but he was by nature of the simplest tastes. Therefore, at the end of ten minutes and his cup of tea, he beamed upon his hostess and made that request which only his closest intimates were given the privilege of granting—he asked to be given milk-toast for his supper.

How Mrs. Percival rejoiced that Jennie Jones was safe at home at the poor-farm, Mrs. Bright's silver locked securely away in a trunk upstairs, and that the order for rented Haviland china in courses,

which Mrs. Bright had officiously given in Mrs. Percival's name, had been countermanded. And how proud was the clergyman in having a clever, sweet, home-making wife.

The Bishop reflected seriously, when he went to bed that night, upon the subject of a coadjutor. In its way, the matter was as important to him as to the clergyman. The Bishop's need was an able assistant; the clergyman's, the practical encouragement of a promotion.

"If this young man is as deep and earnest as my short acquaintance leads me to believe," he concluded mentally, "I don't see why he is not the very man for the place. He is intellectual—brainy; and he certainly has a helpmeet in his wife. I wonder if they are always on such good terms with each other," mused the wily Bishop, "or whether these are 'company manners'? I'll have a chance to judge before I leave, no doubt," and the Bishop turned over and slept the sleep of a quiet conscience and a good digestion.

His chance to judge came the following evening.

The exercises at the convention were long and somewhat arduous. The Bishop received an ovation, and the afternoon reception was prolonged. The rectory party arrived at home with only a limited time in which to prepare for and eat their supper before starting off again upon the evening's festivities.

Comic-paper cartoons to the contrary, a woman always makes her toilet for going out before her husband accomplishes his. Mrs. Percival was dressed, had given the maid-of-all-work, who did not sleep in the house, her final directions for early morning duties, and was seated, hatted and jacketed, in the cosy living-room with the Bishop for quite ten minutes before the clergyman descended, warm with haste and with unmated gloves.

"Never mind, I'll fetch you the right ones while you mend the furnace," said Mrs. Percival, and ran upstairs for the gloves, while the clergyman bolted into the cellar.

They left the house in a flutter and were two squares away before the absent-minded clergyman clapped his hand on his trowsers-pocket and exclaimed:

"I've left the latch-key behind!"

"I have it, Robert, dear," said Mrs. Percival serenely. "It was on the mantel and I slipped it into my coat-pocket while we were waiting for you."

"Thanks. Hadn't you better let me have it, dear?"

"Well, let me give it to you when we get to the hall. I can't bear to take my hands out of my muff now. Oh, how cold it has grown, just since this afternoon."

The key was completely forgotten by all concerned. It was close upon midnight when the trio descended from the last trolley-car at

the rectory corner. Mrs. Bright had been horrified to learn that they had walked to the hall, and insisted that the clergyman order a carriage by telephone to take them home. The Bishop took a hand in the discussion and compromised upon a trolley-car.

The feeling of dismay awakened by a slapping of his empty pockets was succeeded quickly in the clergyman's mind by the relieved thought that his wife had the front-door key.

"Connie, dear, let's have the key, and I'll run up the path ahead and get the door open for you. It's too cold to stand about."

Mrs. Percival pulled a set of reluctant fingers out of the warm down of her muff and fumbled in her coat-pocket. A blank expression crossed her face in the darkness.

"I—I don't seem to have it, Robert, dear. Didn't I give it to you? I remember your asking for it."

"No, you said your hands were too cold then. When we reached the hall we forgot."

"But I put it in. I—it—let's see if it's in the other pocket."

She explored the depth of each pocket; she took off her gloves and searched again. No key was to be found. The little party had meanwhile entered the rectory gate and walked slowly up the path to the small, dark house.

"Won't the servant hear if you ring?" suggested the Bishop hopefully.

"The servant does not sleep in the house. She always goes home at night. Perhaps we've been careless for once and left a window open, Robert."

"Not likely," said the clergyman with imperturbable cheerfulness, "but I'll have a try. Of course, we are going to get in *somehow*," he added to the Bishop. "It's only a question of contrivance. Connie, have you looked again in both pockets?"

"My hands have not stopped feeling, Robert."

"You don't happen to have a pocket in your dress?"

"No, dear Bishop. That is one of the 'Woman's Rights' still denied us. But you have a bunch of keys in your pocket. Let me try if any of those will fit."

The clergyman and the Bishop tested all the first-story windows, while Mrs. Percival tried keys in the impassive lock. The windows were all secured and none of the keys fitted. Then they held a council. The Bishop's unwonted exertion had made him warm, and when he stood still, the icy wind blowing against his heated form was chilly and uncomfortable. He noted mentally that the clergyman and his wife had not yet lost themselves in abusive language.

"Company manners hold pretty strong if it is only restraint," he reflected, and watched, forgetting his own annoyance.

Suddenly Mrs. Percival laughed—a low, quick laugh of deep amusement.

"Robert," she said softly, and her voice rippled with fun, "Robert, I'm afraid you'll have to go down the coal-chute."

The clergyman gasped at the idea. The coal-chute was a long, box-like tunnel about twelve by eighteen inches in size, black and smutty, of course, which ran under the porch on a slight incline and communicated by means of a glass window with the coal-bin in the cellar. The clergyman removed a latticed screen in the front of the porch that concealed the coal-chute from outside view and surveyed the small, square, black hole dubiously. Mrs. Percival and the Bishop surveyed it too.

"Are you sure you have tried *all* the windows?" the Bishop asked of the clergyman.

"Every one on the first story."

"Are you sure the key is not in your pocket, dear Madam?" he asked of Mrs. Percival.

Mrs. Percival felt again futilely.

"It must have dropped out when I tossed my coat on the back of a chair in the dressing-room," she said sadly.

"Then there's nothing else for it, my dear man. I'll hold your coat."

The clergyman removed his overcoat and handed it to the Bishop. With a sigh for his best coat, he clambered feet foremost into the chute. Mrs. Percival felt hysterical. The Bishop would never engage a coadjutor whom he could recollect having seen under such undignified circumstances!

The clergyman writhed down the chute like an elongated crab, until his patent-leather shoes came in contact with the cellar-window. It was necessary to remove this obstacle to his further progress. Clergymen are supposed, constitutionally or because of their cloth, to know nothing about dancing. But though even a clergyman could perform a *double shuffle* on level ground if put to it, when lying on one's back at an angle of twenty-two degrees in a narrow, box-like tunnel a simple jig is more difficult of execution.

The clergyman did his strenuous best, and at the end came a crunch of splintered woodwork and the crash of glass. This sound was followed in the ears of the anxious listeners above by a dull thud and then a sickening silence. Mrs. Percival squeezed the Bishop's arm apprehensively.

"The chute takes a sudden drop at the window and there isn't much coal in the bin. Do you suppose he is very badly hurt?"

"Call down to him," suggested the Bishop in a voice of concern.

"Robert!" called Mrs. Percival, "*Robert!*"



There was a moment of breathless silence, and then the clergyman's voice came out to them hollowly.

"The door at the top of the cellar steps is locked on the other side."

Mrs. Percival was speechless at the tragedy of the situation. She plunged her hands into her coat-pockets to search for her handkerchief, for the double purpose of wiping away her tears and stopping up her mouth, for the laughter would come. The Bishop had not grasped the significance of the clergyman's words. That he could speak assured them that Robert was safe, and he waited patiently for him to go through the house to the front door and let them in. The night wind was bleak and the Bishop was no longer young.

Suddenly Mrs. Percival shrieked. It was a low-toned, semi-voiced shriek, but it spoke a volume of enigmas. The Bishop thought she had stuck herself on a pin. The clergyman down in the dark cellar interpreted it as a frenzy of dismay.

"Perhaps I can break it open," he called up through the sepulchral medium of the chute.

"Oh Robert," his wife replied, her voice floating down to him as dulcet as a spring breeze blowing over clover, "Oh Robert, I'm so, so sorry. Will you forgive me?"

The Bishop listened with amazement. But the clergyman, whose keen mind had an almost feminine power of jumping at conclusions, smiled—a bit grimly, perhaps, but he smiled.

"Where was it?" he called.

The Bishop stared at a sound of ripping, and saw Mrs. Percival's arm plunge into the recesses of her coat, far below the limit drawn for the depth of even a woman's pocket.

"There—there was a hole in my pocket," she called in confession, and slowly drew forth—the missing key.

Here was the Bishop's test. He held his breath. It would never do to engage a coadjutor whom he knew to be addicted to the use of strong language, nor one who quarrelled with his wife.

"Well, hurry up and unlock the door, and remember I'm a prisoner down here," called the clergyman with incredible amiability. "I'm thankful we've found the key to the situation."

The Bishop shivered in the cold night air and shook his head. It was "company manners." Anything else under the circumstances would be unnatural. He would listen with his bedroom door ajar for the aftermath. The decision at stake justified the act.

Mrs. Percival unlocked and opened the front door, and while the Bishop stood over the register she disappeared into the back entry. There was the sound of a withdrawal of bolts and of persons groping in the dark. Then the clergyman emerged, looking like a coal-heaver.

Apologies were exchanged hastily. The clergyman's voice shook perceptibly, and Mrs. Percival murmured her good-nights inaudibly, her face averted.

The Bishop was conscious of a distinct sensation of disappointment.

He had grown fond of these two simple, natural young people; they were wholesome, charming. And the clergyman would have made a capital coadjutor. He had even reached the point of determining that the salary of the office in question be raised. He left his door ajar and listened resignedly for the storm of tears and upbraidings.

The clergyman and his wife turned off the gas and tiptoed up to their bedroom in silence. The door was closed softly and Mrs. Percival threw herself into her husband's grimy arms.

"Oh Robert," she whispered, "we nearly froze the Bishop and I suppose it is all up with the coadjutorship, but oh, it *was* so funny!"

And suddenly upon the Bishop's amazed ear there poured forth a loud, double peal of laughter, masculine and feminine, running from soul-rejoicing bass into delicious cadences of treble fun.



## LIFE'S HIGHWAY

BY FRANK FARRINGTON

DUSTY, down the valley way,  
The riband of the road,  
A long, brown streamer in the sun,  
Leads off from my abode.

I sit, a loafer in the shade  
Before my house of clay,  
And wonder, wonder as I sit,  
Where leads that long highway.



## BEWILDERMENT

BY RUPERT HUGHES

HOW can I think or act,  
With a mind athrob with one fact,  
With a soul aghast and afraid  
Of a Life so maladjusted?  
For the only one that I trusted  
Is the only one that betrayed.

# BEYOND THE OUTPOSTS

*By Lieutenant L. B., United States Army*

IT has been my good fortune to see a number of the outposts of the British Army. I have played billiards with their troops in Gibraltar, and danced with them in Malta, and sweated with them in Egypt. In Arabia I have learned beside them the hopelessness of unending stretches of blinding sand on one side and a sea of molten blue on the other—seen across a glass of warm Scotch and soda. I have known them in Ceylon and in the Straits Settlements, and I have sat with their irregular cousins in Borneo, and talked of alligators, and of forts taken by rushes through bamboo entanglements, until the Cross was pale in the sky over the mountains to the south.

But to my mind the most admirable specimens of English sentinels I have ever seen are persons who wear no uniform at all, and who are very far removed from such places as the Union Club at "Gib," or the polo field where on Thursday afternoons men in pink and white shirts cause crowds of admiring girls in 'rickshaws to gather under the trees opposite Raffles's Hotel in Singapore.

A year ago I found by accident one of the sort I mean. It was at a table in La India Coffee-House, off the Plaza Bolivar in Caracas. We glared at each other as proper white men should for a moment, and then, remembering, we bowed and introduced ourselves. For in South America every English-speaking man is your brother until he has proved that he steals or deals cards carelessly, and your flask and your tobacco-jar and your house are his without asking for the sake of your common tongue.

He had been in Venezuela then for ten years. He was managing a little railroad up the coast for an English company, and he had just come down to Caracas to see his wife off on a visit home. She had broken down, he told me, and had to go back for her health.

"Why didn't you go with her?" I asked.

His eyes lit up with a wistful thought of the English hedges.

"Ah God," he said, "I wanted to badly, but I couldn't leave the road."

There was something attractive about a man who would not leave a two-foot-gauge South American Railroad for a leave in England, and I asked him to dinner.

It was a pleasant little dinner. The American Chargé d'Affaires

was there, and the Naval Attaché, and we talked of home and of cold Christmases over snapper packed across the hills from La Guayra and claret smuggled in from Curaçoa by an enterprising sailing-master. The Chargé had been up the Englishman's road once. In a spirit of politeness we all told him we had heard of it, and we said how rich the country was and what prospects it undoubtedly had. As a matter of fact, no white man who could help himself ever went near it for fear of fever and smallpox, and we all knew that the last revolution had killed so many of the people that the plantations were desolate for want of men to work them.

The Englishman heard us gratefully. After all, it was his country in a way.

"Ah," he said, though, at last, driven to honesty, "it's a rich country and all that, but it's so rotten lonely. Down here you have ice and good eating and drinking, and you have the news and white people to talk to. But back there—man, I tell you it's hell sometimes."

He leaned forward and put his arms on the table, talking in the earnest, single way of his race.

"I've been there ten years now, all but nine months. And my wife was with me three. Think of that—three years out in the jungle with not a friend or a new face to see from month's end to month's end. For eight months at a stretch once, during the Revolution, we didn't get a word from outside; and for eighteen we didn't see a government soldier. I was out every day, and she was alone with the servants when I went. She never knew whether I would be killed or not. The filthy brutes forced their way into my place. We had to feed them and shelter them. They would have shot me like a dog if they had taken the fancy. My God, think of that life for a girl just out from home! She has told me in the mornings sometimes that when she knelt down by the bed to pray the night before she had asked that we might both be taken together while we were asleep."

We all sat silent, watching him, except the Naval Attaché. He said "Hell!" with emphasis.

"She saved my life," the Englishman went on, "three times. Once I was nearly crazy. I had been going up and down the road day and night, begging them not to destroy the bridges or smash up the cars. I saved a lot of property that way. But I was worn out, I tell you. When I came home she was waiting for me. She had been worried to death. I had been gone for four days that time, and when I saw how pale and tired she was, for all that she was smiling and fixed up to look as sweet as ever, I went sort of off my head, I suppose. I wanted to kill the dogs that caused it all. And just then a party came to the gate. It was closed. I ran downstairs and out into the garden. They were fumbling with the lock. They called to me to open it. I

told them I would be damned first. They raised their rifles and covered me. I knew they would kill me, but I couldn't give in,—could you?—and I was standing there in the path for them to fire when my wife slipped by me and called to them to wait, and ran out and unlocked the gate herself. If she hadn't done that, they would have murdered me where I stood."

His eyes watered as he spoke, and he raised his glass, laughing a little.

"My God, she's the right sort!" he said.

"Why on earth did you stay?" I asked.

The Englishman looked a bit embarrassed.

"Well," he said, "you see it was this way. There was the road, and somebody had to look out for it, or it would have gone to ruin. The Revolutionists nearly wrecked it as it was. And I knew no one else would come when the Revolution was on. It wouldn't have been fair to the company not to stick. It was—well, it was rather a point of honor, you see."

He left Caracas in a week, and the last thing he did was to ask me most pressingly to visit him.

"If you don't mind living in the backwoods a while," he said, "and I'll be busy all day. But it would be so good to have you come, especially now, when it will be lonely with my wife away. Do you know—I am afraid to go back. I am afraid to see the old things the way she left them. Come, if you can—won't you?"

So after a fortnight I went.

There were two ways of reaching the sea terminus of the Englishman's road. One was by following the coast-line over an old Indian trail for some forty miles. In doing this it was necessary to ford three swollen rivers and to carry all your supplies. So I chose the other method, by a small, side-wheeled tub of a craft which made two knots in good weather and was ineffably unclean, and was employed by the Englishman's road as a freight-boat connecting with the world outside.

It was a twenty-four hours' trip. You had to sleep on deck, on the greasy boards or on bags of straw that stunk and were full of vermin. The sea was smooth, but the boat rolled and groaned fearfully. I could faintly imagine what must have been the feelings of that brave little English bride when she left the liner at the port and embarked on this foul craft for her new home. No man can understand the courage any woman must have to smile on her wedding-day as she goes away from home with the strange new man who is her husband. But when she marches cheerfully into a jungle like that, where no other woman is, it is more than courageous. We have no word that quite tells what it is.



The sun was going down as we crept into port. The town lay on the edge of the sea, in the full open, surrounded with reaches of blazing sand and groves of scrubby bushes. The houses were all huts or temporary frame buildings painted white. From a distance the place looked like a sick sea-bird huddled on the beach.

I was still searching in vain with my field-glasses for something resembling an inn, when we pulled up to the wharf and a man in khaki jumped on board, calling my name. He was a white man, English, and more beautiful to my eyes than the first flowers of spring to a lovesick girl. The superintendent of the road, he said, had heard I was coming. He was sorry to be busy up the line himself, but he had ordered a house prepared for me, and could I not go over when I was ready and take tea with the wife of the road's engineer? He regretted that he was engaged himself at the boat, but his boy would take my things and show me my house, and later the way to the engineer's, if I cared to go.

So, thanking Heaven, I went houseward, following a boy staggering under my bags. It was a clean little cottage of two rooms and a kitchen, with a bed and a pine table and a barrack chair, and finally—oh, stamp of the Anglo-Saxon!—a tub and a shower. There was a Jamaica negro to look out for me. He was a rare old gossip, and while I shaved he told me about the road, and retailed the horrors of the Revolution. He pointed out with the pride of a personal proprietor a number of bullet-holes in the walls of my house, in particular to one through which a man had been mortally wounded. "An' he died, seh, on that same bed theh." I was on one of the battle-grounds of the race.

In my single suit of white I went for tea with the engineer's wife. I found her living in a frame cottage surrounded by the abortive foundations of a house that had never been finished. Later I learned that these had been used as breastworks during the war. My hostess met me with the peculiar charm that a well-bred woman of our own kind always seems to possess in the far-off corners of the world. I had unconsciously counted on finding a masculine person who wore boots and a pistol-belt, and had large hands, red with labor. But instead I found myself beside a table set with Dresden, and opposite a sweet and delicate lady who poured tea with the grace of the women we love best to think of at home. We talked of the new operas and the latest books, and of European politics and of American trusts, and of the theatres, and of other kindred subjects, until it was with a start that my eyes wandered from the attractive face and the tea-things before me and the pile of sketches and *Pall Malls* and *London Illustrated Weeklies* at my side, out to the white cottages and the sea and the far-off islands, purple in the dying sun. I had entirely forgotten

that I was in South America, at the terminus of a two-foot-gauge railroad in the smallpox and yellow-fever belt.

"How on earth do you do it?" I asked vaguely.

"What?" she said, smiling.

"This," I answered, making a comprehensive gesture that included at once herself, the tea-table, the magazine rack, and the etchings on the walls inside. "It is really home, and not South America at all."

She laughed.

"Oh," she said, "we must do our best. It is hard, though—sometimes." And in her eyes I saw the same look I had seen in my Englishman's when I asked him why he had not gone home with his wife.

"Wasn't it frightful for you in the Revolution?"

"It was pretty bad sometimes," she said. "Look here." And rising, she pointed over the side of the porch to a mass of old wood fencing plated with iron. "That was a breastwork my husband fixed up to put in our bedroom. When the firing started at night he used to make me get behind it with the baby."

She said it simply and impersonally, as a woman at home would tell you that she had seen the tennis tournament the summer before at Newport.

"But did they really fire through the house?"

"Oh, often," she said, "I can show you the bullet-holes now. But that wasn't the worst. The trouble was getting food and supplies. And then when our fleet bombarded the forts at Puerto Cabello the people here threatened to kill us. You know, we had to leave at last."

"How did you get away?" I asked. "Were there any steamers running?"

"No," she said, "we got away one night when there was a storm, in a rowboat to that island off there." She pointed to a small, uninhabited sand-bar off the coast. "We had food and water enough for a few days. And then some of the men went on in the rowboat and brought a little steamer back to carry us over to Curaçoa."

If you had heard the way she told this, you would appreciate the fulness of it. If she had tried to be dramatic, and had talked in a broken way about "my baby boy" and the horrors of the open boat and the dangers of the sea, it would have lost nine-tenths of its effect. But as it was, you realized that this quiet, well-bred woman on the other side of the tea-tray deserved the V.C. or a D.S.O. quite as much as men who had won them under fire, saving guns, or carrying back wounded comrades at the risk of their own lives. And when you looked down at the photographs of men with ribbons and bits of metal on their breasts in the *Illustrated Weeklies* you had a feeling that no matter how fine they were, they were really occupying space to which other people were more entitled.

I left the terminus early in the morning on the train that runs every few days. It was composed chiefly of empty cars going up for coffee. The road ran through the densest jungle. It was such underbrush as you could not possibly go through without a bolo or an axe to cut a path, and over it the huge tropical trees towered to incredible heights, dropping streamers of vines that looked like cables and that served as elevators for troops of monkeys. The conductor was a pleasant chap, who pointed out the culverts and bridges that had been destroyed during the Revolution, and the lines of earthworks the combatants had had constructed, and who told me at each station how many people had recently died of yellow fever or smallpox in the neighborhood. There was one place, I remember, where the station-master was the seventh who had been there in two years. The other six had all died of the fever. It was only fair to say, though, that this was considered an unusually unhealthy spot.

As we went on, slowly plodding up grade, I could not help wondering again about that English bride when she had made the journey first. Each additional mile of dark, fever-infested jungle, where the sun never reached the ground, and death lurked in every fallen tree, must have cut into the girl's heart more sharply as it took her farther from home and the world she knew. There was a high romance about it that carried your thoughts back to the Golden Days of the world, and the ladies who used to ride alone behind their knights in Arthur's time, sharing the bed of leaves and the crust of bread happily, if only they might nurse their "*dere lorde's*" wounds.

It was towards noon that we came to the end of our fifty-mile ride, and the train stopped at the half-way station where my Englishman had set up his Lares and Penates by the machine-shop of his company. He was on the car before it stopped, and shaking my hand in both of his in a way quite un-English but wholly delightful.

"Jove," he said, over and over again, "*I am glad to see you, my dear fellow!*"

An assembly of boys gathered up my traps and followed us up the hill to the house he pointed out as his. As we approached, a fine old bull terrier came bounding down the path to meet us.

"Hello, Jack," my host called, snapping his fingers to him. "He's my wife's," he added to me with a pretty air of reverence.

We passed through the gate in a tall hedge to a neat lawn, closely cut and set with flowers, and then out from the blazing sun into the cool, dim house inside. It was an attractive interior, with guns and hunting crops in the corners, and shelves of books about, and copies of "*The Thin Red Line*" and "*My Brave Irish*" mixed in with an array of coaching prints and old sporting pictures in dark wooden frames on the walls. It struck me as having a remarkably audacious

air for the mere inside of a house—as if it had kicked out of the front door all the signs of a strange land and had hoisted the Union Jack in the very centre of a foreign republic. From the print of the fat squire taking a cropper at a nasty hedge to the soda siphon and the decanter of Scotch on the table, it was a most proudly defiant interior. You bowed to it humbly as you came in, and were glad that the United States and England were on amicable terms.

This was the spirit that pervaded the place. My Englishman never let droop for a moment the colors that a true son of the Empire flies over his actions. He had his little garden where he raised English vegetables. In his flower-beds he had planted English flowers. He had built a barnyard where English-looking chickens pecked for English-looking worms.

He lived in the same healthy, uncomfortable fashion that I suppose Alfred the Great suffered from. He had coffee served in bed at dawn, and dragged me out, an unwilling martyr to patriotism, to scale virgin mountains for two long hours. Then we tubbed in a great stone tank he had built. And afterwards we breakfasted on bacon and greens and eggs and marmalade from Dundee. Next he was off to work, leaving me to smoke my pipe and talk to Jack and read back numbers of *Punch*. At noon he returned. We had our luncheon and he was away again. At five he was ready for tea and biscuits on the porch and—another walk and another tub. Afterwards we dined.

We always dressed for dinner. He told me that even when he was quite alone he never failed to do it. You may find something humorous in the thought of that solitary man, fifty miles from the nearest edge of a trackless forest, gravely putting on full dress every night to drink his cocktail and dine and smoke his cigar alone. You may smile at it and say, "The bull-headed Englishman!" or something of the kind. But to me it was not a joke. For I sat with him watching the stars blazing over the mountains towards the unknown West, and talked with him of home, and the foot-ball games at his public school, and the "place" his people had, and the plans that lay deep in his heart some day to go back with his wife and live again in the England they loved. He clung to the old forms and ideas and habits as Napoleon's broken battalions in 1812 clung to their ragged colors as they left Russia. To him they were the mark of the Blood—the outward token of his honor.

For two weeks I stayed with him. I went up and down the road with him, examining the bed, counting on the freight to come, laboring to build up new engines that could not be paid for from old wrecks that could not be used, reasoning and pleading with ignorant, half-savage peasants as a patient teacher reasons with a child. I went with him to villages crawling with smallpox, and I slept with him in houses

shot to pieces with rifle-bullets and shell, and stained with the blood of men who had been slaughtered there in the days when he and his wife were risking all they had to save "the road" for a company at home. And when I left him finally I felt ashamed to go, as a soldier might feel who left a comrade behind to hold a pass against an attack alone.



## DAY

BY F. DAVIS

THERE is your day.  
Up! Away!

The still, unblown-on forest stirs;  
The doves' nests in the deep black firs  
Move and pulse and beat;  
Quivers of leaves, like heat,  
Run down the birches' boughs;  
One steady wind-blade ploughs  
A furrow in the lake;  
The small wild roses take  
Sudden warm blushes; all the sky  
Grows into blue.—O Sun, come by!  
The forest breathes and waits:  
Birds call their mates:  
White flowers shake on stems:  
Lake ripples gleam like gems:  
The morning star is near to die:—  
Sun! come by!

You, sleepy-eyed, leap up; let slip  
Warm dreams, and make your lashes drip.  
With quick cold water. Eat, and pray  
Before the sun, and laugh, and say,  
"God's joy be with my world to-day."

There is your day.  
Up! Away!



# VIRGINIA POTLUCK

*By Sarah Chichester Page*



## I.

SITTING under the currant-bushes to-day with a big tin bucket to fill, there was much time for reflection—and I reflected.

Truly, a girl in an old Virginia country house is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.

And also to plenty of fun.

I was there because the jelly must be made. There are many lambs to be eaten at Newington this summer, and lamb without jelly would not be Newington. Twice I sent the cook to pick the currants yesterday, and twice he didn't go a step. Naturally, it would be the gardener's place to pick them, but, of course, he is in the harvest-field. Then there was Uncle Henry, but he was churning to-day: and it is so cool and dark in the dairy he sleeps a good deal, and it takes the whole morning, even with someone to go and wake him every now and then. He is little and old and wrinkled, and the color of a caramel when it is soft enough to bend. He really looks so comfortable, with his arms folded over the churn and his woolly black head on them, that I hate to wake him to ask heartlessly if the butter has come.

Picking currants is a beautiful and romantic thing to do, you know, besides the walk in an old-fashioned garden. But after the thunderstorm of yesterday and the heavy dews of this morning there were pools of water in the long grass; and the sun was getting hot, and there would be no breeze till nine o'clock. So my costume was chosen to suit the circumstances and occasion—which it did. I wore a violet matinée with many little white silk frills falling from the open throat and over the shoulders, chosen because it had no sleeves and hung quite loose—not to impede the work. Beneath was my doeskin fishing skirt, which is seriously short—indeed, it was made for somebody else (as quite a lot of my things are) and reached too short a way below my knees. On my feet were overshoes over my slippers—and so I sat calmly amidst the pools of water and picked my bucket full, untrammelled by the exigencies of toilet.

And while I picked I read this letter, which Uncle Henry brought from town last night, and, fortunately, remembered to give me before he went to sleep on his churn. It was from Cousin Jane. We expected her to come for a long visit this summer. She lives down the

country and we don't see her very often. And now she says: "It seems impossible for me to pay my long-promised visit to Newington. William's wife is not at all well this summer, and should not stay in Richmond, so I've asked her to come to Kinloch with her family. Where I am to get a cook I can't imagine, for Susan threatens to leave every day, and, of course, she will go as soon as those children get here. But I write to tell you Conway Nelson is here now and is going over into your neighborhood looking for a horse, and I've persuaded him to go straight to Newington and stay a few days with you. It seems a shame that you've never known him. He is your own second cousin and is lovely in every way. He will go by the train and reach you Friday evening."

Now, that is this very evening, and I've got to go to town to meet him, and Uncle Henry has got to wash my trap, and do it before he goes milking. I'll go and see about that now, and tell the cook to have waffles for supper. And what on earth shall I wear? I truly want to look nice. He never was here in his life—and I like all the cousins from down the country. But I wonder if I ought to kiss him? Second cousin—of course, one ought: and down there, there is such an etiquette in these things. Ah, well, at the train it might not be expected, and afterwards—I'll see what he is like. I surely should not like to have him go back and tell Cousin Jane we did not claim him as a cousin.

The cook to-day is a man. The day before yesterday she was a woman, and she left while the supper was cooking because Isabel told her she must not burn up the rolls any more.

"You put this beautiful bread into the stove," Isabel remonstrated, "and sit down to write letters, and presently take out charcoal tablets."

Then Isabel went to feed the chickens, and when she came back the cook was just disappearing over the hill, and we had the charcoal tablets all right. Isabel is our cousin, and also our housekeeper.

## II.

On the whole, Conway Nelson is a success, notwithstanding the fact that I have been hearing his praises sung for years.

Being related to him on every side, I seemed to know him intimately at once, and he slipped into the Newington ways like an old shoe.

The question of buying the horse was, of course, the absorbing one from the first.

He had met on the train Mr. White, a neighbor of ours, had told him he wanted a horse, and Mr. White had most politely offered to drive him into the adjoining county some day to look at one or two he knew about there which might possibly suit.

We had little faith in Mr. White—whom we had known for some time—in various ways. And when, one day, Conway made the appointment to go with him I immediately asked him to drive my horse and take me too.

This papa thought outrageous.

In Virginia a woman is considered most appropriately placed when in her own home, and that I should suggest joining men on a horse deal was simply extraordinary.

But Conway was kind, and though papa pictured every evil in the calendar, and I felt like a brazen idol, I went.

Mr. White looked like the Bull of Bashan too when he arrived and found me seated in the trap with Conway, and the latter began overwhelming him with regrets and excuses for not driving with him.

"You see, Mr. White, my little cousin couldn't resist such a beautiful day, and she is devoted to fine horses, and it is so rarely we men can get such good company on a business trip, you know." Poor fellow, I felt quite sorry for his position.

Mr. White hummed and glared and said he didn't know Miss Betty was so keen a judge of horses. And then his eye fell upon my precious little horse, Somebody, and he became reassured. For it was well known that I had bought him after careful trial and inspection, and it was perfectly apparent to all that he had one eye as blind as a bat. When I bought him, he certainly winked the eye if you fanned him hard with your hand, and he continues to do it to this day, and that is the only indication of blindness he has ever shown as far as I know.

Being firmly convinced there was some rascality on foot where Mr. White was concerned, and being utterly at sea as to how I could detect or prevent it, since I knew no more about the unsoundness of a horse than I suspected Conway of knowing, I still determined upon a signal by which I could give him a hint of any suspicion I might form, telling him that in case I saw anything crooked I should show a marked interest in buzzards, they being entirely impersonal, I thought.

Conway has a much more trustful disposition than mine, or it may be that down the country they have seen less of the horse business than we have and been less thrown with Northern dealers; but by the time we had driven fifteen miles and talked over some of the strange ways of people he began to feel a little anxious too.

Finally Mr. White drew up at a place I had never seen, and led the way into a ramshackle barnyard, where he greeted a stupid-looking old man, telling him he wished to see his horses. They were turned out, he said, in a small field next the barn lot, but if Mr. White and Conway would help him drive them up—there was no one else about. So I sat and held Somebody by the fence, and they disappeared over the hill.

Presently they came again, herding up some half-dozen colts and work horses, and one such-a-beauty thing, with docked tail and pretty head, though rough from several days of running out.

She came racing over the hill, and I saw Conway could never resist her, she shone out so by contrast with her plebeian company. And just then Somebody gave a little prance and neighed, which was quickly answered by the beauty mare, who flew up to the fence where we stood and put her head over to kiss Somebody, just exactly as she did every day of her life in the lower field at home; for if I ever recognized an old friend who needed brushing, there stood Mr. White's blooded mare Phyllis!—a dainty thing to look at, but papa said she was so "over in front" that she was likely to fall whenever she was ridden.

It was over in a moment; they had gone by to the gate with a rush. Conway came near enough to call, all out of breath as he was, "Don't you like her, Betty?" But I was gazing straight up into the blue above, and replied absently, "Hail, poor lonely buzzard, hail, and tell me who I shall see unexpectedly to-day." You know in Virginia, when you say that, if the buzzard soars on without flapping, you are sure to see the unexpected one. He didn't flap this time, because there was no buzzard in sight, but I certainly had seen something I had not expected!

I don't know what Conway got up as an excuse for not taking the mare. I spent all my time admiring the scenery and looking for more buzzards. And very soon we were on the way home and I was telling him all about Phyllis.

In the cool of the evening Somebody was very fresh, and I took the reins to see that she went slowly down the hills, while Conway held my—hat.

That matter of kissing him was still under discussion. We had talked of it many times out on the river, in the long evenings since he came. He had never heard of not kissing one's cousin. To tell the truth, I hadn't either, but I did hear it was going out. And I told him I had heard that in the North they didn't kiss their cousins on the mouth.

"Where in the world do they kiss them, then, Betty?" But this I didn't know. I rather wished I had inquired.

He had promised me he would not do it; but this evening he said it was best to state frankly that he should probably break the promise, for he didn't care to be so swell after all. I told him I had never in my life heard so much talk in a family about kissing. It amounted to nothing, anyhow, and was not worth considering. Having reached home at this point, I whispered Uncle Henry my suspicions about Phyllis as he led Somebody down to the stable, and instructed him what to do. And I felt decidedly gratified on rising from the supper-

table to find him waiting for me by the back porch, with—"Lord, Miss Betty, I done slip over to Mr. White's, and that mare's stall is plum empty. Dat man beats de bobtail!"

That night Conway rowed me far up the river, and tied the boat to some piles we knew about up there.

The lights from the town were shining deep down in the water, and a long way off a band was playing "Santiago," with a cornet holding its breath on that long, perfect note.

We were talking a little about things that were sad, and Conway put his face down against mine while he told me how glad he was that he had found me, and how dear a friend I had come to be, and how much it meant in his life to have a little cousin just like me—and then, quick as lightning, *he did it!*

It was so long a kiss the stars went out of the sky and the lights out of the river, and the waltz and the water seemed roaring all together in my ears. And as he raised his head his voice was so hoarse I did not know it, and he said, "Betty, you love me!"

Conway never said the right thing in his life. Of course, he meant it just the other way. But it was very upsetting—all together; and, on the whole, I really think it is better, perhaps, not to put these things off so long.

### III.

IN the early morning hour I heard a whispered colloquy at Isabel's door. Supposing it to be the usual prayer for "just two more eggs for de cornbread and a leetle extra lard," I slept again—to be wakened half an hour later with the fatal cry so familiar to our ears, "The cook's gone again and there's a warrant after him; he's run clean away."

He was quite out of sight, and despair settled down upon me. He had told Isabel that he had been with Uncle Henry to call upon "Miss Molly," in the town; that something had made the lady a little difficult, an unpleasantness arose, and he "jest took up a rock in his hand." Miss Molly meantime deftly threw an arm round Uncle Henry's neck and cut him to pieces with a pocket-knife. Isaac (the cook) escaped and got home to gather up his effects and get on the train for Washington. Isabel tried to quiet him, and he promised to go and get breakfast; but out of her sight his terror overtook him again and he fled.

Of course, we all hung out of our windows in various night array and talked over the whole affair for a full hour, and then proceeded to the kitchen to get breakfast. Presently there was a ring at the telephone and an obliging young man whom we did not know—a visitor in the neighborhood—called up to say he had just helped the doctor to put fifty-two stitches in Uncle Henry and thought he'd let us know, as we might be inconvenienced about the milking.



I wanted to have all the men mounted and scouring the country, to stop the cook and assure him I would hide him under my bed if the officers came for him, for I felt I could never live without his waffles. Otherwise he was entirely worthless. But the weather was so hot, and the house filled with company, and no other cook to be had in all the countryside. Of course, the men in the family objected to this. On principle it is not wise to be hiding criminals, and, besides, they believed in their souls the waffles would be quite as good if *we* made them.

So they all lay about in the hammocks,—it was Sunday, and far too exciting for church,—and obviously nothing could be done but shoot at bull-bats in such an emergency as this. And Isabel and I managed the housework as best we could, and prayed the officers would catch Isaac, since nothing else in the world would stop his flight; and, of course, we knew they would not keep our cook in jail when papa explained to them that the house was full of company and we just had to have him.

All things come to those who never do anything but wait; and so when papa drove into town the next morning he was able to telephone the glad news: "Isaac caught and safe in jail. I'll bring him out with me—and you'll have your waffles for tea."

When they arrived I met him with the cold consolation, "Well, Isaac, I'm glad to see you on your feet. I had feared when next I laid eyes on you, you'd be hanging on a tree." He listened with a pitying smile and asked me to give him the gravity-boat!

And this excitement over, Conway said he really must go home. He had become discouraged about buying a horse in this neighborhood, and thought he would go where people knew less about them than he did.

We had had some long talks on the river, and I had laid things before him in a calm and sensible light, like this:

"You see, Conway, it is perfectly true that we are the best of friends and the most congenial of cousins, but lovemaking between us is perfectly absurd! You know it is quite impossible to be in love with your cousin, don't you? Well, it certainly is. Now, suppose I did marry you; don't you know the affection you have for me would never in the world prevent your falling in love with the first pretty girl who came round the corner? No, indeed, it is quite foolish to talk of marrying anyone down here. I don't intend to do it, and you are not to do it. There are awfully nice people in the North,—if you know where to look,—and it is much better to marry someone very strange. Why, I don't feel strange enough with you to behave well for a month! It's very important to feel quite strange with the person you marry—for a long time. So I'm going to be your 'guiding star'

all the same, and I'll write to you once every week, and you are to tell me everything in the world; and we will entirely forget all this foolishness, which I feel sure now arose from my wanting to be swell and putting things off."

He persisted in taking a gloomy view of this, but I knew he would see it my way as soon as he got home and took time for reflection.

I was invited to Philadelphia in the late fall, and as Conway had business in New York, we arranged to travel together. So with this delightful trip in prospect we parted.

Isabel made his favorite dessert for his last dinner with us, and, by mistake, put in a teaspoonful of her tonic instead of the vanilla, being so upset. It did not kill us, but I was feeling very badly for several days after he left.

#### IV.

THE pickles being made, the carpets all down, and the house ship-shape for winter, there came a month for my holiday, before it was time to kill the hogs, and put up the lard and sausages and hams.

I packed my trunk with misgivings (I always do, but I don't wear them long, somehow). Still, it is a wrench to leave Newington, because every season there has its absorbing duties and interests. But each mile-post on the road left these farther behind, and when Conway met me in Washington there was no bird in the air so light-hearted as I. For, as I told him, my fate might come round any corner in a town.

He was mighty good to look at too. We have good-looking men in our family, and I never know it so well as when I get them in town and compare their broad shoulders, straight legs, and bright complexions with the pale, weak men on the streets.

Conway had a good tailor, though it would be a very bad one indeed who could not fit a figure like his.

He was rushing off to engage our seats when I begged him not, for I declined to sit on a chair which, should something of deep interest be said, requiring you to lean forward eagerly to hear, would suddenly wheel you quite round the other way, giving an impression of turning your back, which was far from your intention. No, I intended to be seated firmly and steadily on my journey, ready for what might come.

But not very much came.

When we got to Wilmington a well-dressed girl took the seat in front of us, and with her a splendid looking man.

Before sitting down he threw over the back of his seat a handsome fur-lined coat. This rested against Conway's knee, and we had a good chance to observe the richness and beauty of it. Indeed, we were much interested in watching them—guessing what relation they might bear to each other—when the train slowed up at a station and they rose and hurried out.

They had reached the door, when dear Conway discovered the beautiful coat had been forgotten, and, catching it up, started in hot pursuit to restore it.

He is very big, and the narrow aisle was filled with people coming into the train, so that he knocked over quite a number of them as he went; and having the manners of the class to which he belonged, he did not fail to stop and say, "I beg your pardon, sir; pray forgive me, madam, but a gentleman has left this handsome coat on the train and I am hurrying to catch him." Then he called, "Stop, sir, you've left your coat." And by that time, reaching the door, he met the man bounding up the steps and handed it to him with so much good-will, crying, "Here it is, sir; so glad you remembered it in time!"

The man laid it calmly over his arm, said, "Thank you," very gravely, walked back to his seat—and sat down.

Then Conway sat down and looked blankly at me, and it occurred to us for the first time that the man had only gone to hand the girl from the train, after all, and we went into spasms of suppressed laughter.

We had scarcely recovered from this when we reached Philadelphia, and Conway got off the train with me, said a hurried good-by at the gate, and left me.

He looked a little sad and wistful, I thought, but there was no time to say anything about it. "For God's sake, write, Betty," was all he said. It is all people *ever* say at the very end, though they always know quite well there will be letters.

I ran downstairs for a hansom, jumped into it, and departed for De Lancey Place—a drive in the cold, dark, smoky damp, with the long rows of lights stretching out before me, and all the excitement of mystery, the thrill of anticipation, enveloping me. For might I not that very moment be passing that "strange young man" in the darkness?

My Cousin Anne met me at the door and hurried me straight to my room, imploring me all the way to put on my very prettiest frock; there was a man coming for dinner—"such a man, Betty. Ah! *do* look beautiful to-night;" I never must go back to Virginia to be buried alive—so sensible of me to send my trunk on before, so that it was waiting for me here. Now, here was the maid to help me, and for Heaven's sake let it be something white—and low neck. And then, catching my shoulders and turning me around to look searchingly into my face, "There's no one at home, Betty?"

"No one but—the family, Anne," I faltered. She laughed and said I was an idiot, and went down to dress herself.

I hurried all I could, and felt quite satisfied with my reflection in the long glass, for the old mirrors at Newington make one look a palish green, and to-night I was all blooming.

I heard the arrival of the dinner guest and hastened downstairs, and—will you believe it?—there in the hall, before my very eyes, hung that never-to-be-forgotten fur-lined coat!

“DE LANCEY PLACE, PHILADELPHIA,

“Sunday night.

“Listen, Conway! The Fur-lined Coat was here again to-night—has just this minute gone—and he asked me to marry him.

“I’ve written you how fine he is, and how awfully exciting it has been, finding out whether he is in love with me or not.

“And how I’ve hoped and feared, and Anne has almost had nervous prostration. For, indeed, he is the most altogether desirable man in the world, they all tell me; and the month has been a most anxious and trying one for Anne, and not quite a happy one for me.

“But now it is over. He says he cares a great deal, and I suppose he does, though it is hard to understand them up here, they are so well in hand.

“He wants me to marry him in the spring and go abroad for the summer, and in the fall come back to a great big house in the Square, here.

“He is very handsome, very well born, very nice in every way, and I like him very much. But I told him I really *must* have a little time to think it over, to make up my mind whether I could ever leave my beloved South. And I came up here to think.

“Conway, in the spring—you know my turkeys will be laying in March, and who will find the nests? And—do you—by any chance—want to marry me yourself?

“Somehow I think you do. I think all the long talks about friendship, about expediency—all the things I said to you last summer and called good sense—I think, now, they were the veriest nonsense in the world. I’ve found the ‘strange man,’ Conway, and he is so very strange to me—in every instinct, in every opinion, in every taste—that I never in the world could feel myself at home in his home, could teach my heart to feel at home in his heart. And if by any chance you should want me—why, it’s very important I should know it just now, so that I may not make any promise to this other which I might have to break.

“Oh, I never can face to-morrow night! I’ll just stop and pack my trunk, and run away to dear old Newington in the morning. I am safer there, I can see things more clearly there, and you will tell me what I ought to think—what I ought to do.”

I sealed this and stole downstairs to lay it on a tray in the library for the post, then crept upstairs to bed.

For fifteen minutes I lay staring into the dark, blushing crimson over what I had done, then put on my dressing-gown and stole back to the library for my letter, which I could not send! But that methodical butler had found it and posted it for the midnight mail. So I knew it was gone, and could only say my prayers all over again and wish for the morning.

The maid brought a letter from papa with my breakfast tray, a most innocent letter, but I found in it so much of importance that I begged her help in packing my trunk immediately.

I left Anne all aghast, in a flood of excuses about sausages and hams and Christmas fruit-cakes.

She didn't believe a word of it all, but, fortunately, she suspected I had been disappointed in the affair which had looked so promising, so she wisely held her tongue.

I sent a small note to him by messenger, saying I had made my decision and believed he would be happier this way; and oh, how I hated myself and the muddle I had got into as I travelled back to the dear land I never should have left!

A deep snow covered the dear land when I got out at our station, and Somebody shook his bells impatiently as Uncle Henry put me into the sleigh and tucked the fur robes well around me, grinning all the while and telling me bits of home news in disjointed sentences. Then the down train thundered in, there was a dash across the platform; Uncle Henry held up Somebody till he reared and plunged, exclaiming, "Great day in de morning, if dat boy ain't here ag'in!" and Conway tossed his bag up to him and burrowed under the furs at my side.

"Conway, how on earth did you get here?"

"Now, look here, Betty, you acknowledged all the trouble last summer was from putting things off too long. I got your letter at noon, and some things are not going to be put off another minute."

And outside the furs I heard Uncle Henry chuckling, "Lord, no, sir, we-all don't put off nothin' in dis country."



## LIFE EVERLASTING

BY NORA ELIZABETH BARNHART

I SOWED the morning-glory's plain brown seed,  
And up have clambered purple, pink, and white,  
Nor could they fail of beauty, once decreed,  
Granting the common earth, the common light.  
Can that strong love I braved so much to give  
Fail of its law, while these frail blossoms live?



# THE GRAFTING OF ABIGAIL

*By Edward Childs Carpenter*

*Co-author of "The Chasm"*



"YES, and all that's left of my son is his widdy that lives down the road there in that little yaller house with the boat of geraniums and white shutters. Most likely you noticed it on account of the boat. He was a pilot on the Eagle. His name was Joshua. I was all for callin' him Reginald after his father, and his father was for callin' him Adam after Forepaws the circus man; but by-an'-by we both give in and compromised on Joshua. I guess you heard of him!"

I hadn't heard of Joshua, but as it seemed to be expected of me, I said, "Oh, yes!" and hastened to ask her if she didn't feel rather forlorn living alone.

She sat on the doorsill, silent for a moment, looking afar over orchard, wood, and lake to where the mountains brushed the clouds; then she sighed and smiled and said, "Maybe I might 'a' been if his father hadn't left so many comfortin' memories behind to keep me company."

This dear old soul, I thought, had had her romance. But what business of mine, a stranger from the big hotel at the far end of the lake? I had found her that morning feeding a family of white kittens. I had made friends with them and so with her. She was unique. She told me her age—eighty-four. I should have fancied her twenty years younger.

"When you get old and live alone, you get in the way of livin' over and over again what you've lived before; and accordin' as that figgers out—on the average to be pleasant or unpleasant—you're miserable or contented."

"You seem contented," I observed; "but I suppose that's your nature."

"No, it ain't my nature—it was grafted on when I was about your age. How old are you?"

I confessed to thirty.

"Oh, I guess it was when I was nearer to forty. Le'me see! It began on the eleventh of May, '65. I can never forget the date, though when it comes to calculatin' up the years I can't do nothin' till I get

out pencil and paper. Now Reginald was different. He never could recollect the date, but he could do the arithmetic of it while you'd be scratchin' your head. He was a great thinker. If he'd had the right sort of eddycation he could have writ a dictionary big as any of them the agents comes up here with and sells you one book at a spell till you get the whole lot of 'em. The parson's gettin' some o' that sort. He's got as far as G, and calculates to have the rest of the alphabet by the time he's seventy."

"You were going to say something about the grafting," I suggested tentatively.

"Well, so I was. Funny, ain't it, how you begin talkin' of one thing and get to runnin' off on something else? I get so far off at times I can't think where it was I begun. Are you a married man?"

I told her I was miserably single.

She laughed. "You must be sort o' shy! Some young men are that way, and others just keeps out of matrimony purposely. Now, when I was a girl and went to the village schoolhouse I recollect I was just hankerin' for a beau. It seemed to me that there wasn't a girl—and some was homelier than me—that didn't have some boy totin' her books for her. I don't know how it was,—I wasn't too shy, and was mostly pleasant-spoken,—but they didn't take to me. When we had picnics and such things, I was always the girl that looked after the victuals—watched the baskets while the others was huntin' four-leaf clovers in pairs and gettin' swung in the swing.

"Naturally 'nuff, I got worried somewhat 'bout myself, thinkin' there was a screw loose in my character, and I wouldn't wonder if I bawled a bit 'bout it when no one was around to see me makin' a fool of myself. Cryin' often does you a heap o' good. After one o' them spells, I'd just take myself in hand and say, 'Look a-here, Abigail Supwith, be a woman. Some day there'll come a feller along what has got sense and you'll get your beau!

"You can say those encouragin' things to yourself, and get to believin' 'em, only the trouble is they don't sometimes come true. Least, I got to thinkin' that no beau was comin' to me. But it's wonderful what a lot of hope the Lord does plant in some o' us. Till I was over thirty I kept right on hopin' and lookin' for that feller who was to have the sense to know that I'd make him a good better half. Then, seein' that there wasn't one of them schoolgirls—except those what had died before they had a fair chanct—left single, why, I could feel that hope growin' less and less and less till there wasn't any left, and I came to the idea that I was predestuned for a' old maid.

"I guess too I was a pretty sour old hair-pin. I never saw a man and wife drivin' to church, even, that it didn't make me feel queer inside—sort of achin' empty, like when you're terrible hungry.

## The Grafting of Abigail

"I was livin' here alone then,—folks is buried over there in the orchard,—and I got to wishin' I might be took by the Lord some night in my sleep. But I just seemed to hang on to life as though I was crazy about livin', and I was gettin' homelier every day, till I most hated to look in the glass. Even the hired men on the farm didn't take no more notice o' me than they had to. I was just naturally dryin' up like one of those bitter apples that nobody take the trouble to pick off the road."

"Which brings us around to the grafting," I remarked.

"Now ain't that curious how conversation travels like they say a man does when he's lost in the woods—in a circle? I heard of a man onct——"

I diplomatically called her back to the subject.

"Well, I suppose you know—maybe you've seen 'em? We used to have 'em regularly onct a year, but they've not had one for ever so long, least I haven't been to one."

"What?" I asked.

"County fairs! It come off right over there in that field where the red barn is. I hadn't no thought o' goin', only when Mrs. Hubbard—(she's dead now, but she lived in that three-gabled house; you can see it through the trees; it used to be plum-colored, but the Williamses painted it brown last spring)—well, her husband got laid up with the rummatism and couldn't go, so she had a' extra ticket and asked me. So I went.

"I never did care much about shows, only on the day we went seems it was a particular day. They had a gentleman come from the city who was goin' to go up in a balloon, and when it got up he was goin' to come down without it—holdin' on to a big umbrella-sort of arrangement with his feet.

"It was a grand sight to see him in a pink skin-tight fittin' get-up, all covered with gold stars, climb into that balloon and sail up, up in the air—higher than that big maple—till he come to the end of the rope what kept the balloon from flyin' over the lake. Then he stood up on a little stick, and bowed to us, and unhitched his umbrella thing and let go. I had heard all 'bout it before and knew that somehow it was arranged to let him drop gentle-like, as a feather, to the ground. But I guess the apperatus didn't work. I know I give a sort of gulp, 'cause I saw him shootin' down—just a pink streak—till he hit the shed where they tied the horses up, and bounced off, just like he was a ball, and fell on the tan-bark drive.

"People are curious naturally, but it seems again' nature to look at anything that's sufferin' just for the sake o' curiosity. And the way that crowd crushed about that poor man was something to set your blood sizzlin'. I felt sick all over and just sat down where I was,

and didn't move till Mrs. Hubbard come runnin' to tell me that they was takin' him to my house, it bein' handy. That made me get right up and run over here to see that things was fit for company.

"I was never so upset in all my life,—not that I wasn't glad 'nuff to do what I could for the poor man,—but the village doctor and another what come from the city by telegraph wouldn't let me lift a finger to do a solitary thing, and I had to sit with my hands in my lap out in the kitchen while Mr. De Coursey—that was the hurt gentleman's name—groaned.

"Nobody, not even the doctors, thought he'd live over night, but he fooled 'em all. He had a powerful strong body, he had, or he couldn't have stood the shock. As it was, they said he'd never be able to move again, and, like idiots, they told him. He didn't say nothin' till they left the room. Then he cried just like a baby. I couldn't stand that, so I went to him.

"'Oh, why didn't I die?' says he. 'I'm no use—I can't work at my professun any more. A man that can't work is no use—no use!'

"Well, I did my best to comfort him; sort of forgot he was a man, treatin' him as I remember ma used to coddle me when I was little and pinin'. And what's more, I found I was good for him—and—and—he—was—good—for—me."

She wiped away a tear. I kept still. She went on.

"I can't tell you how it happened, but it was after I'd got him sittin' up in a chair (that was 'bout as spry as ever he got, though he lived close to twenty blessed years). It wasn't like it is in books. There wasn't any proposin' business. Somehow we got to—— No, I can't!"

She laughed a little and put her hands up to her face. "I guess you think I'm a silly old fool!" She was crying some and laughing too. "But it's your fault for keepin' me to tellin' you about the graftin'."

I fancy that if I had been a woman I might have gathered that "silly old fool" up in my arms; but, being only a man, I took to boring holes in the turf with my cane and thinking what a blessing it was that the fall of Reginald De Coursey had smashed most everything but his heart.

## UNKNOWN

BY GRACE G. BOSTWICK

THREE things there be that puzzle me o'ermuch:  
The why love vanished at my tender touch;  
The why when I am sad the others smile;  
And why joy lasts but such a little while.

## A RAILROAD IDYL

*By Frank H. Sweet*



THE girl gave a pitiable sob as the train turned away from the station, showing through the car windows the rugged slope of Hog Back, with the few isolated cabins in their little clearings among the pines. High up towards the ridge, and above all the other cabins, a tiny wreath of blue smoke curled over the trees and lost itself in the clouds. That was from Herk's chimney, and he was cooking his dinner. Then the girl's shoulders straightened suddenly and her gaze left the window.

The woman in the next chair had drawn her skirts a little closer when the figure slipped past and dropped into the seat; but as the girl turned, and she saw the sweet, wistful face in the depths of the big sunbonnet, her fingers relaxed and the folds of the skirt fell back into their former graceful curves. At that moment the conductor entered.

He came straight to the girl, for she was the only passenger who had taken the train from the mountain station. As he stopped beside her chair she held out a handful of small coins. Then the woman noticed that the eyes in the sunbonnet were large and beautiful, and that the long lashes were wet with the tears that were being resolutely held back.

"Where to?" asked the conductor; then, without waiting for a reply, as his eyes swept down the coarsely clad figure, "Haven't you made a mistake, my girl? This is a parlor car."

"I reckon hit's all right," answered the girl listlessly; "the man outside said for me to git in quick. Here's yo' money."

"Where do you wish to go?"

"Anywhar the train stops; hit don't matter 'bout no partic'lar place, so long as thar's houses an' people an' a chancet to git work. You-all needn't bother 'bout no extra stoppin' on my 'count."

"Well," doubtfully, "this money will take you as far as Ridgeboro, thirty miles. That is considerable of a place. But suppose we go into the next car. You have evidently made a mistake. This car is extra, and, anyway, the chair you are in has already been taken."

"My brother is enjoying his cigar in the smoker and will not be back for an hour or so," spoke up the woman suddenly; "let the girl have the chair, conductor. I am glad to have her occupy it."

The conductor looked from her to the girl undecidedly, then slipped



the coins into his pocket and walked away. The girl turned to her neighbor.

"How's he mean extra?" she inquired. "I never ast no price an' I give him my money."

"Perhaps he thought you might not want to give any more than was necessary," the woman suggested. "Passengers have to pay extra for using the chairs in this car."

"O-oh!" The girl half rose. "Don't ye reckon he took hit out o' my ninety cents?"

"No, I don't think he did. But it doesn't matter. The chair is mine."

But the girl was standing now.

"I don't want nobody to give——" she began, when the woman reached out and touched her on the arm.

"Sit down, my dear," she smiled pleasantly; "you are my guest, you know. If I should go up to your house on the mountain, wouldn't you let me have a chair to sit on?"

"Of co'se; but——"

"That is all I am doing now. The chair is temporarily mine, and it is unoccupied. I am glad to have you make use of it."

The girl remained standing for a few seconds, then sank doubtfully upon the chair, and soon after turned to the window. A rugged, pine-wooded slope was sweeping by, and on it were small clearings and cabins, and blue smoke losing itself in the clouds; but it was not *her* slope and cabins and smoke, and presently her gaze came back mistily into the car. The woman was gazing out at the slope also, for it was wild and good to look upon. Then in the reflection on the window-glass she saw the girl's hand go to the bosom of her dress and draw out a small tintype such as were made by cheap, wandering photographers. The woman at first saw without observing; then, realizing what she was doing, she suddenly turned her chair so as to shut out the reflection, but not before she saw the tintype raised passionately to the girl's lips. It was only when she heard a low sob, instantly checked, that she swung her chair back again sharply.

"My dear," she said, and there was an odd little catch in her voice, "have you quarrelled?"

The girl started, her eyes opening wide.

"Y-yes," she hesitated, "but how'd ye know?"

"Oh, women have a way of divining such things, perhaps. Is he nice?"

"Nice? Herk nice?" The girl drew a long, ecstatic breath, which ended in a sob. "He's the best man on the whole mount'n, the strongest an' best lookin' an' best workin'."

"And you—quarrelled?" There was a low, retrospective note of

sadness in the woman's voice, which she did not appear to realize herself. "Quarrelled," she repeated. "Was Herk to blame—together?"

"N-no, not all," confessed the girl frankly. "I—I started it. But Herk's a strong man, an' ought to give in."

"Men are sometimes stubborn, even when their hearts are breaking. It is the woman who should give in, especially if she is a little in the wrong. Love means so much more to her, and—and it is so easy for one's life to be ruined. You must go back and make it up with Herk, dear."

"I can't," shortly.

"Would you like to go through all your life without seeing or hearing from him, just living for yourself?"

"But I wouldn't," with sudden alarm in her voice; "Herk's plumb sure to come an' look for me arter a while." She half rose as the train began to slacken speed, her face flushing. "Hit's Brant's Bridge," she explained; "seven miles from our place, an' whar I ained my ninety cents sellin' calamus roots. Herk bought my ring here too. Oh, yes, he's plumb sure to come for me."

"Perhaps," the strained lips were forcing themselves to say; "but don't wreck your life on such a chance, my dear. That's right," as the girl rose with sudden resolution in her face; "go back and explain to him. If he is a good man—as I think he is—he will understand and meet you half way. And you must allow me to advance you the fare back—you can repay me sometime, you know. I am glad for you, dear. I once knew a quarrel like this, and there was no making up. The man went across the sea and never came back. He never will come——"

She stopped suddenly, her lips parted, her eyes wide. Her brother was approaching from the other end of the car, and behind him, crowding by him, was a tall, eager man, whose face was glowing with entreaty and love and forgiveness.

As in a dream she felt the girl grasp her hand and kiss it, and heard a broken, joyful: "Good-by. No, 'm, I can't take yo' money. Hit's only seven miles, an' I can walk hit easy. Good-by. Hit's the fust time I was ever in a train, an' I won't never forget ye."

Then the girl was gone. But from across the sea the man had come back.



## MICROCOSMOS

BY ELSA BARKER

FOR me the cosmic æons lie complete,  
 Oh Love, between thy forehead and thy feet!  
 Here the untrammelled hours of day and night—  
 Here dust and soul inalienably meet.

## WALNUTS and WINE

Dalrymple's Day

DALRYMPLE rubbed a tentative hand over cheek and chin—Dalrymple's beard grows fast. Then he looked at the clock; it was very late. He glanced over at Mrs. Dalrymple, all engrossed in the Gordian process of putting up her hair. "I'll let it go this once," muttered Dalrymple, and hurried down to coffee and rolls.

Mrs. Dalrymple proved less easy-going when she came down to see him off. "If you think that I'm going to kiss a horrid, bristly tramp," she declaimed as he slipped a propitiating arm about her, "you're very much mistaken. Now, go get a shave—right away!"

Dalrymple hurried off contritely; he had only been married three months. And not three blocks down the street there glared down at him the glittering, gilt-glamored sign of "N. Nicollini, Tonsorial Artist." Dalrymple hesitated, and was lost. Half-way into the room he lost hat, coat, and collar, and a moment later Professor N. Nicollini was tucking a cloth about his neck.

"Shave. Make it quick," snapped Dalrymple.

The Professor bowed, smiled, and launched into a discussion of the war in the Far East.

Dalrymple dozed.

How the Professor turned from Manchuria to a discussion of the crime of a bad complexion Dalrymple does not know. But Nicollini did it. He rubbed some peculiarly offensive grease over Dalrymple's face and into his eyes, whisked the white cloth away, and permitted Dalrymple to gaze at his reflection. And now Dalrymple did look like a tramp.

"Facial massage only," the Professor remarked earnestly, "can open the pores and drain the face of the oily, greasy matter that spoils so many good complexions."

"Yes, yes," cried Dalrymple in horror. And the Professor, tilting him back once again, ruminated aloud and affably on the character of Admiral Togo.

This time Dalrymple did not doze; it is hard to doze with an energetic masseur distorting one's features conscientiously. He listened instead to the Professor, who, with a delicacy that was marvellous, shaded his discussion through the world's history down to the proper care of the head. The Professor ended with a hasty rummaging of Dalrymple's hair, and let him view his image again.

"Hair-cut," suggested the Professor.

Dalrymple carefully inspected the impromptu maniac that the glass mirrored and sighed. "Yes," he admitted.

The Professor smiled faintly and arrayed Dalrymple in a spotless linen smoking-jacket turned wrong side front. Just then the clock struck eleven.

At half-past the Professor was deep in an exposé of the causes of "bald-

ness, the curse of the country." At quarter to twelve he ran his fingers irritatingly over Dalrymple's scalp, and reached sadly for comb and brush. "Scalp fever, a sad thing," he murmured, "in a few years. Perhaps a cocaine shampoo— You feel no itching of the scalp, sir?"

Dalrymple did, and said so nervously. His elder brother was nearly bald, and it might run in the family.

The Professor's sadness vanished. He appeared to be almost glad to do Dalrymple this favor of a cocaine shampoo. He spoke optimistically of the greatness of our country and our men. He showed a tinge of sorrow only as the operation wore on into the afternoon. "In their business cares and worries, however, too many of our best men neglect their bodies. Now, if a young man wishes to keep his hair, a thorough singeing once a month is absolutely necessary."

About here Dalrymple's memory fails. He took the singe, and a vapor shower, and treatment of the neck muscles, he thinks, and a landscape gardening of his eyebrows. And it was not until towards the conclusion of a special ear-forming process that he caught a strain of sorrow in the Professor's cheery monologue. Just as a lamplighter passed by the window on his evening rounds the Professor finished, and stood off for a moment in deep thought. Then he smiled cheerily. "Perhaps you would like a shave, sir?" said the Professor.

Dalrymple rubbed a tentative hand over cheek and chin—Dalrymple's beard grows fast. But he paid his twelve dollars and eighty-five cents, and went home to dinner and Mrs. Dalrymple.

*J. N. Greely.*

**Not Com-** A FEW years ago in Cincinnati a musical was given in honor of  
**posing Now** James Lane Allen, the prominent novelist. A wealthy society woman of that town, somewhat limited in her knowledge of music, but anxious to pose as a patroness of music and art, rushed up to Mr. Allen and effusively exclaimed:

"Oh Mr. Allen, are you fond of Bach? Is Bach still composing?"

"No, Madam," gravely replied the writer, "Bach is now decomposing."

*K. E. Marshall.*

### "SPIRIT OF THE AGE"

*By W. Carey Wonderly*

IN Nevady, old Nevady,  
Pa and ma and Mame.  
Pa a miner, Forty-Niner,  
Bound to make a name.  
Ma makes hashes, Mame makes mashies,  
Both help all they can.  
Some day, Honey, there'll be money—  
Money makes the man!

**" Cleanliness of body was  
ever esteemed to proceed  
from a due reverence to God,  
to society and to ourselves."**

*Bacon*



**From the end of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century  
to the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup>.**

# **PEARS' SOAP**

**has been popularly recognised  
as the clean and cleansing soap.**

**Of all Scented Soaps Pears' Otto of Rose is the best.**

*All rights secured.*



## Walnuts and Wine

In Nevady, old Nevady,  
 Pa and ma and May.  
 Immense nugget—Goldville *Budget*:  
 "Pottses going away."  
 In Chicargo, dear Chicargo,  
 Books on etiquette;  
 Silks and laces, fixed-up faces—  
 They'll get there, you bet.

From Nevadah, dear Nevadah,  
 Popper, mommer, Mae.  
 And Chicahgo? vulgar, you know—  
 Really couldn't stay!  
 New York City—such a pity  
 Didn't come before!  
 Cottage, Newport, of the swell sort;  
 Servants, too, galore!

From Nevada, dear Nevada,  
 Father, mother, May.  
 New York papers note their capers:  
 Gayest of the gay!  
 Dukes and princes thick as quinces  
 On a tree in autumn.  
 People wonder: Will May blunder?  
 Wonder how she caught 'em?

In Nevady, old Nevady,  
 Pa Potts's gone to stay.  
 Flat in Harlem, way up Harlem!  
 Mommer Potts and Mai.  
 Wall Street trouble: Burstsd bubble:  
 Spirit of the Age.  
 So next season, with good reason,  
 Mai'll be on the stage!

**She Didn't Do It Cheerful** LITTLE EDITH, who is thoughtful beyond her years and deeply conscientious, frequently puzzles her brain over religious matters. On coming from church one Sunday, she listened with much interest to a discussion on life's crosses.

"What is a cross, mamma?" she inquired gravely as soon as they were alone.

"It is always a trouble of some kind, my child; and to learn how to bear them cheerfully, as well as help others to bear theirs, is God's way of preparing us for heaven."

"But if I have no cross, mamma?"



## From Doubt to Facts

Doubt came to this little girl. Then she bravely investigated and discovered the exact facts.

Do likewise. If you suspect coffee is filling your highly organized body with certain things that congest the Liver, Stomach, and Kidneys and keep them from working properly and thereby set up incipient disease, **Learn the Truth.**

It can be done without shears.

The test is easy and the results sure.

Try leaving off coffee 10 days, use in its place well-made Postum and daily note the change in feelings.

**If you feel better** you have found the key to real happiness.

"There's a reason" for

# POSTUM

"Help others to bear theirs, my Edie."

The next day the little girl vanished from her home. Thinking she was abducted, for her family was wealthy, the distracted mother spread the alarm, and searchers were sent out all over the city. Towards nightfall, when they had become almost discouraged, they found her leading a blind man, followed by a crowd, and stopping on every corner to sing in her clear, childish voice.

"What did you do it for?" her mother inquired hysterically, kissing the sweet, burnt face and damp hair.

"Why, mamma, I was helping that blind man to bear his cross, but"—bursting into tears—"I didn't do it cheerful, I was so frightened, an' maybe it won't count."

*Margaret Kibler.*

**A Difference** AN enterprising gentleman of the breezy West, who superintends the "railroad eating-house" in his town, has recently hung out a sign that furnishes considerable amusement to those who pass by. It reads:

PIES like mother used to make ..... 5 cents.

PIES like mother used to *try* to make ..... 10 cents

*Charles Stuart.*

**Also Lacking** A GENTLEMAN and his wife who are both near-sighted went to Atlantic City not long since. When they came down to breakfast the wife picked up the menu card, but after a moment's effort pushed it over to her husband, exclaiming as she did so,—

"You will have to choose for both of us, John, I have left my glasses upstairs."

He took the card and began to fumble in his pockets—vainly, it proved, for he had forgotten his also. Turning to the impassive and irreproachable darky behind his chair, he said:

"Will you please read it for us, waiter? We have both forgotten our glasses."

The waiter bowed and replied with a grin,—

"'Deed, Ah'd lak to 'blige yo', suh, but Ah ain't got no educashun neither!"

*John Temple.*

**Taking Chances** A SMALL boy had been punished, and in consequence was feeling at enmity with all the world, but with his father in particular. When he came to say his prayers at night he gabbled through them at a high rate of speed, and while asking for the customary blessing on all the other members of the family, including the cat, he left out his offending parent.

His mother understood, but thought it best to "appeal to his better self."

"Harold," she said sweetly, "what about papa? You forgot, dear."



## "HER DESTINATION"

Woman's successful Life Journey  
depends largely on her ability to cultivate *every facial possibility*.  
The formula for—

### Woodbury's Facial Soap

resulted from the discovered needs of a skilled Dermatologist who knew *why*  
the average feminine face could not tolerate *toilet* Soaps.—25 cents everywhere.

Special—A postal will bring our Beauty Booklet. Send 10 cents for samples of the four preparations.  
THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., Sole Licensees, CINCINNATI, O.

"Didn't. Don't want papa blessed."

"Why, Harold! when you love him so? Just think, dear, papa has gone downtown now, and how would you feel if he got lost or hurt because you hadn't prayed for him?"

This rather worked on the boy's mind, and slowly he began to clamber out of bed, when, just as he got on his knees, he heard the familiar click of his father's key in the lock. "I guess I'll risk it," he announced, and quick as a wink jumped back into bed.

*M. A. Dickerson.*

### UNDERTAKINGS

*By Harry Cowell*

THE undertaker man he makes  
His living out of death;  
Takes in the more he undertakes,  
His gain our loss of breath.

When breathless we, then breathless he  
To batten off of us—  
Our bitter bier his goodly cheer—  
The wretch necrophagous!

**Knew What  
He Meant**

THE other day I met an acquaintance, and in course of our conversation I inquired after his business.

"Well, it's this way," he answered. "If business wasn't any better next week than it will be last week, I'm a d—— fool. That's what I hope."

*E. G. Gerson.*

**Fine**

*Father.*—"How is it that I find you kissing my daughter?  
Answer me, sir, how is it?"

*Young Man.*—"Fine, sir, fine."

*J. H. Judge.*

**The Bishop  
and the  
Waffles**

It would indeed be a queer bishop who could not tell a good story on himself. The late Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, was wont to relate with much relish an interesting experience which he once had in connection with waffles.

At a fine old Virginia homestead where he was a frequent guest the waffles were always remarkably good.

One morning, as breakfast drew near an end, the tidy little linen-coated black boy who served at table approached Bishop Dudley and asked in a low voice,—



## A "Perfect Stroke"

How many have you made? A perfect stroke means a "good drive." You can't drive successfully the enterprises of a life without vim, strength, and enthusiasm. These come from foods that are rich in the vitalizing elements that make healthy tissue and clear brain. Such a food is

## Shredded Whole Wheat

It contains all the body-building elements of the whole wheat in natural proportion and in digestible form. There are wheat foods and wheat foods—some "ground" and some "flaked"—but there's only one shredded whole wheat food. It is not a "pre-digested" food; it is a ready-to-digest food. "Predigested" foods soon put the stomach out of business.

### "It's All in the Shreds"

Shredded Wheat is not "treated" or "flavored" with anything. It is the whole wheat and nothing but the wheat—the cleanest and purest cereal food made. It is made in two forms—BISCUIT and TRISCUIT. The BISCUIT is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream or for any other meal in combination with fruits or vegetables. TRISCUIT is the shredded whole wheat cracker which takes the place of white flour bread; delicious as a toast with butter or with cheese or preserves. "*The Vital Question Cook Book*" is sent free for the asking.

**THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY**

**Niagara Falls, N. Y.**



"Bishop, won't y' have 'n'er waffle?"

"Yes," said the genial Bishop, "I believe I will."

"Dey ain' no mo'," then said the nice little black boy.

"Well," exclaimed the surprised reverend gentleman, "if there aren't any more waffles, what made you ask me if I wanted another one?"

"Bishop," explained the little black boy, "you's done et ten a'ready, an' I t'ought y' wouldn' want no mo'."

*Emma Carleton.*

DOROTHY is a sweet little maid of two and a half. Her father never carries a cane, and when a caller came in with one, According to Dorothy one day, she was observed standing before it rapt in contemplation.

"Well, Dorothy," said her mother, "what's that?"

Dorothy looked up with a puzzled expression. "Umbwella wivout any clothes on," said she.

*Minnie J. Reynolds.*

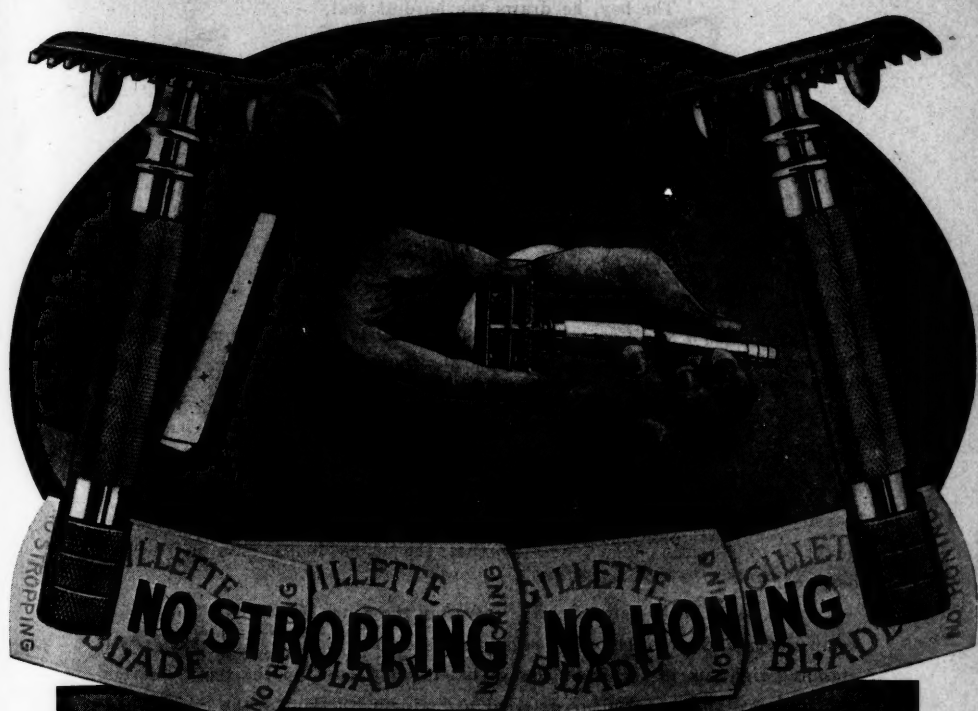
### BEING A BOY

*By Edwin L. Sabin*

SOMETIMES to be a boy's no fun;  
For if you notice, everyone  
Expects a boy can get along  
And won't take nothin', ever, wrong!  
The other folks—now, ain't this true?—  
Of course must be attended to  
And give their choice, and asked polite;  
But boys—"they get along all right!"

When we go vis'tin' some place where  
They ain't got beds enough to spare,  
They fix the sofa up for me!  
"Twill do him nicely," ma says—gee!  
Or when we've comp'ny, like as not  
I'm stuck off on a wabby cot  
Jes' anywhere that's out of sight!  
But boys—"they get along all right!"

Or when we drive, I'm crowded in  
Till I'm all squeeze out good and thin.  
"You don't need much room, do you, Roy?"  
And I say no, 'cause I'm a boy!  
And at the table (jes like bed),  
When things don't even up, plain bread  
And butter does my appetite!  
For boys—"they get along all right!"



# Gillette Safety Razor

There are several kinds of safety razors — the Gillette Safety Razor — and the other kinds.

Most other safety razors have been on the market for years. The Gillette Safety Razor is a new idea, and is the only safety razor made on the right principle, insuring a clean, sure, easy, and comfortable shave to the man who uses it.

One of the indisputable proofs of its success is that hundreds of thousands are now in use. Every one sold and used means a happy, satisfied customer, ever ready to sing its praise. Every Gillette Razor sold (and every day shows a steady increase in sales) proves that the man who buys a Gillette is not satisfied with the other kind or with the other method.

For comfort, health, and economy's sake shave yourself the Gillette way. Once that way, never again the other.

The price of the Gillette Safety Razor is \$5.00 complete in an attractive, compact, velvet-lined case. The Razor is triple silver-plated; has 12 thin, flexible, highly tempered and keen double-edged blades. These blades are sharpened and ground by a secret process and require no honing or stropping.

Each blade will give from twenty to forty smooth and delightful shaves. You therefore have by using a Gillette Safety Razor 400 shaves without stropping, at less than 1 cent a shave.

Over 200,000 now in use.

Ask your dealer for the Gillette Safety Razor. Accept no substitute. He can procure it for you.

Write to-day for our interesting booklet which explains our 30-day free trial offer. Most dealers make this offer; if yours does not, we will.

**GILLETTE SALES COMPANY**

1171 Times Building

42d Street and Broadway, New York



## Walnuts and Wine

The boy, he draws the hardest seat,  
 Or hops 'round dodgin' people's feet.  
 You can't hurt *him* with lumpy springs,  
 Or old cold cots, or other things!  
 He's built to fit in anywhere,  
 And what he eats, why, *he* don't care,  
 Jes' so it's fodder—not a mite!  
 For boys—" *they* get along all right!"

He Forgot  
 One Smith

THE late General Fitzhugh Lee used to tell with great gusto an experience he had during his Gubernatorial campaign in Virginia against Hon. John S. Wise:

"Mr. Wise made the statement," said the General, "that if I had been named Smith, instead of Lee, I never would have been heard of. I endeavored to combat that theory, and in every speech I made during the campaign would touch upon Mr. Wise's statement and would then briefly refer to some famous historical figures in order to show that the name Smith was not to be despised.

"One day I spoke before a large crowd on the court-house green in a rural community, and even before I began my speech I noticed a drunken man standing right up in the front row of listeners. I took up the Smith matter and informed those agriculturists what a distinguished family the Smiths had been. As I warmed up to the subject I noticed that something seemed to be worrying that drunken man, and more than once he seemed to be on the verge of interrupting me. I reminded my audience that a distinguished Governor of the State had borne the name of Smith, and that many other men famous in war and in peace had borne the despised cognomen. Meanwhile the drunken man watched me with ill-concealed anxiety. Finally he could stand it no longer. Lifting his hand and balancing himself with inebriated gravity, he blurted out, 'Shay, Gen'ral, don't forgit thash old Smith thash killed Pocahontas!'"

William F. Leath.

What's in a  
 Name

THREE-YEAR-OLD DOROTHY seems to appreciate her own charms, and also displays a truly feminine love of pretty clothes, traits which a fond though discreet mother endeavors to discourage.

But alas for discretion where maternal admiration of a beautiful child is concerned!

Recently on returning home from a shopping expedition the mother placed upon the child's head a dainty hat of fluffy whiteness. Turning to the nurse she exclaimed,—

"Doesn't she look l-o-v-e-l-y," discreetly spelling the adjective.

"That she do, Mum!" was the equally discreet reply.

Nothing more was said, and the pretty headgear was laid away for future use.





## Hair Culture

You can tell by a few minutes' use of the Evans Vacuum Cap whether it is possible for you to cultivate a growth of hair on your head, and we will send you the apparatus to make the experiment *without expense on your part*. If the Evans Vacuum Cap gives the scalp a healthy glow, the normal condition of the scalp can be restored, and a three or four minutes' use of the Cap each day thereafter will, within a reasonable time, develop a natural and permanent growth of hair. If, however, the scalp remains white and lifeless after the Cap is removed, there would be no use to give the appliance a further trial. The hair cannot be made to grow in such cases.

The Evans Vacuum Cap is simply a means of getting the undiluted blood to the hair roots and in a normal supply, and it is the blood of course that contains the only properties that can maintain life in the hair and induce it to grow. We have proven the virtue of the Evans Vacuum Cap, and we show our confidence by placing the invention on a basis whereby if satisfactory results should not accrue from its use, this company would lose express charges both ways on the shipment as well as any wear or tear that might occur to the apparatus while on trial. Any bank or banker in the United States who has made investigation will testify as to the validity of the guarantee issued on the Evans Vacuum Cap.

## The Bank Guarantee

We will send you, by prepaid express, an Evans Vacuum Cap, and will allow you ample time to prove its virtue. All we ask of you is to deposit the price of the Cap in the Jefferson Bank of St. Louis, where it will remain during the trial period **subject to your own order**. If you do not cultivate a sufficient growth of hair to convince you as to the efficiency and practicability of this method, simply notify the bank and they will **return your deposit in full**. We have no agents and no one is authorized to sell, offer for sale or receive money for an Evans Vacuum Cap. All Caps are sold under the Bank's Guarantee, and all money is sent direct to the Jefferson Bank.

*A sixteen-page illustrated book will be sent you on request, postage prepaid in full*  
 EVANS VACUUM CAP CO., 948 Fullerton Building, St. Louis, U. S. A.



The following day Dorothy happened to be left alone for a time, and on the return of the nurse the vain little tot was found arrayed in the new hat and mounted on a chair before the mirror, into which she was gazing with lively admiration. Turning to the astonished nurse she enthusiastically exclaimed, "Don't I look A-B-C!"

*Mrs. Wilson.*

**Engaged** A WELL-KNOWN evangelist is fond of telling how, at the close of one of his most stirring addresses, he approached a big, stolid-looking German in the congregation who had paid the closest attention to the discourse. Thinking that he had, perhaps, made some impression on the man, the evangelist said to him,—

"Are you a Christian?"

"Nein—Sherman," was the reply.

"Oh, German? Well, would you not like to become a Christian and work for the Master?"

The man shook his head and said,—

"Nein, I have youst got a shob to drive an ice-wagon."

*J. L. H.*

### NOT SYNONYMOUS

*By Harry Cowell*

"I AM a belle, so I've been told,"

The saucy creature said.

"To ring you—may I be so bold?"

He asked. She shook her head:

"It isn't quite the same, you see,

For now I'm also a belle free!"

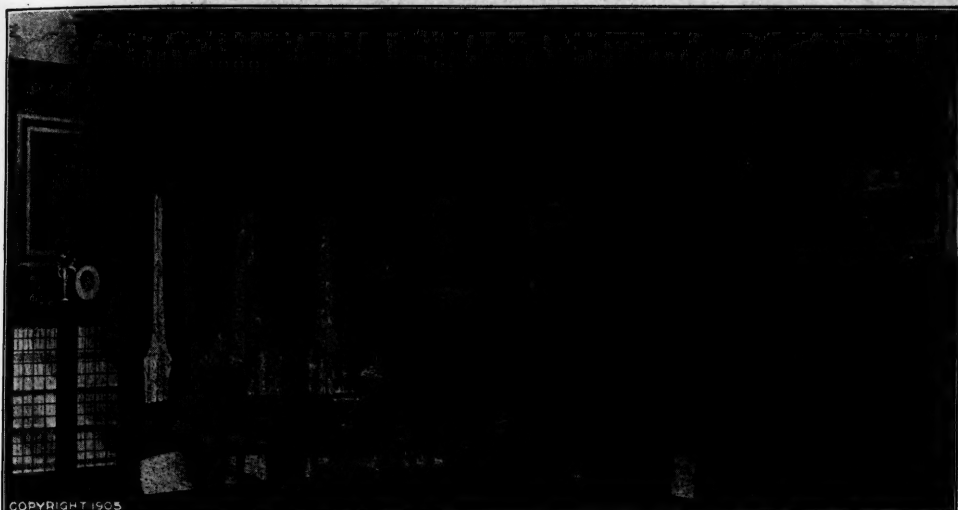
**A Ready Answer**

MARGARET was noted among the members of her Sunday-school class for her ready answers to all questions. On being asked which king was most distinguished for husbandry, she answered, "Solomon, he had the most wives." Then, seeing she had made a mistake, the little one spoke promptly, "I guess I'm wrong, teacher, but I thought you said wifery."

*W. L. Emery.*

**Continued in Our Next**

It was in the days before railways, telephones, and telegraph lines had reached the interior of Pennsylvania, and news travelled slowly. There had been a Presidential election, and everybody was anxious to learn the result. A crowd had collected at the post-office in one of the villages, waiting for the evening mail to come in from a station six-



Library View from "Home-Making." (See coupon below.)

In planning the artistic arrangement of your home for the coming winter you will find time saving, and money saving, by writing at once for our *new* style book "J," just issued. Mailed free on request. It shows in actual colors the new designs of Artloom Curtains, Couch Covers, and Table Covers. To most women it has been a surprise to find the many and effective ways of home decoration made possible with the use of the Artlooms. Their introduction has made it unnecessary for the economical woman to further endure the annoyances and disappointments of home-made decorations and amateur ornamentation.

Artloom Tapestries are capable of every distinctive effect possible with the Oriental and foreign makes, and at a cost within the reach even of the modest purse. There is a superiority of colorings and designs distinctive to this brand. The finest materials only are used and carefully woven through and through. Foreign dyes used exclusively in the Artloom gives them their long wearing qualities. The best stores have them. Ask your store for them. If it requires a little insistence to get the Artloom you will find them worth the effort, as they set the decorative fashions a year in advance.

**Artloom Tapestry Curtains from \$3.00 to \$20.00 a pair**

**Artloom Couch Covers from \$3.00 to \$7.50**

**Artloom Table Covers from \$1.50 to \$5.00**



*Insist on seeing this label. It appears on every genuine artloom production and is the mark of character, fineness of texture, truthness of design and color—wearing qualities.*

**PHILADELPHIA TAPESTRY MILLS**  
**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

#### "HOME-MAKING"

The cleverest book on home decorations ever printed. Appreciated by every woman who has the good taste to care about the proper decoration of her home. Written by Miss Edith W. Fisher, whose articles in "The Ladies' Home Journal" have stamped her an authority on the subject. In this book she tells how to arrange all the living-rooms in your home, combining economy and attractiveness. Illustrated with twelve full-page views showing contrasting interior arrangements. Send us this coupon with four cents in stamps and the name of your department store or dry goods dealer and we will send you a copy of "Home-Making," of which we are the exclusive publishers.

teen miles distant. At last a man emerged from the office with a paper in his hand, and as newspapers were a luxury in the place a number of citizens gathered about the man and waited in breathless silence until he had finished reading and had thrown the paper in the air with a shout of exultation. Then several citizens demanded:

"What's the news? Who's elected?"

"Elected nothing," replied the man. "Esmerelda Fitzhugh married Reginald Abercrombie after all."

Then it was discovered that the man had been reading the concluding chapters of a love-story in the *New York Weekly*.

John R. Bixler.

*St. Peter* (sternly).—"No, sir, you can't come in here. You've been criticising the management."

Tom Masson.

**Contrary  
Counsel**

THE church was packed, even the aisles lined with chairs. Just before the benediction the thoughtful clergyman, who loved order as he did the gospel, thus admonished his hearers,—

"In passing out, please remain seated until the ushers have removed the chairs from the aisles."

Nanna W. Stewart.

**Peter Pindar  
Redivivus**

CAPTAIN WILLIAM SHELLEY, of the Treasury Department, is a Peter Pindar, the interesting narrator of personal experiences of a most thrilling nature.

His faithful and wonderful dog, Fido, did so many marvellous things that it takes an entire evening for Shelly to tell even half of them, but he furnishes an affidavit with every story about Fido.

On one occasion Shelly bet a friend five dollars that he could leave a silver half dollar under a stone in the woods, take Fido home three miles away, send him back, and he would bring the money. After the bet was made Shelly put the silver under a stone, and they all walked home. Fido understood the bet, and as soon as ordered to go ran away, barking gleefully. But he did not return. The entire afternoon and evening passed away, but nothing was heard of Fido. The friend remained all night, and in the morning they looked in vain for Fido, the friend all the while claiming that he had won the bet. But just after breakfast Fido came rushing up the path into the parlor and laid a brand-new pair of trowsers on the floor at Shelly's feet.

The friend claimed the wager, and Shelly said: "I'll pay the five dollars, because these pants must have cost fifteen dollars at least; but I can't understand how Fido got mixed so."

Just then there was a clatter along the road, a buggy was halted at the gate, a man ran up the path, and asked Shelly if a dog had not come in that

# MENNEN'S

“Baby  
Knows”



Borated Talcum

Toilet  
Powder

Beautifies and  
Preserves the  
Complexion.

A positive Relief  
for Prickly Heat, Chafing  
and Sunburn.

Be sure that you get the original. For sale everywhere or by mail 25c.  
Sample Free. Try Mennen's Violet Talcum.

**GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J.**

gate with a pair of trousers in his mouth; and Shelly told him the truth, holding up the apparel, when the man broke forth thus:

"That is the most ungrateful dog on earth. I found him in the woods trying to turn over a stone, and I turned it for him. There I found a silver half dollar, put it in my pocket, and took the dog home with me. He came along willingly, ate a hearty supper, and went to sleep under my bed. This morning, as soon as I got up and opened the window, the dog grabbed my trousers, jumped out of the window, and ran away. I followed in my buggy as quickly as I could, and am glad that I've got my trousers back."

Shelly reached his hand into a pocket of the trousers, pulled out the marked half dollar, and his friend paid the bet. Fido had done as his master had agreed.

On another occasion, as Shelly was walking down Fifteenth Street, Fido, who was a great hunter, and particularly fond of hunting partridges, left his master and ran across the street to a man who had emerged from the main door of the Treasury Department. There Fido stood on three feet, holding up one of his forefeet. Fido looked at the man and the man looked at Fido, until Shelly went across and said to the gentleman, "Will you kindly give me your name?"

"Certainly, sir. My name is Partridge," was the reply.

"Then that explains what Fido ran across here for—he is a great dog for partridges," said Shelly.

The proud master tells a pathetic story of Fido, who grew old, as dogs will grow. Fido became too aged to go to market; so Shelly left him home one Saturday. Fido cried and whined and grieved all week about it. When the next Saturday came he begged Shelly to go out into the back yard, and led his master to a flower-bed, where he had pawed up the earth and made quite a hole without disturbing any of the flowers or roots. Then, sitting down, he pointed with one forefoot to the bed of forget-me-nots, and Shelly went alone to market, but with tears in his eyes. When he came back he found Fido lying dead in the grave which he had dug for himself beside the bed of forget-me-nots.

*Smith D. Fry.*

#### WEATHER-WISE

*By E. V. D.*

WHEN a nervous young man in Berlin  
By mistake had jumped out of his skin,  
He cried out, "Oh pshaw!  
One feels rather raw,  
But it's much cooler outside than in."

#### Different Species

CRAGAN, the Lieutenant's man-of-all-work, or "striker," had been told to skin a fine mink that the Lieutenant had shot that morning while after ducks.

Now the mink belongs to the weasel family and has his distinctive odor, which is secreted by a small gland.



FOR THE TOILET

AND  
BATH



FOR  
HOUSEWORK

"CLEANLINESS"

When the Lieutenant returned to his quarters that evening he looked around to see where the skin was, but could find no trace of it or of the mink.

A note on the table explained matters. It read:

"Lieutenant, that mink was a skunk. CRAGAN."

*L. S. Upton.*

**Pleasant  
Prospect**

THE following notice was tacked on the wall in the vestry of the Bethesda Methodist Colored Church in a Southern city.

"There will be a picnic of this society in Green Grove next Friday beginning at nine A.M. in the morning. Good behavior is requested from young and old, and nothing will be left undone which would tend to mar the pleasure of the company."

*Elizabeth L. Gould.*

**Give and  
Take**

THE other day the head of a boarding-school noticed one of the boys wiping his knife on the table-cloth, and pouncing on him at once.

"Is that what you do at home?" he asked indignantly.

"Oh, no," answered the boy quickly, "we have clean knives."

*S. R. Forbes.*

**Force of  
Habit**

WAITING on the street corner, giving precedence to a heavy red motor car that was lunging, puffing, and trailing its odor past them, stood small Freddy with his hand thrust confidently into his father's. The license number on the rear caught the little fellow's attention and he said,—

"Father, why do they always leave the price-mark on automobiles?"

*Eva C. Brooks.*

**A LEAF FROM BROWN'S GRAMMAR**

*By Alice E. Allen*

BARBARA BROWN, the pretty schoolma'am,  
Sweetly grave, with book and rule,  
Gave me private English lessons  
In the schoolroom after school.

"What's a noun?" asked she demurely.

"Why, a name." She bowed her head.

"Give me one, single and proper."

"You may have mine, dear," I said.

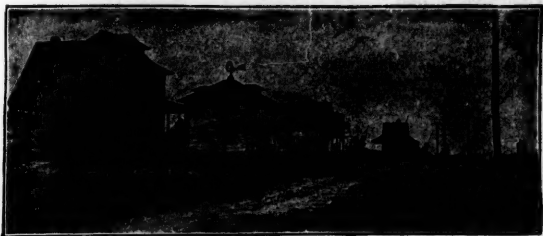
"Can you analyze," she questioned,—

Coolly sweet her voice and clear,—

# Pleasantville Terrace

## ATLANTIC CITY'S NEW SUBURB

Every word of this advertisement will interest the ambitious person who wants



A few of the Cottages along the Reading R. R. Note the High Ground.

### How \$700 Grew to \$50,000

Few people outside of the Eastern cities know about the wonderful growth of Atlantic City. A lot 50 x 100 that cost \$700, was sold there a short time ago for \$50,000.

A property that was bought five years ago for \$6,000 was sold a few days ago for \$150,000. These are only two examples. There are innumerable others of just this kind.

Within the past twelve years Atlantic City real estate values have risen over 800 per cent. It has practically outgrown the boundaries of the island on which it stands.

Its nearest and most desirable suburb is Pleasantville Terrace. The place that has attracted thoughtful investors and home-builders from all over the country.

**FRANKLIN P. STOY, Mayor of Atlantic City, says:**

"I regard Pleasantville Terrace as the natural suburb of Atlantic City."

### 11 Minutes to Atlantic City

The main line of the Atlantic City Railroad (Reading System) runs directly through this property, with the famous Atlantic City Boardwalk only 11 minutes from Pleasantville Terrace depot, or one may go to Atlantic City by trolley for five-cent fare from Pleasantville.



Built and Occupied by an Atlantic City Investor.

### Natural Advantages

Pleasantville Terrace is the highest natural ground in or near Atlantic City. There is no swamp land on the property. The State Geologist's attest shows Pleasantville Terrace is 55 feet above Atlantic City.

The climate is ideal, combining ocean breezes with the invigorating air from the pine and oak trees growing there.

It adjoins Pleasantville, with churches, schools, and all city conveniences.

### Special Conditions

Unlike many real estate operations, this Company agrees to develop Pleasantville Terrace, and make it an ideal

suburb. Extensive building operations are now under way (note photographic reproductions.)

We offer special premiums, and assist those who will build at once.

Free excursions are run every week from Atlantic City to enable lot owners to see the character of improvements.

We make no charge for deed. No mortgages. No taxes until 1906. If you die before lot is paid for, we issue deed to your heirs, without further payments.



The Cory Corner Home of a Philadelphian.

### An Exceptional Investment

Every one who knows anything about Atlantic City knows that land there for building purposes has grown exceedingly scarce. We anticipated this condition by purchasing the General Doughty Estate—the present site of Pleasantville Terrace.

If we had to buy this land to-day we would have to charge many times the price we now ask for Pleasantville Terrace lots. Just think of it, a building lot, eleven minutes from the country's greatest resort, at from \$25 to \$55 (according to location), payable in easy weekly or monthly amounts, within the means of the person of most moderate circumstances.

### This is Your Opportunity

This message will be read by thousands of people, yet it is a personal one for you. No matter how small your income, take advantage of it now. Do not let it escape you; such an opportunity may never come your way again. Sit right down and write a postal for a copy of our illustrated booklet to-day, or, better still, send \$1 and we will reserve lots until you can investigate. If not entirely satisfied, your dollar will be promptly refunded. Do it now; the lots are selling rapidly and there will never be another opportunity like this.

**ATLANTIC CITY ESTATE CO. (Victor J. Humbrecht, President).**

Suite 1017, Drexel Building, Philadelphia. Atlantic City Office: 937 Boardwalk, Opposite Steel Pier

## Walnuts and Wine

"The first sentence here—I love you?"

"That is simple, Barbara, dear.

"I, of course, we know, is subject,

Love's the verb, and active too,

And the object?—why, the object

Of that active love is *you*."

"You have left out something, surely,"

Cried this charming little miss,

Half confused. "What's next, I wonder?"

"Usually," said I, "a kiss!"

Up she sprang and said severely,

"This has been your final test—

I will look your answers over,

And—I hope—you've done—your best."

Long I sat there waiting, wondering,

Then she turned—dear little lass—

And, with eyes brimful of mischief,

Whispered, "Jack, I think—you'll pass!"

#### Too Much Cornstarch

LITTLE JOHNNIE doesn't like to be kissed, but sometimes he is compelled by some gushing friends of his mother to submit to the ordeal. The last time they called he went through the operation as gracefully as possible, but after their departure he remarked, vigorously rubbing the powder from his face meanwhile: "Mamma, I don't like to have them kiss me. It tastes just like kissing a marshmallow."

*Emma C. Campbell.*

#### Some Medical Advice

THE best thing for an appetite is something to eat.

By practising sleeping an average of eight hours a night for a week or two insomnia can be quickly cured.

People who are given to worrying will find if they don't worry that they won't worry.

To reduce superfluous flesh, rub well for two hours before retiring with very hard sandpaper.

To gain weight, eat freely of "sinkers."

To remove dirt, take a bath.

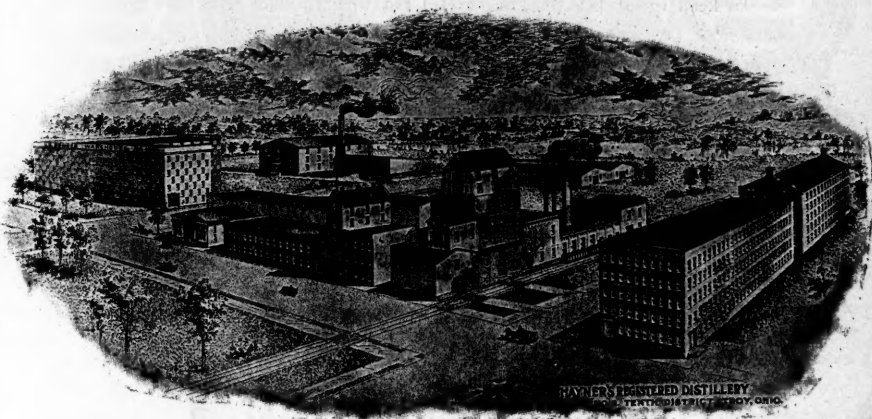
Many people who cannot see well will be able to see double by drinking a quart of whiskey.

Too free perspiring can be remedied by living in a refrigerator.

Sleep on the left side and you'll not sleep on the right side.

You will never suffer from indigestion if you never eat on an empty

# WE ARE DISTILLERS AND SELL DIRECT TO YOU



The above is a bird's-eye picture of our plant at Troy, Ohio, which covers three city squares. The capacity of distillery is 2,000 bushels of grain per day, of warehouses 5,000,000 gallons.

## HAYNER WHISKEY

**4 FULL QUARTS \$3.20 EXPRESS PREPAID**

We won't give anybody a chance to adulterate HAYNER WHISKEY, so we sell direct to YOU. We cut out all the dealers and middlemen, so you save their enormous profits and are absolutely sure of getting our whiskey in its original purity, richness and flavor. Pure HAYNER WHISKEY has no superior at any price and yet it costs less than dealers charge for inferior adulterated stuff.

**OUR OFFER** We will ship you in a plain sealed case, with no marks to show contents, **FOUR FULL QUARTS** of HAYNER WHISKEY, either RYE or BOURBON, for \$3.20, and we will pay the express charges. Take it home and sample it, have your doctor test it, every bottle if you wish. Then, if you don't find it perfectly satisfactory, ship it back to us **AT OUR EXPENSE** and your \$3.20 will be promptly refunded. How could any offer be fairer? You don't risk a cent. Write our nearest office and do it NOW.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., or Wyo., must be on the basis of **4 Quarts** for \$4.00 by **EXPRESS PREPAID** or **20 Quarts** for \$15.20 by **FREIGHT PREPAID**.

**THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY,**

**DAYTON, OHIO. ST. LOUIS, MO. ST. PAUL, MINN. ATLANTA, GA.**



Please mention LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE when answering this advertisement.



stomach. It is also bad to eat heartily when your stomach is already loaded to its full capacity.

The best way to rid yourself from hives is to give them to the bees. They like them.

To live to an old age, live on your relatives. No one who ever did this has been known to die young.

To keep in good health, be careful not to get sick. Also, don't pay your doctor.

If you are troubled by gas in the stomach, swallow a lighted match and burn it up.

To take life easy, chloroform will be found efficient.

*Henry Phillips.*

**Mixed  
Dates**

FOUR-YEAR-OLD SARAH had two uncles (living out of town) who were about to be married.

"So you are going to your uncles' weddings, dear? And where will they be married?" asked an interested friend of the family.

"One is going to be married in Washington," answered the child, "and the other in January."

*E. G. Gerson.*

**A  
Quadruped**

A LITTLE five-year-old boy was telling his three-year-old brother that "John the Baptist was an animal, a four-legged animal."

"Why, Willie," said his mother, "don't tell your little brother such stuff as that."

"Well, he was an animal with four legs, our Sunday-school Superintendent said he was," insisted Willie.

"Do you remember just what he said?" asked his mother.

"Yes, he said that John the Baptist was a four-runner."

*M. Adriance Banker.*

*The Author's Wife.*—"Now that you've become a lion, my dear, I must make you a den."

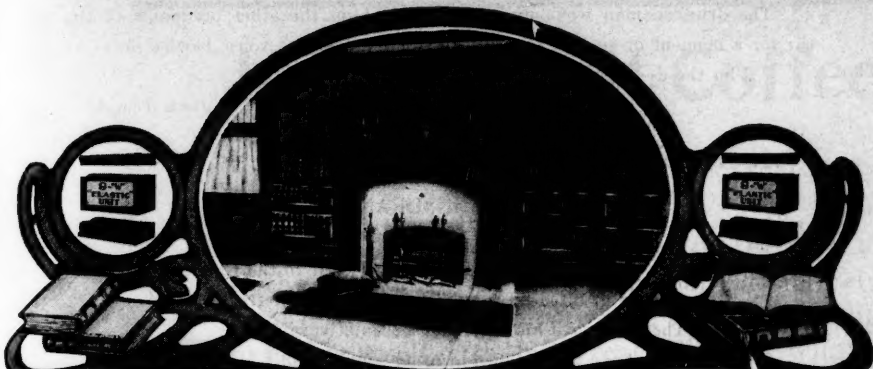
*Tom Masson.*

**He Wanted  
to Know**

IN Maryland there is a railway station which used to be called Jessop's Cut.

It happened one day that the train wending its way there carried, among other passengers, an old chap who was three sheets in the wind. As the engine neared the station the conductor poked his head in the door and called out in a stentorian voice,—

"Jessop's Cut!"



Our catalog will show you exactly how to plan a library, so that from its foundation until its completion, it will possess the beauty of symmetrical proportions and always reflect good taste and refinement.

It also explains certain technical points of construction, the different styles of finish, and other exclusive features that materially influence careful buyers to select the Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase—the only one equipped with a non-binding door equalizer.

Name of authorized agent in your city mailed on request for catalog. Where not represented we ship on approval, freight paid. Uniform prices everywhere. Write for catalog W 104.

BRANCHES:  
New York,  
Chicago, Boston

**The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati**

AGENCIES  
In about one  
thousand cities

**THE PRUDENTIAL SECURES SOME BRITISH TERRITORY.**—*Rock of Gibraltar Arrives at the Insurance Company's Home Office.*—The Prudential Insurance Company of America, well known for its world-famed trade-mark, "The Prudential Has the Strength of Gibraltar," has just received at its Home Office, in Newark, N. J., a great slice of the rock from the famous English fortress on the Mediterranean.

By arrangement with the American Consul at Gibraltar, R. L. Sprague, this rock was quarried from the parent rock and forwarded to America on the North German Lloyd steamer "Koenig Albert," with certificate from the Admiralty Contractor at Gibraltar to prove its authenticity. Photographs showing the place from which the rock was cut out from Gibraltar have also been received by The Prudential.

The employes of The Prudential have a feeling of sentiment for the Rock of Gibraltar, the use of which as a trade-mark they feel has been largely instrumental in bringing about, through good advertising, increased popularity for The Prudential, and a public appreciation of the scope and strength of the Company, resulting from its progressive and, at the same time, conservative administration.

The Prudential selected Gibraltar as its trade-mark because of the great and renowned strength of that famous fortress. The rock which came to America is of grayish-white limestone of such an unusually dense and compact mass, and offering such difficulties to the stone-cutter, that the judgment of the Prudential officials in selecting Gibraltar as a trade-mark is well verified.

The English authorities at Gibraltar readily gave their consent to sending the rock to The Prudential, and the only cost involved was that covering the shipment. \* Small portions of the rock will be sent out as souvenirs to certain of the Company's employes.

The drunken man woke up, glared around on the other occupants of the car for a moment or so, and then, in an equally vigorous voice, bawled out,—

"Who the d—— cut him?"

*John Temple.*

### PEACE INSURANCE

*By C. H.*

"So you've buried the hatchet?" I said to the Chief,  
And he grunted "Uh-huh" in a tone of relief.  
Then to prove his rejoinder he quietly said,  
"Me bury the hatchet in other man's head."

### A Lightning Change

THE morning after attending a funeral a colored girl told her mistress she was to be married. "Whom are you going to marry?" asked the lady. "The corpse's husband," was the answer. "He allowed I was the life of de funeral, and he said he'd like to marry me."

*Lucy Lincoln Montgomery.*

### A Baked Soul

A BOY who had been working in a baker-shop for some time was just about to finish his trade. One night when the boss was gone he broke the marble slab he molded his loaves on, so he went to the marble-yard to secure another, but could not find one. On his way back he passed a graveyard, and as it was very dark he jumped over and pulled up a small headstone about the right size and took it back and finished his job. The next day, after the bread had been delivered, nearly all of it was sent back. The baker looked at it and broke several loaves open, but found nothing wrong. Then he happened to turn one of the loaves over, and found on the under side of every loaf the inscription:

"Here lies the body of Mrs. ——. Born A.D. 1682, died A.D. 1740."

*C. McA. Wassell.*

### Master for Once

SUSAN TRIPP was a born Xanthippe, and before she had been married a year to meek, peace-loving little Daniel Tripp she had him completely under her authority. The rather coarse term, "hen-pecked," could have been applied to Daniel without any injustice. Only once had Daniel been known to revolt and bid defiance to his domineering spouse. This notable event occurred one day when the redoubtable Susan had driven Daniel under the bed with the hard end of the broom. Wishing to chastise him still further, and being quite too hefty to crawl under the bed in pursuit of her lord, Susan called out,—

"You come right straight out from under that bed, Dan Tripp!"



# Kneipp Malt Coffee

**The Original Coffee Substitute**

**"Makes Rosy Cheeks"**

The oldest substitute for coffee on the market—the only substitute for coffee that is absolutely a pure barley malt preparation; not something to fool yourself with, but a real, delicious, wholesome, satisfying, full flavored coffee.

**FREE TRIAL PACKAGE**, enough for 10 cups, sent on receipt of accompanying coupon.

**KNEIPP MALT FOOD COMPANY**

Dept. W., 78 Hudson St.

New York City

Kindly send me a free trial package of Kneipp Coffee.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

DEALER'S NAME AND ADDRESS .....

**By JAMES A. B. SCHERER, Ph.D.**

## YOUNG JAPAN

With 21 illustrations (one in colors), reproductions from rare photographs and pictures by native artists

12mo. Cloth, \$1.50, Net. Postpaid, \$1.61

"The informal history of the Japanese which James A. B. Scherer has written under the title of 'Young Japan' is a new and very happy popular handling of the subject, quite free from conventional dates and details, but giving an excellent notion of the successive influences which have gone to the education of the race—its legendary childhood, its adolescence under the tutelage of China, and its later course in Western learning."—*Life*, New York.

## JAPAN TO-DAY

With 28 illustrations (two in colors) from pictures by native artists. 12mo. Decorated cloth

Price \$1.50, Net. Postpaid, \$1.61

"An authoritative and exceedingly readable account of the life and character of the Japanese of to-day, by one who for many years lived in Japan. The volume deals especially with the home-life and characteristics of the Japanese, illustrating many points by anecdotes.

"Gives the clearest, most rational explanation of the Japanese as they are, of any book that we have read."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

**Publishers—J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY—Philadelphia**

In a voice tremulous with revolt Daniel replied,—

"Not much I don't, by dad! I'll show you that I'll be master here for once!"

H. H. H.

**A Natural Conclusion**

A LITTLE New York girl, whose brief experience of life was confined to existence in an apartment house, was visiting in Philadelphia not long ago. One afternoon, to amuse the child, her cousin showed her a number of photographs and views, meanwhile explaining and answering questions concerning them. One of them was a picture of Windsor Castle, which, she was told, was the residence of the late Queen Victoria. After looking at it a moment she innocently inquired, "What floor did she live on?"

Charles E. Boyer.

**Early Piety**

"JOHN," said the teacher severely to a wee mite of a six-year-old with a big head and a delicate constitution, "how many times must I tell you that you may not take your reader home after school?"

Then, seeing the big tears in the child's eyes as he slowly tugged at the offending book under his blouse, she added more kindly, "You are not strong, my little man, and you know your papa wishes you to play after school and not read."

"Please, Miss S., sobbed the child, "papa, he ain't going to be home to-night."

M. Pelton White.

**The Siamese Twins**

AN old Irish cook, who has been living in Philadelphia for sixty years or more, prides herself on her ability to remember every celebrity who has visited the city during that time and every event of importance.

A few days ago her mistress said to her, "Catherine, have you ever seen 'The Two Orphans'?"

"Sure," old Catherine responded. "Thim two as was shtuck tergither, yè mane."

G. Mayo.

**Presuming Not**

STUDENTS returning to negro schools in the South bring back every fall all sorts of stories. Here is one from Georgia:

A certain student, familiarly denominated "Professor," went to a small village to see about securing the school. His presence attracted the attention of a group of so-called "crackers" gathered at the village store. Said one of the men to him,—



# LOWNEY'S TWINS



## "LOWNEY'S" means Purity—Delicious Quality—Satisfaction

For 15 cents we will send postpaid the following Six Sample Packages: Lowney's Medallion Chocolate; Lowney's Milk Chocolate; Lowney's Vanilla Sweet Chocolate; Lowney's Premium Chocolate (unsweetened); Lowney's "Always Ready" Sweet Chocolate Powder; Lowney's Breakfast Cocoa—and a Lowney Receipt Book.

The Walter M. Lowney Co., 447 Commercial Street, Boston, Mass.

CLOUDLAND, N. C., ON LINE OF SOUTHERN RAILWAY, RELIEF FOR HAY-FEVER SUFFERERS.—Dr. John J. F. Massey, a prominent physician of Nashville, Tenn., gives his views and knowledge of Cloudland, N. C., as a hay-fever resort as follows: "I desire to call the attention of hay-fever sufferers to Cloudland, N. C., near Roan Mountain, Tenn., as I am in position to know that this place, with its elevation, gives almost immediate relief to such patients. I have suffered from hay fever for twelve years and visited a number of resorts, and I take pleasure in recommending to all hay-fever sufferers Cloudland, N. C., as an ideal hay-fever resort. I spent two months there last summer and received the greatest benefit I have ever had at any elevation. Purely simple cases of hay fever and asthma, uncomplicated, are relieved by high altitude and pure air. Cloudland, being 6,394 feet high, and the highest inhabited point east of the Rockies, is the most desirable resort for such diseases in the South. The hygienic conditions are as nearly perfect as the combined efforts of man and nature can make them. The patient as he approaches the resort experiences a marked relief as he ascends the mountain. I have no hesitancy in saying that Cloudland, which is on top of Roan Mountain, gives the greatest relief of any hay-fever resort in the South."—CHARLES L. HOPKINS, District Passenger Agent, Southern Railway, 828 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., will take pleasure in furnishing all information.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

## An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

## MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for *Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup*, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

"Be you hy-ar to git the school?"

"I have thought to apply for the same," replied "Professor" in his politest accent.

"Wa-al, we don't 'low no eddicated niggers in this community. When they comes we runs 'em—see?"

"Well, I presume not," replied the student; but he took to his heels. The last words that he heard as he cut the wind were,—

"Law, Jim, look at that nigger presumin' not."

*Benjamin Griffith Brawley.*

#### An Excuse

LITTLE MARY, having fallen in the mud, got her mother to write the following note,—

"DEAR TEACHER: Kindly excuse Mary for having been absent yesterday, as she fell in the mud on the way to school. By doing the same you will oblige her mother."

*J. H. Judge.*

#### As It is with the Autoist

"Did you drop all your money at the races?"

"Everything. Why, I couldn't buy gasolene enough to get home with."

*Tom Masson.*

#### Not to be Outdone

LITTLE SARA, aged three, looked in at the drawing-room door.

"Come here, Sara," said her mother, "I want you to speak to Miss Fox."

Sara gazed at the visitor steadily for a moment, then she said in the tone of "I go you one better,"—

"How you do? I'm Br'er Rabbit!"

*F. N. Worthington.*

#### "Unto the Third and the Fourth"

HELEN was in the habit of saying her evening prayers at her grandmother's knee, but as she heartily disliked going to bed, the summons to prayer was not a very welcome one.

At first she contented herself with invoking the Creator's blessing upon the immediate family, but with her growth in wisdom she conceived the idea of postponing her bedtime by lengthening her prayers.

The lengthening process began with the aunts, uncles, and cousins, then the intimate friends of the family were honored, and finally she extended her petitions to include the neighbors.

One evening when she had reached the very end of her list she said: "God bless Mrs. Brown, God bless Mr. Brown. Grandma, have they got a dog?"

*G. G. R.*

# DENTACURA



## TOOTH PASTE

cleans and preserves the teeth.

Mothers should realize the importance of preserving intact the primary set of teeth until the secondary or permanent set is ready to take its place. Let us

send you our free booklet on "Taking Care of the Teeth" which contains much information in concise form. Children should be encouraged to use Dentacura Tooth Paste. 25c. a tube. Avoid substitutes.

DENTACURA COMPANY,

131 ALLING ST., NEWARK, N. J., U. S. A.

"The Busy Man's Train."

Appropriate in Its Name,

Appropriate in Its Route,

Appropriate in Its Character—

**"THE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED."**

This is *The* century of all the ages. The New York Central—Lake Shore 18-hour train between New York and Chicago (the two great commercial centres of America) is *The* train of the century, and is appropriately named

**"THE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED."**

A beautiful etching of this train, printed on plate paper, 24 x 32 inches, ready for framing, will be sent free to any address on receipt of 50 cents, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

FOR YOUR SUNDAY DINNER.

HAVE

# Jell-O

## America's Most Popular Dessert

Simply add a pint of boiling water to the contents of a ten cent package of Jell-O and set to cool. (Enough for 6 people). It is all done in two minutes; the result is a delicious, delicate dessert that is especially refreshing. Made from the finest gelatine in the world and flavored with the purest extracts made. A dessert which is so pure that the more the children have, the more they want and the better it is for them.



For a more elaborate dessert, try this:

## Cottage Dessert

Place three or four sweet apples in a granite or porcelain kettle, add one cup sugar and one pint water. Cover and let simmer gently until done, but not broken. Lay apples in mould or large bowl. Have one package of any flavor Jell-O dissolved, and when cool pour over apples, and set away until firm.

**Jell-O** comes in six flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Chocolate, and Cherry.

At grocers everywhere, 10 cts. per package.

Approved by Pure Food Commissioners.

Highest Award, Gold Medal, St. Louis, 1904.

Send for beautifully illustrated recipe book, showing fifty ways of making Jell-O desserts.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y.

Visit our exhibit at Portland Exposition.



The  
**Anheuser - Busch**  
Malt-Nutrine Department  
**Art Calendar**  
for 1906

Is the finest, most artistic and probably the most costly calendar to be issued for the coming year.

It consists of four beautiful paintings by Maud Humphrey, the celebrated artist, representing "The Four Seasons."

The subjects—dainty, ethereal figures—are placed in graceful ovals, surrounded by decorative borders designed by C. A. Etherington, a pupil of Mucha, Paris, the greatest living decorative artist.

These panels are devoid of any advertising matter.

The fifth or calendar panel containing the months for 1906 is a beautiful design, representing a maid bearing a tray with a bottle of Malt-Nutrine.

Each leaf is 24x10 inches, beautifully lithographed in twelve colors and gold, and bound with a silken cord.

This art calendar will be sent to any address upon receipt of twenty-five cents, sent to the Malt-Nutrine Department, Anheuser - Busch Brewing Ass'n, St. Louis U. S. A.

*Malt-Nutrine* The most nourishing liquid food—most grateful to the weakened stomach. A necessity to nursing mothers, weak or growing children. It creates appetite and gives health to the weak and ailing. Sold by druggists and grocers.